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EDUCATION AND THE SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENT

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

In a noteworthy address delivered at Princeton University, President Cleveland expressed the hope that our higher institutions of learning would range themselves like a wall barring the progress of revolutionary doctrines. If one may judge by appearances, this hope has not been realized. There may be a smaller percentage of educated persons than of uneducated ones in the ranks of radical socialism. Those ranks are most readily recruited from the body of ill-paid workingmen; but there are enough highly educated persons in them to prove that socialism and the higher culture are not incompatible; and a question that is well worth asking and, if possible, answering, is, What is likely to be the permanent attitude of a scientific mind toward the claims of thoroughgoing socialism? Will it be generally conservative or the opposite? Will there be an alliance between intelligence and discontented labor — the kind of union that was once cynically called a "coalition of universities and slums"? If so, it will make a formidable party.

It is clear, in the first place, that the scientific habit of thought makes one hospitable to new ideas. A man who cultivates that habit is open to conviction where an ignorant person is not so. He is accustomed to pursue the truth and let the quest lead him where it will. He examines evidence which appears to have force, even although the conclusion to which it leads may be new and unpleasant.

Now, at the very outset of any inquiry about socialism, there appear certain undisputed facts which create a *prima facie* case in its favor; and the first of them is the beauty of the ideal which it presents: humanity as one family; men working together as brethren, and enjoying, share and share alike, the fruits of their labor — what could be more attractive? There will be an abundance for every one, and as much for the weak as for the strong; and there will be no cause for envy and repining. There will be fraternity ensured by the absence of subjects of contention. We shall love our brethren because we shall have no great cause to hate them; such is the picture. We raise just here no question as to the possibility of realizing it. It is a *promised* land and not a real one that we are talking about, and for the moment we have given to the socialists *carte blanche* to do the promising. The picture that they hold up before us certainly has traits of beauty. It is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity *and in abundance.*

Again, there is no denying the imperfections of the present system both on its ethical and on its economic side. There is enormous inequality of conditions — want at one extreme and inordinate wealth at another. Many a workingman and his family are a prey to irregular employment and continual anxiety. For such persons what would not a leveling out of inequalities do? To a single capitalist personally a billion dollars would mean palaces, yachts, and a regiment of retainers. It would mean a redoubling of his present profusion of costly decorations, clothing, and furnishings, and it

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would mean the exhausting of ingenuity in inventing pleasures, all of which, by a law of human nature, would pall on the man from mere abundance. What would the billionaire lose by parting with ninety-nine one-hundredths of his wealth? With the modest ten millions that would be left he could have every pleasure and advantage that money ought to purchase. What would not the sum he would surrender do for a hundred laborers and their families? It would provide comforts for something like half a million persons. It would give them means of culture and of health, banish the hunger spectre, and cause them to live in mental security and peace. In short, at the cost of practically nothing for one man, the redistribution we have imagined would translate half a million persons to a comfortable and hopeful level of life.

Again, the growth of those corporations to which we give the name of "trusts" has lessened the force of one stock argument against socialism, and added a wholly new argument in its favor. The difficulty of managing colossal enterprises formerly stood in many minds as the chief consideration against nationalization of capital and industry. What man, or what body of men, can possibly be wise and skillful enough to handle such operations? They are now, in some instances, in process of handling them, and those who wish to change the present order tell us that all we have to do is to transfer the ownership of them to the state, and let them continue working as they do at present. We have found men wise enough to manage the trusts, and probably, in most cases, they are honest enough to do so in the interest of the stockholders. On the question of honesty the socialist has the advantage in the argument, for he will tell us that with the private ownership of capital made impossible by law, the temptation to dishonesty is removed. If the socialistic state could be warranted free from "graft," this would constitute the largest single argument in its favor.

It is, indeed, not the same thing to manage a myriad of industries as to manage a single one, because certain nice adjustments have to be made between the several industries, and we shall see what this difficulty signifies; but as we are looking only at *prima facie* claims, we will give to the argument from the existence of trusts all the force that belongs to it.

As the difficulty of nationalizing production has been reduced, the need of it has been increased, for the trusts are becoming partial monopolies, able to raise prices, reduce wages, cheapen raw materials, and make themselves, if they shall go much farther in this line, altogether intolerable. Indeed, the single fact of the presence of private monopoly, and the lack of any obvious and sure plan of successfully dealing with it, has been enough to convert a multitude of intelligent men to the socialistic view.

Here, then, is a list of arguments making an effective case for socialism: the beauty of its ideal, the glaring inequalities of the present system, the reduction of the difficulty of managing great industries through public officials, the growing evils of private monopoly, and the preference for public monopoly as a mode of escape. They captivate a multitude of persons, and it is time carefully to weigh them. It is necessary to decide whether the promises of the socialistic state are to be trusted. Would the ideal materialize? Is it a substantial thing, within reachable distance, or is it a city in the clouds? If it is not wholly away from the earth, is it on the delectable mountains of a remote millennium? Is it as wholly desirable as it at first appears?

There are some considerations which any educated mind should be able to grasp, which reduce the attractiveness of the socialistic ideal itself. Shall we transform humanity into a great band of brethren by abolishing private property? Differences of wealth which now excite envy would, of course, be removed. The temptation to covetousness would be re-

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duced, since there would not be much to covet. There would be nothing a man could do with plunder — unless he could emigrate with it. Would "hatred and all uncharitableness" be therefore completely absent, or would they be present in a form that would still make trouble?

Even though there would be no differences of possessions between man and man, there would be great differences in the desirability of different kinds of labor. Some work is safe and some is dangerous. Some is agreeable and some is disagreeable. The artist, the author, the scientist, the explorer, and the inventor take pleasure in their work; and that is not often to be said of the stoker, the grinder of tools, the coal-miner, or the worker in factories where explosives or poisons are made. It is not to be said of any one who has to undergo exhausting labor for long hours. In industries managed by the state there would be no practicable way of avoiding the necessity of assigning men to disagreeable, arduous, unhealthful, or dangerous employments. Selections of men for such fields of labor would in some way have to be made, and those selected for the undesirable tasks would have to be held to them by public authority. Well would it be if the men so consigned, looking upon the more fortunate workers, were not good material for an army of discontent. Well would it be if their discontent were not turned into suspicion of their rulers and charges of favoritism in personal treatment. There would not be, as now, an abstraction called a "system," on which, as upon the camel's back, it would be possible to load the prevalent evils. Strong in the affections of the people must be the *personnel* of a government that could survive the discontent which necessary inequalities of treatment would excite. Would the government be likely to be thus strong in popular affection? We may judge as to this if we look at one further peculiarity of it.

The pursuit of wealth now furnishes the outlet for the overmastering ambition of many persons. In the new state, the desire to rise in the world would have only one main outlet, namely, politics. The work of governing the country, and that of managing its industries, would be merged in one great official body. The contrast between rulers and ruled would be enormously heightened by this concentration of power in the hands of the rulers, and by the further fact that the ruled would never be able, by means of wealth, to acquire an offset for the advantages of office-holding. The desire for public position must therefore be intensified.

There would be some prizes to be gained, in a worthy way, by other kinds of service, such as authorship, invention, and discovery; but the prizes which would appeal to most men would be those of officialdom. Is it in reason to suppose that the method of securing the offices would then be better than it is at present? Would a man, under the new régime, work quietly at his task in the shoe-shop, the bakery, or the mine, waiting for the office to which he aspired to seek him out, or would he try to make terms with other men for mutual assistance in the quest of office? Would rings be less general than they are now? Could there fail to be bosses and political machines? Would the Tammanys of the new order, then, be an improvement on the Tammanys of the old order? To the sober second thought which mental training ought to favor, it appears that the claim of the socialistic state to a peculiar moral excellence brought about by its equality of possessions needs a very thorough sifting.

Without making any dogmatic assertions, we may say that there would certainly have to be machines of some sort for pushing men into public offices, and that these would have very sinister possibilities. They would be opposed by counter machines, made up of men out of office and anxious to get in. "I am able to see," said Marshal MacMahon, when nearing the end of his brief presi-

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dency of the French Republic, "that there are two classes of men, — those who command and those who must obey." If the demarcation were as sharp as that in actual society, and if the great prizes in life were political, brief indeed might be the tenure of place by any one party, and revolutions of more than South American frequency might be the normal state of society. One may look at the ideal which collectivism presents, with no thought of such dangers; but it is the part of intelligence at least to take account of them.

Besides the fact that some would be in office and others out, and that some would be in easy and desirable trades and others in undesirable ones, there would be the further fact that some would live in the city and some in the country, and that the mere localizing of occupations would afford difficulty for the ruling class and be a further cause of possible discontent. But a much more serious test of the capacity of the government would have to be made in another way. Very nice adjustments would have to be made between agriculture on the one hand, and manufactures and commerce on the other; and further adjustments would have to be made between the different branches of each generic division. All this would be done, not automatically as at present, by the action of demand and supply in a market, but by the voluntary acts of officials. Here is the field in which the wisdom of officials would be overtaxed. They might manage the mills of the steel trust, but it would trouble them to say how many men should be employed in that business and how many in every other, and of the men in that generic branch, how many should work in Pittsburg and how many in the mines of Michigan and Minnesota.

A fine economic classic is the passage in which Bishop Whately describes the difficulty of provisioning the City of London by the action of an official commissariat, and contrasts it with the perfection with which this is now done without such official control. Individuals, each of whom seeks only to promote his own interest, work in harmony, prevent waste, and secure the city against a lack of any needed element. Far greater would be the contrast between satisfying by public action every want of a nation, and doing this by the present automatic process; and yet crude thought even calls competition "chaotic," and calls on the state to substitute an orderly process. Into that particular error discriminating thought will not readily fall.

Difficulties which a discerning eye perceives, and an undiscerning one neglects, thus affect the conclusion that is reached as to whether a socialistic plan of industry could or could not be made to work. Ignorance does not so much as encounter the real difficulties in the case, but lightly assumes that the plan would work, and is eager to try it. I am not, here and now, claiming that the difficulties cited positively prove that the scheme would not work. Granting now, for the sake of further argument, that it could be made to work, — that on the political side it would proceed smoothly and peaceably, and that on the economic side it would run on no fatal rocks, — would it give a material result worth having?

Here is a chance for a wider range of difference between the conclusions of different minds. There are three specific consequences of the socialistic plan of industry, each of which is at least possible; and a prospect that all of them would occur together would suffice to deter practically every one from adhering to this plan. Estimates of the probability of these evils will vary, but that each one of the three is possible, is not to be denied. Of these results, the first is, on the whole, the gravest. It is the check that socialism might impose on technical progress. At present we see a bewildering succession of inventions transforming the industries of the world. Machine after machine appears in rapid succession, each displacing its predecessor, working for a time and giving way to still better devices.

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The power of man over nature increases with amazing rapidity. Even in the relatively simple operations of agriculture, the reaper, the thresher, the seeder, and the gang-plough enable a man to-day to do as much work as could a score of men in the colonial period of American history. In manufacturing, the gain is greater; and in transportation, it is indefinitely greater. The progress goes on without cessation, since the thing which guarantees it is the impulse of self-preservation. An employer *must* improve his mechanism if his rivals do so. He must now and then get ahead of his rivals if he is to make any profit. Conservatism which adheres to the old is self-destruction, and a certain audacity affords the nearest approach to safety. From this it comes about, first, that forward movements are made daily and hourly in some part of the field; and, secondly, that with every forward movement the whole procession must move on to catch up with its new leader.

Now, it is possible to suppose that under socialism an altruistic motive may lead men to make inventions and discoveries. They may work for the good of humanity. The desire for distinction may also impel them to such labors, and non-pecuniary rewards offered by the state may second this desire. The inventive impulse may act even where no reward is in view. Men will differ greatly in their estimates of the amount of progress that can be gained in this way; but the thing that may be affirmed without danger of denial is, that the competitive race absolutely compels progress at a rate that is inspiringly rapid, and that there is much uncertainty as to the amount of progress that would be secured where other motives are relied on. Officialdom is generally unfavorable to the adoption of improved devices, even when they are presented; its boards have frequently been the graveyards of inventions, and there is no blinking the uncertainty as to whether a satisfactory rate of improvement could be obtained where the methods of production should be at the mercy of such boards. The keener the intelligence the more clearly it will perceive the importance of progress, and the immeasurable evil that would follow any check upon it; the more also it will dread every cause of uncertainty as to the maintenance of the present rate of improvement.

An important fact concerning competitive industry is the ease with which new technical methods translate themselves, first into temporary profits for employers, and then into abiding returns for other classes. The man who introduces an efficient machine makes money by the means until his competitors get a similar appliance, after which the profit vanishes. The product of the machine still enriches society, by diffusing itself among the people in the shape of lower prices of goods. The profit from any one such device is bound to be temporary, while the gain that comes from cheap goods is permanent. If we watch some one industry, like shoemaking or cotton-spinning, we find profits appearing and vanishing, and appearing again and vanishing again. If we include in our vision the system as a whole, we find them appearing now in one branch of industry, now in another, and now in still another, shifting forever their places in the system, but always present somewhere. Steel, cotton, wool, machinery, or flour, takes its turn in affording gains to its producer, and these gains constitute the largest source of additions to capital. These natural profits in themselves burden nobody. Not only is there in them no trace of exploitation of labor, but from the very start the influence that yields the profit improves the condition of labor, and in the end labor, as the greatest of all consumers, gets the major benefit.[1]

[1] A fuller treatment of this subject would take account of the incidental evils which inventions often cause, by forcing some persons to change their employments, and would show that these evils were once great but are now smaller and destined to diminish.

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Now, an important fact is that such profits based on improved technical processes naturally, and almost necessarily, add themselves to capital. The employer wishes to enlarge his business while the profits last — "to make hay while the sun shines." He has no disposition to spend the income which he knows will be transient, but has every disposition to enlarge the scale of his operations and provide a permanent income for the future. Easily, naturally, painlessly, the great accretions of capital come; mainly by advances in technical operations of production.

In the socialistic state all the incomes of the year would be pooled. They would make a composite sum out of which every one's stipend would have to be taken. There would be no special and personal profit for any one. The gains that come from improved technique would not be distinguishable from those that come from other sources. Every one would be a laborer, and every one would get his daily or weekly stipend; and if capital had to be increased, — if the needs of an enlarging business had to be provided for at all, — it could only be done by withholding some part of that stipend. It would be an unwelcome way of making accumulations. It would mean the conscious acceptance by the entire working class of a smaller income than might otherwise be had. If one has heroic confidence in the far-seeing quality and in the generous purpose of the working class, he may perhaps think that it will reconcile itself to this painful self-denial for the benefit of the future; but it is clear that there are large probabilities in the other direction. There is danger that capital would not be thus saved in sufficient quantity, and that, if it were not so, no power on earth could prevent the earning capacity of labor from suffering in consequence. From mere dearth of capital the socialistic state, though it were more progressive than we think, would be in danger of becoming poorer and poorer.

There is another fact concerning the present system which a brief study of economics brings to every one's attention, and which has a very close connection with the outlook for the future of laborers. It is the growth of population. The Malthusian doctrine of population maintains that increased wages are followed by a quick increase in the number of the working-people, and that this brings the wages down to their former level. On its face it appears to say that there is not much hope of permanent gains for labor, and it was this teaching which was chiefly responsible for giving to political economy the nickname of the "dismal science." It is true that the teachings of Malthus contain a proviso whereby it is not impossible under a certain condition that the wages of labor may permanently increase. Something may raise the standard of living more or less permanently, and this fact may nullify the tendency of population to increase unduly. Modern teachings make the utmost of this saving proviso, and show that standards have in fact risen, that families of the well-to-do are smaller than those of empty-handed laborers, and that, with advancing wages based on enlarged producing power, the workers may not see their gains slipping from their hands in the old Malthusian fashion, but may hold them more and more firmly. Progress may cause further progress.

Now, socialism proposes to place families in a condition resembling that in which, in American history, the natural growth has been most rapid, the condition, namely, in which children are maintained without cost to parents, as they were when they lived on farms and were set working at an early age. If this should mean that the old Malthusian law would operate in the socialistic state, the experiment would be hopelessly wrecked. If the state provides for children from their birth to the end of their lives, the particular influence that puts a check on the size of families will be absent. One may not affirm with positive-

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ness that the worst form of Malthusianism would actually operate under socialism; nothing but experiment will give certain knowledge in this particular; but what a little discernment makes perfectly certain is, that there would be danger of this.

Quite apart, then, from political uncertainties, three coördinate influences on the purely economic side must be taken full account of by anybody who would intelligently advocate the nationalizing of production. They are: first, the probable check on technical progress; secondly, the difficulty encountered in enlarging capital; and thirdly, the possible impetus to the growth of population. If the first two influences were to work without the other, socialism would mean that we should all slowly grow poor together; and if the third influence were also to operate, we should grow poor very rapidly.

We have not proved, as if by incontestable mathematics, that socialism is not practicable and not desirable. We have cited facts which lead a majority of persons to believe this. The unfavorable possibilities of socialism bulk large in an intelligent view, but positive proof as to what would happen in such a state can come only through actual experience. Some country must turn itself into an experimental laboratory for testing the collective mode of production and distribution, before the world can definitely know what that process would involve. In advance of this test, there is a line of inquiry which yields a more assured conclusion than can any estimate of a state which, as yet, is imaginary. It is the study of the present industrial system and its tendencies. When we guess that the collective management of all production by the state would fail to work, and would lead to poverty even if it succeeded in working, we are met by those who guess it would succeed and lead to general abundance; and they will certainly claim that their guesses are worth as much as ours. As to the tendencies of the present state, and the outlook they afford, it is possible to know much more. The testimony of facts is positive as to some things, and very convincing as to others.

No one is disposed to deny the dazzling series of technical improvements which the rivalries of the present day ensure. There is not only progress, but a law of progress; not only the productive power that we are gaining, but the force that, if allowed to work, will forever compel us to gain it. There is no assignable limit to the power that man will hereafter acquire over nature. Again and again, in the coming years and centuries, will the wand of inventive genius smite the rock and cause new streams of wealth to gush forth; and, as already said, much of this new wealth will take naturally and easily the form of capital. It will multiply and improve the tools that labor works with; and a fact which science proves is that the laborer, quite apart from the capitalist, thrives by the operation. He gets higher and higher pay as his method of laboring becomes more fruitful. It is as though he were personally bringing for his own use new streams from the rock; and even though this worker were striking a landlord's rock with a capitalist's hammer, the new stream could not fail to come largely to himself.

Mere labor will have increasing power to create wealth, *and to get wealth*, as its methods improve and its tools more and more abound. This will not transform the workingman's whole life in a day — it will not instantly place him where the rubbing of a lamp will make genii his servants, but it will give him to-morrow more than he gets to-day, and the day after to-morrow still more. It will enable his own efforts to raise him surely, steadily, inspiringly, toward the condition of which he dreams. It will throw sunshine on the future hills — substantial and reachable hills, though less brilliant than pictured mountains of cloudland.

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Well within the possibilities of a generation or two is the gain that will make the worker comfortable and care-free. Like the village blacksmith, he may "look the whole world in the face" with independence, but with no latent enmity. Manly self-assertion there may be, with no sense of injury. The well-paid laborer may stand before the rich without envy, as the rich will stand before him without pity or condescension. It may be that the condition described by Edward Atkinson, in which it "will not pay to be rich" because of the cares which wealth must bring, may never arrive. It will always be better to have something than to have nothing; but it may, at some time, be better to have relatively little than to have inordinately much; and the worker may be able to come nearer and nearer to the state in which, for him, comforts are plentiful and anxieties are scarce. Amid a vast inequality of mere possessions, there may be less and less of inequality of genuine welfare. Many a man with a modest store may have no wish to change lots with the multimillionaire. For comfortable living, for high thinking, and for the finer traits of humanity, the odds may be in his favor.

In such a state there might easily be realized a stronger democracy than any which a leveling of fortunes would bring. Pulling others down that we may pull ourselves up is not a good initial step in a régime of brotherhood; but raising ourselves and others together is the very best step from the first and throughout. And the fraternity which comes in this way is by far the finer, because of inequality of possessions. If we can love no man truly unless we have as much money as he has, our brotherly spirit is of a very peculiar kind, and the fraternity that would depend on such a leveling would have no virility. It would have the pulpy fibre of a rank weed, while the manlier brotherhood that grows in the midst of inequality has the oaken fibre that endures. The relatively poor we shall have with us, and the inordinately rich as well; but it is in the power of humanity to project its fraternal bonds across the chasms which such conditions create. Though there be thrones and principalities in our earthly paradise, they will not mar its perfection, but will develop the finer traits of its inhabitants.

This state is the better because it is not cheaply attained. There are difficulties to be surmounted, which we have barely time to mention and no time to discuss. One of the greatest of these is the vanishing of much competition. The eager rivalry in perfecting methods and multiplying products, which is at the basis of our confidence in the future, seems to have here and there given place to monopoly, which always means apathy and stagnation. We have before us a struggle — a successful one, if we rise to the occasion — to keep alive the essential force of competition; and this fact reveals the very practical relation which intelligence sustains to the different proposals for social improvement. It must put us in the way of keeping effective the mainspring of progress — of surmounting those evils which mar the present prospect. Trained intelligence here has its task marked out for it: it must show that monopoly can be effectively attacked, and must point out the way to do it — a far different way from any yet adopted. Our people have the fortunes of themselves, their children, and their children's children, in their own hands. Surely, and even somewhat rapidly, may the gains we have outlined be made to come by united effort guided by intelligent thought.

It requires discernment to estimate progress itself at its true value. John Stuart Mill made the remark that no system could be worse than the present one, if that system did not admit of improvement. This remark could be made of any system. However fair a social state might at the outset appear, it would be essentially bad if it could never change for the better. The society in which efficient methods supplant

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inefficient ones, and in which able directors come naturally into control of production, ensures a perpetual survival of excellence, and however low might be the state from which such a course of progress took its start, the society would ultimately excel any stationary one that could be imagined. A Purgatory actuated by the principle which guarantees improvement will surpass, in the end, a Paradise which has not this dynamic quality. For a limited class in our own land — chiefly in the slums of cities — life has too much of the purgatorial quality; for the great body of its inhabitants the condition it affords, though by no means a paradise, is one that would have seemed so to many a civilization of the past and to many a foreign society of to-day. On its future course it is starting from a high level, and is moved by a powerful force toward an ideal which will some day be a reality, and which is therefore inspiring to look upon, even in the distance.

Like Webster, we may hail the advancing generations and bid them welcome to a land that is fairer than our own, and promises to grow fairer and fairer forever. That this prospect be not imperiled — that the forces that make it a reality be enabled to do their work — is what the men of the future ask of the intelligence of to-day.

IS AN HONEST NEWSPAPER POSSIBLE?

BY A NEW YORK EDITOR

CAN a newspaper tell its readers the plain, unflattering truth and pay its way? All the truth they are entitled to know, that is; for a good many things occur which are none of the public's business, and these a newspaper cannot discuss without grossly infringing private rights. It seems a large statement to make, and six years ago it would not have been true, but there are the most hopeful indications that we have now a sufficient public thirst for truth to guarantee a market for such a newspaper.

A newspaper is a business enterprise. In view of the cost of paper and the size of each issue, tending to grow larger, every copy is printed at a loss. A one-cent newspaper costs six mills for paper alone. In other words, the newspaper cannot live without its advertisers. It would be unfair to say that there are no independent journals in the United States; there are many; but it must always be remembered that the advertisers exercise an enormous power which only the very strongest can refuse to recognize.

If a newspaper has such a circulation that complete publicity can be secured only by advertising in its columns, whatever its editorial policy may be, the question is solved. Nevertheless, within the past three years the department stores have combined to modify the policy of at least three New York daily newspapers. One of the most extreme and professedly independent of these newspapers, always taking the noisiest and most popular line, with the utmost expressed deference to labor unions, withdrew its attack upon the traction companies during the time of the Subway strike, on the threatened loss of its department-store advertising. It has never dared to criticise such a store for dismissing employees who attempted to form a union. In other words, this paper is not independent, and in the last analysis is governed by its advertisers.

But suppose a paper with an exhaust-

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ive news-service, which should publish editorials sound economically, attractive in form, easily read and understood by the man in the street, treating all classes fairly, with always a single eye on that true liberty which can be secured only by eternal vigilance. A glance at some half-dozen representative daily papers of New York will illustrate what is wanted, by the mere process of elimination; while the comparison will broaden the point of view. It should always be premised that a newspaper possesses a soul of its own, something more than the aggregate result of all the work of all the men who work on its staff. The paper's tradition alone will modify the product of any man who writes for it, save only one whose personality is so dominant as to give the paper something of his own character, like Greeley with the *Tribune*, or Bowles with the Springfield *Republican*.

A typical New York newspaper, taken from a number lying before me as I write, has at least the potentiality of being a very good morning daily. Its foreign news is exceptionally ample, and apparently well handled at the sending end. It is, however, very badly edited, giving every indication that the news here is consigned to the hands of some one who has not had the indispensable preparation of residence and work abroad. There is obvious inability to translate European thought into American terms. The home news is fairly well handled, but not better than that of the paper's competitors. The editorial policy is eminently fair. It is considerate to adversaries, chary of personalities, and evidently inspired by definite and fairly sound economic principles. What is lacking, both in the news and editorial departments, is the note of authority. The main editorials and the feeble financial article are all futile argument. They might do tolerably well if there were some single directing mind to coördinate each separate editorial writer's work, but apparently there is nothing of the kind. The consequence is that the editorials, like the foreign cables, look as if they had been put in with a shovel. The editorials have one distinct merit, however, which will be worth considering further on. They are mercifully short.

Another specimen, which may be pronounced without hesitation by far the most interesting of the morning dailies, bristles with accreted peculiarities of its own. The news is handled with the single idea of making it thoroughly readable, and, moreover, readable by exacting critics. Some of the reporting is of a very high quality indeed. The reader lays down the paper with an almost guilty feeling that he has wasted his time over a column and a half of brilliant nonsense about an event with a news-value of ten lines. The most striking vice of the editorials at first glance is that they are altogether too long. This remark applies to the financial article, good as it is, and carrying, as the rest of the paper does, the indispensable note of authority. The paper unfortunately mars itself by its persistence in a bad tradition. It has acquired enmities throughout its existence, and apparently when once acquired these are never for a moment forgotten. Most public men require the personal method at some time in their career, but this treatment should be done in the interest of the public question in hand, and not weakened by any trace of personal malice. The example before us, however, cannot speak of any one of scores of public men without a sneer. The result is a cheaply cynical tone, much beneath the dignity of a newspaper which, from a literary point of view, is inferior to few published in the English language. One consequence of this prejudice is that the just suffer with the unjust. The reformer, who is often a humbug and usually a bore, is condemned unheard because some of his kind are always in line for the pillory.

In point of honesty of purpose and high ideal, one of the evening newspapers occupies a position of its own. It is

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most conscientiously edited, and appeals strongly to what unfortunately must ever be a limited intellectual class. Its contributors take their work very seriously, which is as it should be. They take themselves very seriously also, which is bad policy anywhere, and almost suicidal in a city where the sense of humor has become a vice. Nevertheless the economics and ethics of the editorial page are admirable. Here again the editorials are too long, while the tendency to preach is frequently apparent. It is not an unnatural result, but it is scarcely calculated to sell the newspaper.

Fortunately the machine newspaper is passing out of existence, and the one specimen left lives upon its once great reputation. Its home news is not badly done, and is often presented in a more readable way than that of some of its competitors. Its foreign correspondence is sometimes above the usual news-service of that kind, is attractively written, and up to a very fair standard of news-value. Its editorial page is simply the endorsement of the policy of one party machine. There is not an editorial in it from year's end to year's end which anybody would feel obliged to read. There is, moreover, the vice of taking a column or more to present an attenuated thought in a commonplace fashion. The still graver sin is the presence in the news columns of matter which would only appear among the advertisements of an independent newspaper, if it appeared at all. The financial page is beneath contempt.

Much more dangerous, because much more widely read, is the last remaining specimen of uncompromising "yellow." Its news is extremely poor. It consists of the bare Associated Press service warmed up into cheaply sensational forms; with a minimum of special reporting, presented with the maximum of splash. Noisy methods in fact are used to such an extent that the thing becomes one continuous shriek. Every item of news is accompanied by its own yell, with such a resultant confusion of noise that nothing really makes itself heard. The editorials are occasionally able, and almost always utterly without scruple or principle. The appeal to class hatred, the anti-British sentiment of the Irish, the anti-capitalist sentiment of the labor-unionist, the hatred of the orderly administration of justice, always latent in the ignorant and discontented, all these are used in a way which would disgrace the most rabid Parisian political journal, without a tithe of the French paper's literary merit. The comic department is made much of, and the cartoons, while quite as unscrupulous as the rest of the paper, are often true and constantly amusing.

That such a condition as this is not hopeless is shown by the career of a morning issue formerly of the same yellow type, but now in a very fair way to reform. Its news is really well handled, and is moreover condensed without losing its readable qualities. The editorials also come nearer the ideal than those of other newspapers of a more pretentious character. There has been a tendency to lengthen them lately, which is to be regretted, and the editorial attitude on Wall Street is not merely a serious mistake in policy, but shows an abounding ignorance of economics in which only the proprietor of the paper could possibly afford to indulge. Still the production as a whole is good, and in a fair way to become better.

A last example is also the best-handled business proposition in the New York newspaper group. The one object in fact is to sell the paper. The news is displayed to considerable advantage. It is collected with expenditure and enterprise. The shipping news is unequaled anywhere. The whole is set out in a form which the most ignorant can understand, and it has some qualities occasionally which are by no means despicable. It is in the editing that the chief vice lies. The whole paper is an appeal to an essentially ignorant class, because that class will

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buy more papers and will consequently warrant more advertising. This is the respectable competitor of the yellow journal. It writes down to the level of self-satisfied ignorance, deliberately and for the money in it. Its editorial page is a flabby, popularity-hunting appeal, without conviction or dignity. The editorials are not worth the name. They convey the impression that the writer is trying to say exactly what he has been told to say, irrespective of his own beliefs, and is moreover so afraid of breaking his instructions that he does not dare even to use vigorous English. It need hardly be said that the paper will cater to any fad likely to secure popularity, while posing always as the ideal family newspaper. There has been a compulsory alignment to decency in the advertising department lately, but some of the advertisements, notably those of swindling stock-tipsters, are a disgrace to a self-respecting newspaper.

What is the broad lesson to be drawn from these concrete examples? What is the one general deduction from all these particulars? It is that no newspaper of the New York group (and we have taken the half-dozen with any pretense to wide popular appeal) unites the two indispensable qualities of popularity and authority. Here we have heard at least one voice crying in the wilderness, one smothered under a blanket of self-conscious rectitude, one choked with childish spite and petulance, one crying out an old man's perversity, and two crying a message from the devil or no message at all. But our newspaper must have real technical merit. It must make itself widely heard. It must speak as one with authority, putting certain axiomatic principles of economics and morals as assumed and sealed, written forever on the two tables of stone.

The newspaper-reading public is largely of newspaper creation. People read the newspaper for what they expect to find in it. Even up to the time of the life-insurance revelations, everybody was fairly contented with the editorial certainty that we were the wisest, richest, most powerful, most intelligent, most prosperous, best governed, and greatest people on the face of the earth. Provided the national vanity was tickled, and the occasional absolutely necessary pill was sugar-coated, public opinion was satisfied.

It is exactly this sort of stuff which has made the present problem so important and so difficult. Except for obvious party purposes, it is only recently that newspapers have begun to point out the extreme extravagance and incompetence of our triple form of government, municipal, state, and federal. Our inability to enforce the laws we make is only a little less ridiculous than some of the laws themselves. We have begun to find this out, and at present the wisest, richest, *et cetera*, is engaged in the dignified occupation of thumping the table because it has bumped its childish head against it.

There is nothing which is not instantly and statistically demonstrable in the statement, that, so far as the great majority of our voting population is concerned, the only teacher in America to-day is the newspaper. In our census returns, something like sixty per cent of the population makes no statement as to its religious opinions, or denies the possession of them altogether. The average man is in fact not a regular attendant at church, and certainly not in such degree that he can depend upon his religious instructors for guidance in right principles.

What our colleges are asked to do is to turn out young men who can start out to earn money as soon as possible. We lack leisure for that refined and satisfying scholarship to which we owe most of what is best in our literature. A glance at the ethics of our legal profession, at its endless abuses, its premium on dishonesty, and its hopeless inefficiency in the respect which makes delay a denial of justice, will disclose the object of a great part of our so-called higher educa-

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tion. We demand something "practical" from our colleges, and we translate the word in the universal term of dollars and cents.

And yet we have a people to deal with who are thirsting for the truth. Any man with a message can obtain a hearing. It is not the people's fault if he is often more ignorant than they are, and merely a little noisier. They want to learn. They can be approached in mass in various ways. One way is the public meeting. Another is the popular newspaper.

I say popular advisedly, because we live in a country where we decide all questions, however abstruse and technical, by counting noses. It is our constitutional privilege, and if we have adopted a system which regards the nose as more important than the brain behind it, the only problem is how to make the best of our materials. We have to remember that we are dealing with a voting population which, in the fundamentals of logical reasoning, knowledge of constitutional law, and strict training in ethics, is about as ignorant as could well be imagined in a country with any compulsory system of education at all.

This is of course an extremely unpopular thing to say, and often the newspaper editor, instead of saying it, must content himself with paying general compliments. If his proprietors do not choose to face facts, he does his full duty in avoiding friction.

In the past ten years nature has blessed our soil abundantly. We have won the cheap glory of the Spanish war. We have seen an enormous increase in opportunities for investment, and especially in speculative projects. Up to the last few months we have had excellent wages, with regular work made possible in almost all callings. These, and many other considerations like them, have tended to develop the worst and most dangerous case of national swelled head known in history.

The reasoning that because something happened first it was the cause of what happened afterwards, is used with cumulative effect in giving us a good conceit of ourselves. It is superficially good editorial policy to ascribe all our blessings to the result of our combined wisdom and common sense. We are therefore told, with a frequency which is becoming almost cloying, that we licked the Spanish because such wonderful people as we are could lick anybody. In the same diplomatically shallow way, we are told that our wasteful methods of exacting everything from the soil and putting as little as possible back, are wise, in view of the illimitable resources of a country which we have not only inhabited but, presumably, created.

Short-sighted friends of the editor warn him not to tell the people the truth about themselves. The American people are sensitive to criticism. If an intelligent foreigner comes here, the first thing we ask him is what he thinks of America. We ask for a criticism, but we want and expect a compliment. If he does not at once give us more of the windy diet we are accustomed to, we say what we think of him. We draw the just inference that he is jealous of our superior merits. We even make our one unanswerable, but ill-bred, retort to a criticism we have asked for: we say that if he thinks there is anything better elsewhere, he had better return to his own country.

And yet the people want to be told the truth, and God knows they never needed it so much. We may accuse certain magazines of muck-raking. It is a popular phrase with a large number of people who never heard of the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress;* who think the Man with the Muck-rake appears in the first part, and who do not know in the least what the parable signifies. And yet, with all their excesses, these magazines are doing very tangible good. They are not shouting for mob rule; they are asking for the enforcement of the law. We have carried disobedience to law, civil, criminal, religious, and moral, to a fine point of perfection.

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Yet we must not tell the every-day American citizen that he is alternately hysterical and criminally indifferent. One of his teachers out in Oregon proposes that there should be a " referendum," or popular vote, as a last appeal from the decisions of the highest courts in the country. This is to say that, after a question has been decided by the trained jurist, weighing the most delicate points of equity, constitutionality, common law, and abstract justice, there must be an appeal to a voting mob, not one member of which would be fitted to pass upon the case at all. The reasoning is logical. Public opinion can settle simple little questions like national currency or banking. Why not leave matters of this kind in the same safe hands? It is the expedient of a well-known cycle of newspapers published from New York, in San Francisco, Chicago, and elsewhere. The man whose opinion would not be taken on the problem of whitewashing his neighbor's back fence is told inferentially what a clever fellow he is, and how adequate is his intelligence for the settlement of every question, however difficult.

One most important gain up the line of intelligence and independence in the past ten years has been so broad that it almost escapes notice. The newspapers are largely responsible, but as the process has been to some extent unconscious, they need not receive too much credit. Less than ten years ago, what was called " party regularity " was the standard for voters. Exceptions were called mugwumps, sore-heads, cranks, and anything else, to indicate a person who arrogantly persisted in doing his own thinking. The ideal in fact was the voter who " cast his first vote for Lincoln " and had voted the straight Republican ticket, irrespective of its composition, in every election, federal, state, and municipal, since 1860. It was the Democrat with a like idea of his responsibilities as a citizen who did more to establish Tammany Hall than all the floaters who ever colonized the East Side.

Of course such a voter was exactly what the corrupt party boss wanted, but it is only in the past decade that teaching has borne fruit in those great protectors of the public pocket, the independent newspaper and the split ballot. It might almost be said that, where party regularity was the rule, there is now but one out-and-out machine newspaper remaining in New York. The rest are no doubt broadly of one camp or another. But there are plenty of Republicans the *Press* does not like, and it says so; and the *Times* does not hesitate to tell its readers to vote for Hughes in preference to an undesirable Democrat.

Here is an admirable evidence of the public demand for the truth, and of the growth of that demand in the past few years. No doubt the exposures in the magazines have helped, but it is the independent voter who is killing the bosses. They are paralyzed when they are no longer in a position to "deliver the goods." The old " party-regularity " voter ensured that one boss or the other would stay in power. After that, it was only a matter of a simple and corrupt deal between the two bosses.

It should be plain that what the public wants is an independent newspaper. The reader will tolerate, and like, any amount of teaching tactfully and modestly offered. He will not be preached at or bullied. It is really rather a matter of directing public thought up right lines than of indicating new and experimental policies. The newspaper, indeed, should be critical rather than constructive. Our constitution provides for three distinct functions of government, — legislative, judicial, and executive; and it is the duty of what is correctly called, in England, the fourth estate of the realm, to provide the fourth necessity, healthy criticism for all three.

It follows that a newspaper may criticise a verdict or a decision of the courts, but must not meddle with the proper and lawful handling of a case on trial. In this respect nothing could do more good

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than a term of imprisonment for the next editor who constitutes his readers a jury on a criminal case pending before the courts, and publishes their verdict on his paper's evidence. Can one imagine anything that would more surely defeat the ends of justice? In the same way, the newspaper should watch where corrupt legislation can be defeated, in order to drag it out into that dry light where the air is always too strong for its lungs. The legislators must do the rest, and it is the business of the newspaper to hold them to their duty.

In like manner, the fullest publicity is one of the most valuable checks upon the acts of any executive officer. We know that the balance was most delicately adjusted by the framers of the Constitution, and in this department there is a continual tendency to usurp the functions of the other two. Nothing could be better for political morals than the way in which newspapers have emphasized the correct attitude of Governor Hughes in confining himself strictly to his business, holding the other departments of our constitutional government strictly responsible for theirs.

Here, then, is what the public wants: a newspaper which treats its reader not as a child or a sage, neither as a hero nor as a fool, but as a person of natural good instincts and average intelligence, amenable to reason, and one to be taught tactfully to stand upon his own feet, rather than to take his principles ready-made from his teacher. What an ideal! A paper which gives the senator and the shop-girl what they both want to read and are the better for reading. A comic cut, if its moral lesson is true, is an editorial with the blessing of God.

Only millionaires can start newspapers. It is perhaps the best of all ways to avoid dying rich. It should be possible, however, to take a newspaper of standing, and remodel it gradually up these lines. The market for excellence is inexhaustible, and this country is plainly beginning to see the sterling market-value of common honesty. Allied with brains and common sense, it is the mainspring of moral progress.

CHICAGO SPIDERS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Being a spider in Chicago is a very unsatisfactory vocation. In the evening, when it is time to take down the old web and put up the new, a spider will gather a section into a ball or skein that is positively black, and kick it out behind him into the street below as if he were disgusted with such a grimy mess. It is so bulky with dirt that a small piece of web makes a large armful for him. And after the new one has been spread for an hour or two, its sticky filaments are so coated with particles of atmosphere that it will hardly catch anything else. Only by going through a sort of jumping-jack performance can a Chicago spider manage to make a fly stick.

Whether a country spider, with a whole garden fence at his disposal, takes down his old web, I do not know, though it would seem that there he could, by merely moving a foot or two, save himself all the work; but in Chicago, where corner locations are the most valuable, — especially the corners of windows where house flies long to enter, — and where each corner is preëmpted by a particular spider, the taking down of the old web is necessary to the greatest daily profit. It pays better than to move.

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A Chicago spider can take down a web and put up another in about twenty minutes — and from this I am anxious to have the reader infer that the daily presence of a great number of them does not mean a neglected window. If any one thinks his household guiltless in this regard, let him observe his own window closely. I daresay he will find this story sumptuously illustrated.

Before I was laid on a bed by a window and tied down as firmly as any Gulliver by Chicago pygmies, most of whom belonged to the tribe of Typhus, I would have considered it poor employment for any man to enter into the affairs of creatures so much smaller than himself. But they did shrewd things before my eyes every day, and when I began to understand, I became interested; and thus, for three weeks, I found myself bound out to the trade.

It was the jumping-jack trick that I first discovered and appreciated. The spider, sitting patiently at the focus of his elastic wheel with all legs on the lines, is in telegraphic communication with every part of it; and now let a fly so much as flutter a filament, and the spider jumps up and down as if he were trying to shake the whole structure from its moorings. This bounces the fly till he has his feet solidly on the line, and perhaps tangled in other lines. After taking this precaution, the spider, if he has been lucky, runs out and ties up his victim in the usual bundle, ready to carry. He does up a fly like a turkey trussed and ready for the table.

To one who has had a motionless and half-forgotten spider in his eye for an hour or so, this sudden exhibition of vigor in jumping up and down is startling. He does it as if he were in a great fit of temper. From this practice it is evident that he cannot depend upon the web alone to catch the prey, and hold it long enough for him to get out to it. The web is not merely a stationary snare, like a tree with birdlime on it, but a contrivance that may be operated personally by the spider as a trap. The structure, being elastic, works up and down when he jumps, so that each row of lines traverses at least the distance between it and the next row of lines. Thus, despite the open spaces between them, he is virtually in possession of the whole plane of space, for anything with air-disturbing wings can hardly pass through it without sending in an alarm and being caught. All spiders, I suppose, know this trick of the trade; but a Chicago spider must stick to his post and practice it in every case. If he did not, his daily catch would be all soot and no flies.

The same spiders did not occupy the window throughout the three weeks; but with the exception of one red spider who came along and seemed very doubtful about setting to work, they were all of one kind, big and little. This auburn-hued spider was more slender and shapely — not so fat and commercial-looking as the others. There were little spiders who spun little webs of such fineness that they were visible only when the sun fell just right on the glinting new gossamer; and for over a week a very big fellow, with a yellow hieroglyph on him like gold bullion on the back of a priest, held sway in webs a foot across. He sat with his back toward the room, whereas most of them made a practice of keeping their under sides toward the window. In this, there seems to be a difference in practice; but all of them sit upside down — head downwards — invariably.

I discovered, to my own satisfaction at least, why a spider sits in his web upside down. A spider has eight legs, besides a very short pair in front which are more like arms; but in truth a spider's legs are all fingers, and he needs as many as possible to handle his prey. Were he to support himself right-side-up in grappling with a victim, it would require four of the legs merely to hold him in that position, for he would have to grasp more than one thread; but he can hang head-downwards with only the one hind pair of legs, and

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have all the rest free to handle the prey before him. His hind pair of legs extend almost straight behind him for the purpose of being his sole support in such cases; and because he is built in this way, in order to cope successfully with other insects, the upside-down attitude is his easiest way of staying on watch. It is his most restful position.

One of the big spiders was one day surprised by a chrysalis that fell down from some place into his web. It turned out to be a very windfall of fortune, for the luscious larva was quite to his taste. At least, he examined it thoroughly, and kept it, as if he were satisfied with what he found inside of the cocoon. It was almost as long as himself, and he showed great dexterity in turning it about and examining it in all positions with his six free legs, holding it before him as he hung head-downwards. A spider can handle himself in all positions with equal facility, and when he is surprised he will suddenly turn head-upward as he surveys the web, and keep that position for a while. But when all is quiet on the Potomac, he turns upside-down again and takes his ease.

I read in a book review that the male spider is said to dance in order to please his inamorata. I have seen such a performance, and would describe it as follows. One of the spiders retreats backward an inch or two from the other; he pauses there a moment and advances; and, when the two are face to face, they go through certain antics, both of them, with their front legs. It is exactly as if one were to interlock his fingers loosely and then twiddle them. After this twiddling of legs, the visitor backs up, pauses, and comes forward again; and they will keep up this performance for quite a while. Whether this is flirtation I do not know; much less do I understand the code. And whether it is dancing or not depends upon — the figure of speech.

These spiders, according to the dictionary, are geometrical or garden spiders; but the ones with whom I was personally acquainted saw nothing more verdant than a rubber plant and one smoke-blasted tree. This ailing tree was the only survivor in those parts, and so its twiggery had to accommodate the sparrows of a large territory every evening; it was little more than a community perch or convention tree, and it had more sparrows on it than leaves. Regularly they would come home to Bedlam at night, and they would seem much excited over the return to nature. As to the spiders, they were garden spiders in the sense that Chicago is the Garden City.

Before proceeding further, I must explain that this comment on the secrets of the craft is merely by way of introducing the reader to a particular spider, who had an admirable adventure. I shall come to him later on. I should confess that I do not know spiders anatomically or microscopically, but only personally: — I know only that about a spider which he knows himself, namely, his trade. This, I think, is worth describing, step by step.

It will be best to take a Chicago spider who is building in the upper corner of a window, for here is a set of conditions which are uniform throughout the country, and which every one is familiar with. The spider, having found this unoccupied place, walks on the window-frame away from the corner and stops at the right distance for the size of his web, which depends upon the size of the spider. The corner of the window-frame offers the foundation, or outline, for two sides of his web; but he must himself complete the circumference within which to spread his work. Now, a line stretched from where he stands, on the top frame, to a point on the side frame, will give him a triangle; and he must project this line transversely through the air.

This is easily done. Pressing the end of the line to the window-frame, he takes hold of it with one hind leg and runs along with it to the corner, spinning it out as he goes; and he holds the line out with

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his hind leg like a boy flying a kite. He must hold it well out and keep it taut, for it must not touch the wood anywhere along its length. Having reached the corner, he turns and runs down the side frame; and now it is as if the kite were going up in the air. As he runs downward from the corner, paying out the line, it opens, fanwise, from the upper frame; and when it has formed the triangle he stops and fastens that end.

This is to be his main cable which must, on that side, support the ends of all the lines. And these inner lines are to be stretched with considerable tension. For such a heavy strain the single strand is not enough, so he now runs back and forth along its length and keeps paying out till he has augmented it with several plies of filament — a cable. It is now strong enough, but as the tension on it is to be sidewise it is not rigid enough; it would bow inwards as he stretched the web from it, and so it needs a few small guy-lines, or stays, to brace it. These stays he fastens farther out on the wood, or to points on the glass itself. He could, in fact, as far as his abilities are concerned, fasten every line of his web to the glass; but the wind would blow it against the pane and interfere with its workings. Therefore he makes the cable to stretch it to, a little distance from the window.

The outline or foundation is now done. Inside this triangular circumference he has now to make the spokes of his wheel before stretching upon them the circular lines. In like manner as he put up the main cable, he runs a single line across this triangular space, about the middle of it. Having this line stretched, he climbs to the middle of it and there stops, for this is to be the centre of his wheel. In stretching this diametrical line he has really made two spokes at one operation; but now he must pursue a different method, making one spoke at a time. If he were to try to keep up this way of making two spokes at a time, fastening a line at one side and running around the circumference to the opposite side to fasten it there, his line would become entangled with the one stretched before; it would stick, and he could not raise the new line to the middle of the other where it ought to cross. Therefore he must now work from the middle outwards, stretching one spoke at a time. He fastens the end of the spoke he is about to spin to the middle of this diametrical line, takes this new line in his hind leg in order to hold it free of the other as he climbs it, and thus he gets the spoke to the window-frame. Then he proceeds with it along the window-frame a short distance, the second line opening out, fanwise, from the first; and when it has opened to the proper angle he fastens it down to the wood. He then descends the new one and repeats the operation; and so he keeps on, always using the one he stretched last to return upon and bring out another, and always holding the new line clear and taut as he pays it out, exactly like a boy flying a kite. It must not touch and tangle. And, like the boy, he runs along at a good gait as if he had no time to lose.

By this simple method, the spokes are all put in; and it is very easy according to his system. It is worth considering, however, that he is always very fortunate in coming out so nearly uniform in the spacing of his spokes, — and this in an irregular triangle upon which the spokes must fall at all sorts of distances in order to be equally spaced. He seems to be an expert in division. But it is not the *outside* of his space that he can measure off in an automatic way, for there the distances are not uniform. I think he must accomplish it all by watching the new line open fanwise from the middle, and so I regard him as a sort of surveyor with a good eye for angles. The wheel part is now done, and he has to weave on it the circling strands.

He takes his place at the middle of the wheel, and keeping his head always toward the centre, he steps sidewise from spoke to spoke, fastening the thread to a

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spoke, drawing it across to the next one at the right tension, dabbing it down to fasten it, and so on, round and round. And he works with considerable speed.

But this mode of operation cannot be kept up to the end. When he has worked out a short distance from the centre, the radiating spokes are too far apart for him to straddle across. Here he changes the method. Instead of straddling across, he goes out on a single spoke, fastens his thread to it, comes in and crosses to the next spoke by means of the line that he stretched on his last trip around. He then goes out on the next spoke, carrying the line in his hind leg, and fastens it, — and he always handles it with his leg, so that there is no surplus spun out, and it has the right tension. Thus he continues till his wheel is big enough, always using his last circle as a bridge from spoke to spoke as he adds the next surrounding circle. This part, when done, is really a spiral.

The garden spider, in making a web that fulfills the ideal, puts in this spiral I have just described with the lines very far apart — very open. He then starts at the circumference and fills it in finer, working round and round toward the middle. This first spiral may be considered his scaffold. As we see, it was constructed under certain drawbacks; but now that he has so much put in coarsely, he can walk round and round with more footing, and work with less trouble.

When the web seems finished, one thing yet remains to be done. Where the spokes have each been fastened to the centre, there is a mass of fibre, the tag-ends of the whole job, which would be in his way as he sat in the middle of the web. He takes this out neatly, leaving a hole. Had he taken this out before the spiral was put on, the whole wheel would, of course, have collapsed. He throws the fibre into the street below, and takes his place over the hole with his legs holding the lines around him; and now it is time for Providence to send a fly.

The spider does his work behind his back, as it were; he cannot see what he is doing; and yet in certain of his operations he must make strokes that are instantly accurate and "to the point." This would call for some miraculous knowledge of location — which he has not; and his way of meeting the problem is interesting. In that division of his work, which consists in stretching the cable and spokes, his problem is simple; it is merely the fastening of sticky threads to the window-frame, a surface which is firm and flat. As it is flat, he does not need to strike a fine particular point on it; and as it is perfectly stable, he simply presses the line down firmly behind him as it comes from his spinneret. But in stretching the spiral from spoke to spoke of the web itself, he must strike a certain point on his line against a particular point on the web, in order to have the right tension; he must unite them firmly at that point and do it at a dab. It is a fine point to find; and to do such work behind him, against a yielding, air-blown filament, is quite a different matter from pressing his line to a flat, firm surface. He proceeds, accordingly, on the same principle, but takes it another way about. Instead of merely dabbing down the line he is spinning, he seizes with a hind leg the line *to which* he wishes to make a fastening and presses that against a particular part of *himself*; that is, he raises the spoke and touches it firmly to the point where the new line is spinning out. Thus the spiral is put in. The whole extraneous difficulty is transmuted into a mere matter of self-knowledge — like finding one's mouth in the dark.

During this part of the work he does not need to use one leg to prevent entanglement, the parallel spans being shorter and more widely separate from the beginning; and it is lucky for him that he can now spare that member, for in the operations of putting in the spiral his multitude of legs are busy indeed. One is seizing the spoke and dabbing it to his spinneret; one is pressing on the new-spun line, as if to regulate the ten-

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sion; the others are stepping about lively in order to accommodate his body to the advancing work — and altogether it is as rapid and unobservable as the flight of knitting-needles. But once it is caught by the eye, the mystery of his accuracy is small, and its ingenuity is great. But the very fact that he has to descend to mere ingenuity, in lieu of instinct, which can perform miracles, presents him to us as a humble spinner, and human. I think it is a person of little promise who can look through his web and not find that this display of window-work, spread out between us and the universe, is a sort of trap for the mind, tending to keep it within bounds.

The large spiders, so far as I have observed, are the most careless workmen. In some of their webs the geometrical design could hardly be perceived were it not for the radiating spokes; and these are not straight, but drawn to this side and that by the connecting lines. And these lines, that ought to be the spiral, have been put in any way at all, as if one at a time, here and there; and moreover they have been put in loosely and then tightened to the spoke with other little guy-lines, so that they have the shape of a Y. The web seems to be not only patched, but all patchwork from the start. It has the wheel shape in it, however, and the same principles are employed throughout; in fact, there is more individuality and a greater display of mechanical science in such a web than in one that conforms to the ideal. It takes a better mechanic to patch a job than to follow specifications to a successful conclusion. The little spiders do the most perfect work, strikingly geometrical, with the lines of the spiral exactly parallel. I once picked from a bush a withered leaf that had curled up at the end, and in this space, smaller in extent than a quarter of a dollar, was a spider's web perfect in every detail.

Other webs would differ from this window-web; but the difference would not be in the web proper so much as in the outrigging or foundation for it. In truth, the most interesting part of a spider's work is not in the geometrical part that excites our first wonder, but in his ways of devising the irregular circumference, the making use of vantage points, the solving of problems peculiar to each set of surroundings. Here is individual work, separate planning to suit each case, the application of principles rather than automatic and uniform procedure — the work of a mechanic.

The opportunities for studying nature in a "flat" are growing every day. The renaissance of colonial architecture, with the small window panes, allows the spiders to cultivate the whole field of glass. A spider soon learns all about glass; a fly never. The spider works with it familiarly; he even uses its surface to moor the stays of his cable; but the fly buzzes and butts his head against it, utterly unable to learn that the invisible can have existence. The invention of glass was a godsend to spiders, and a sorry thing for flies.

There is much more to the trade of building a web, but so technical in detail that it would have to be considered at much length in order to arrive at the ultimate mechanical reasons (something I have yet to see done in nature study). A thing superficially perceived or half explained might as well not be explained at all. Much "nature study" consists in these mere semblances of explanations — incomplete perceptions. The most profitable work in this line, I think, would be the work of the skilled mechanic, rather than the poetic "nature student" or the mere microscopic observer; for this shrewd stealing of secrets, both by observation and basic reasoning, has been his lifelong attitude in filching his own trade from others, as well as from nature. And as to the writing of it, the simple and luminous expression of such things calls for the very highest and completest set of mental faculties. Contrary to the popular notion, the creation of so-called "atmospheric" impres-

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sion in literature is much easier, and of a lower order of intellect, than to convey in familiar words exactly what was done, and why. This also takes imagination.

But, as I have said, it was not my intention, in writing this, to record all that I learned of the trade so far as I advanced, but rather to make public a tragi-comedy that was enacted in spider life. To recount all that I observed would be robbing the reader of his privilege of discovering things for himself, — even denying him the right to look out of his own window, — which is one of the things I protest against. I have told this much because it was necessary thus to introduce, in their proper persons, the two characters of the play.

It was drawing on toward evening. The day had been — simply another day; a wilderness of roofs in a soft-coal mist, a turbid patch of sky, and the people below moving monotonously past like cattle in a canyon. The street near by became darker with the stream of people hurrying home from store and factory; Chicago had let out. The worn-out tree was receiving back the sparrows, and every twig was a perch. I was tired of all this; there was nothing interesting about it; and so from trying to see something *out* of the window I turned again to look *at* it, for it was time for the spiders to go to work.

The corner nearest me, which had to be renovated of its dusty and damaged web, belonged to a medium-sized spider; and promptly he came forth to the work. Another corner was held — I cannot say occupied — by a set of legs on a very old web. A spider, with all his skill in taking down a web, moves away and leaves his dirt behind him. Not only this, but he has a habit, when he has his new set of legs, of leaving the old ones on the web; and there they remain, occupying the position that he last held. They do not come off him singly, but in a complete set, like a truck that has been removed from a car. And it is wonderful how long a web will withstand the weather and bear this grisly semblance of a spider with each leg set on a line. This particular set of sere and yellowish legs danced in every breeze, and seemed even more active than when they had a spider to operate them. I often wished that some enterprising spider would come along and take it all down; but none ever did. From watching to see whether this would happen, I turned my attention to the medium-sized spider as he cleared his space. Finally, he had his old web all down and disposed of; and the new one was put up with "neatness and dispatch."

When the web was seemingly done, the spider spent a little while on the window-frame among his guy-lines — possibly making things still more taut. There now appeared suddenly on the top of the frame, at the opposite corner of the web, a big able-bodied spider. He was much larger than the other — let us call them David and Goliath. He stopped short at the edge of the web as if pausing to look across at the owner and make up his mind. The other spider stopped work suddenly, as if looking back at him. I immediately suspected that here was a situation, and so I watched closely; there seemed to be spider-thinking going on. The big spider stepped deliberately on the web, and then, with a sudden dash, went out on it. He had no more than reached the middle when he was snapped back to where he came from, and thrown against the upper frame of the window as if he had been shot from a rubber sling — and the web was gone. In that instant, the smaller spider had cut the main cable. David's elastic sling had not only thrown Goliath back where he belonged, but had knocked him against the frame and slapped him in the face for his impudence.

The big spider, we can only conclude, meant harm — either robbery or bodily injury — and the other spider knew it. But this does not explain what we like always to see in nature — an object in everything. What was the beneficent object? It was not a provision on the

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part of instinct to enable the spider to save its web from the robber, for the web was utterly sacrificed. As to the loss of property, the little spider might just as well have run away and let the big one have it. And as to the little spider saving its life, it might as well have run at once, for a spider can pursue another anywhere, even if there is no web. To me it seemed to be a pure case of "You won't get the best of me." Does Nature, in her wise regard for the needs of all her creatures, make provision for the satisfaction of transcendental justice?

It looked like an original act of thought — the presence of mind of a good mechanic who understands his machine. I have often wondered, on the theory that it might have been a way of saving the smaller spider's life, whether the big spider was injured; and if the smaller spider had simply run away and left his web, would not the other have been satisfied with it, and not bothered to pursue him? Why this provision of instinct — if it was mere instinct?

I am sorry to say that I was not myself in a condition to look into the physical state of Goliath and see whether he was disabled. I was so taken up with the tragi-comic view, the human phase of it, that I did not even think of these other things. In fact I was so delighted over the victory that, weak as I was, and bound down as by cords made of my own tendons, I raised myself up and inwardly exclaimed — *Foiled!*

Spiders are interesting companions — under conditions. And the outcome of all one's observations is finally a question — Is it God that is doing these things, or is it a spider?

A NATIONAL FUND FOR EFFICIENT DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

America's greatest legacies are her greatest disappointment — religion, education, democracy! We extol them; we make sacrifices for them; we misuse and misunderstand them. Although their common aim is equal opportunity, not one means equal opportunity to the child ten years out of school. Not one approximates in action the picture drawn by teacher, preacher, publicist. The church complains of growing irreligion. Government admits that it has not been democratic. Educational institutions, according to their most honored leaders, have given in large measure miseducation; have been neither universal nor free; and, so far as their programme is executed, create special privilege for the educated, train for caste, and fail to educate for religion and democracy. Wherefore leaders — religious, educational, political — find themselves condoning "sins by society," and unequal opportunities abhorrent to their faith and inconsistent with their platform.

Three causes of our disappointment have not heretofore been faced by American leaders of thought. (1) Religion and education have not seen that an efficient democracy is an indispensable element in making their dreams come true. (2) Religion and education, like democracy, have concerned themselves with purpose and personality, to the exclusion of method, act, and condition. (3) Church, school, and government are without a social programme that embraces the aims of religion, education, and democracy, and, at the same time, supplies the technique necessary to successful progressive execution of that programme. To understand and remove these three causes

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is America's — and humanity's — paramount need.

The chief obstacle to consistent religious and educational effort is a disappointing democracy.

A democracy of equal opportunity is the promise of both religion and education. The triumph of what history calls right inspires the American boy, not because patriotism is bred only by war stories, but because those stories deal with the widening of opportunity. He is interested again in the conflict of religions, because the picture in his mind is that of the triumph of unrestricted opportunity over caste opportunity. Finally, that thing about education which makes the soul expand is not additional earning power or additional knowledge, but equal opportunity for one's fellow man.

Modern institutions are instructing favored men to have what Bernard Shaw calls "enormous social appetites." While religious and educational leaders endorse this appetite and promise one and all ultimately "a developed sense of life," they continue to regard democracy as the beneficiary of their effort and not their co-worker or their benefactor. This mistake explains their indirect attention to the working of democracy. If government remits taxes on church and private-school property, it is for its own sake and not for church or school. If wrongs are done by government, teachers and preachers truly believe that the quickest remedy is more education and more religion, not more attention to government.

This indirect concern for government is due partly to the confusion of school with education and church with religion. During the Dark Ages, the priest-student was a veritable pillar of fire by night. When there was no force working for religion except monastery and church, and when there was no teaching or studying except in monastery and university, it was natural that the place where light was sought, and whence light radiated, should epitomize religion and education. But in these days of newspapers and magazines, of social clubs, trade-unions, travel and congestion, of university extension by lecture, correspondence and moving pictures, of trade-schools and business discipline, commercial science and instructional philanthropy, educational processes outside educational institutions are more numerous, more continuous, and farther-reaching than educational processes within school walls. Likewise, religion manifests itself in infinitely more ways outside, than inside, church organizations. With these outside educational processes and religious forces, government has more direct and more numerous relations than has either church or school.

Since government is organized action of one hundred per cent of a community, wherever government is busy manufacturing sickness, industrial incapacity, miseducation, crime, and inequality, its product accumulates faster than the product of church and school working with divided forces and deficient tools upon part of the population part of the time. Therefore the gravity of a situation, in which, in practically every city of the country, organized society is paying more men and women to do anti-social work than church and philanthropy are paying to do social work. Organized society is putting obstructions in the way of enlightened and religious life for adults by the score, where church, school, and private philanthropy directly uplift one.

In October, 1908, the city government of New York will vote its budget for 1909. Through that budget, one hundred per cent of the population would, if it followed precedent, give the seal of its approval to padded payrolls and to dishonest and wasteful contracts involving directly more individuals than will attend church during 1909. Comptroller Metz declares that wherever a city employee spends or receives money for the city, present methods encourage dishonesty. Fifteen thousand teachers are crowding upon six hundred thousand children a

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curriculum declared by principals to be misfitted to the children's strength and future work; and the great machine grinds on year after year, doing less for all than might be done for the same money, actually injuring thousands, and thereby manufacturing problems for church and school and government that will require generations to solve. The police department has nine thousand men disciplined in the tradition that they are entitled to accept contributions from the woman of the street, the saloon-keeper, the motorist, and other offenders, in exchange for permission to attack the "integrity of democracy" by violating law.

Tent evangelists and prison chaplains convert in ten years fewer men and women than society's jails push into crime in one year. The pulpit of New York State, following Governor Hughes's lead, for days vituperated race-track gambling; not one single legislative vote was changed; the conditions that produced a corrupt lobby remain the same; and the significant truth stands out, that to reduce its taxes, the self-conscious morality of rural New York bribed its own legislators to vote for gambling.

Last winter, I had occasion to see in working contrast one Young Men's Christian Association and its neighbor, the white-slave agent. I went out with a representative of the Woman's Municipal League, who had recently interviewed a very wealthy man in the hope of securing financial aid to protect immigrant girls from organized exploitation. This very wealthy man could not help because he was "confining his gifts exclusively to religious work." Yet, as I wrote to a friend of his the next morning, there were within a mile of the Young Men's Christian Association more young men inside, and going to and from, brothels than there were at the same time in the Young Men's Christian Association building; more young men on the street giving the location of such houses and the description and names of their inmates than were giving instruction in the Young Men's Christian Association building; more officers of the law encouraging its violation than executive officers in the Young Men's Christian Association building. Why does not this man see that the policeman and the teacher and taught among those young men were actively obstructing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and manufacturing social forces stronger than that one Young Men's Christian Association? The recent temporary change in that quarter was brought about neither directly nor indirectly by church or Young Men's Christian Association.

Like democracy, religion and education have concerned themselves with purpose and personality to the exclusion of method, act, and condition.

Recent illumination of this truth by an eloquent southern preacher aroused the pulpit and press of Georgia against its nefarious convict-lease system. From the text, "The Cross and the Convict," the Rev. John E. White drew evidence that the church in Georgia had in the past failed to understand the message from the Cross, because it had failed to understand the convicts and their crosses. Squarely upon the religious conscience of pulpit and pew he placed responsibility for a system that treats the convict "as an asset, not a liability — as a benefit, not a burden." Whether the leased convict is punished, abused, educated, reformed, or confirmed in crime, is a question of fact that can be ascertained only by watching the convict and society's treatment of him. When democracy fails to analyze the results of that treatment, it encourages, and actually commits crime, whatever the theology or the pedagogy of pulpit and college chair.

Purposes and personalities have monopolized attention, not because acts and results are uninteresting, but because leader and follower alike have found it difficult to get the truth as to acts and results. Most history reads differently

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when attention is centred on acts rather than on personalities. Less than six months before Boston's efficient Finance Commission uncovered acts and results so flagrant as to provoke the envy of Tammany Hall, two of the nation's foremost statisticians assured me that Boston "has had no corruption for half a century."

Under the Low administration in New York City, the reputable commissioner of parks for Manhattan permitted lunches and dinners to be charged to "profit and loss" and "repairs," and to be withheld from the public record of park expenses. Throughout two reform administrations, as before and after, political derelicts were appointed in the office of commissioners of accounts, the commissioners certifying men on their pay-roll who did not work for them but were attached to the mayor's office. In the room immediately below that in which New York's reform mayors sat, licenses were issued in their name, as before and after reform, for push-carts, pool-rooms, dogs, and so forth, by a system which would never show if five dollars was written on the stub of a five-hundred-dollar receipt. The money wasted during either reform administration in New York City would stamp out tuberculosis from the nation and leave enough money to exterminate typhoid and legalized corruption. After Mr. Low's defeat, an honest graft politician was congratulated on the return of prosperity. He answered, "You are sadly mistaken, my friend. I never hope to make so much money again as during the reform administration. Then I could deal with the man at the bottom for fifty cents or five dollars, where now I must divide with the man at the top."

A year ago, the Mayor of New York pledged himself to explain publicly increases in the budget of 1908 over that of 1907, aggregating $13,500,000. His candor won applause from press and public. Only one office in New York knew that uninformed good intention had missed nine out of ten opportunities to tell the whole truth. Instead of an increase of $60,000 for the department of correction "because of increased cost of supplies," the actual increase was $173,500, only $37,500 going to supplies. For the Borough of Manhattan, the increase was not $134,000, as the mayor reported, but $204,000, of which only $33,000 was "for maintaining asphalt pavements." One official with numerous academic degrees, who by his bearing, manner, and promptness gives the impression of fitly representing his constituents, received an increase of $175,000; later he was found to be wasting fifty per cent of the money spent through his Bureau of Highways, and spending $20,000 to clean a public building that private contractors offered "to keep as it had been kept for $1800, and to keep it clean for $3600." Health and tenement work in that borough was crippled for want of funds.

Discrepancies between result and appearance are not limited to politicians, or to great cities. Did not Holyoke find that one reason school children were neglected was that tools worth 23 cents were costing $15.00? The New York State Auditor finds counties and towns paying more in proportion to official transactions than do cities for waste, favoritism, and graft. Non-political motives do not assure beneficial acts. A New Yorker prominently identified with school and church recently resigned from an important post after testifying that although he drew $12,000 a year, he could not prove that he had given twelve days to the city; because he was not proved corrupt, a religious journal heralded his "vindication." A hospital managed by volunteers of unblemished character but informed too late, has charged kerosene and nurses' aprons to "construction of new hospitals."

A well-known mission supported by small contributions from all parts of the United States has for nearly a year occupied premises under conditions that make ignorance as culpable as knowledge of the fact that the rent should go to the

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city, and should not be used to corrupt city officials and cause delay in public work. Because its managers do not know its acts, another private institution, whose directorate contains several of the first men whose names would come to mind when gifts to religion and education are mentioned, has been trying to persuade a city official to pay it for service rendered by other charitable agencies, — this, too, when it reports private gifts to cover that same service.

Unless absolute dishonesty or gross misrepresentation can be shown, although extravagance or inefficiency may exist, the society that passes upon minor charities will not express disapproval, — because it does not compare cost with results. Strong enough for fifty years to have reformed Tammany Hall, Trinity Church Corporation, by investing income and capital differently, might have saved thousands of lives, released millions of dollars for education and religion, and secured for New York City's government efficient and honest habits of thought and action. It is safe to say that its definition will yet include acts, methods, and conditions.

There is no better illustration of our accepting " the will for the deed " than our attitude toward philanthropy. Because we have looked at the donor rather than the recipient, we have forgotten that candor with regard to the deed need not lessen our gratitude for the will. A testator leaves $187,000, to be spent by a department which fails to collect thousands upon thousands due the city, spends hundreds of thousands wastefully, and distributes among political favorites important privileges that should bear income. If we refuse to appraise such giving, it is because we think of the beautiful motive, not of the result.

The worst disclosures of the past decade referred to immoral and anti-social acts that were committed, unrestrained because undiscovered, during the gubernatorial administration of that same president whose would-be successor has called him the standard-bearer of the new morality. The personal morality of the once-governor of New York has not changed; the nature of the offenses committed has not changed; the attitude of the average man toward those acts has not changed; the only new element in the situation is *evidence*, — the fact, the where, and the when, of the acts themselves. What mankind lacks most is not morals, or attitudes, or platitudes, or higher education, but technique for utilizing what we now have and now know.

Church, school, and government are without a social programme that embraces the aims of religion, education, and democracy, and at the same time supplies the technique necessary to successful, progressive execution of that programme.

Socialist leaders are elated because one of our great capitalists is said to have remarked that only the socialists have a constructive programme. Yet socialism, like religion, education, and democracy, cannot tell us how to take the next step, because it does not know what we are doing now; it cannot tell us where we would be in five years, if their programme were adopted, because it does not know where we are now. I recently asked Professor S. N. Patten what would happen if religious leaders were to be granted all they now ask. He replied, " A religious-industrial war." If, over night, the whole country became devoutly Methodist, Episcopalian, Salvationist, or Scientist, the greater part of the industrial and social problems would still stare us in the face; education and democracy would still be out of reach; typhoid fever would thrive; misgovernment would still manufacture vice, crime, and incapacity.

Again, if universal education, according to our present definition, were to become a reality over night, religious problems would still remain, corruption would still need restraint, and sickness need prevention; it is not the uneducated

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or unchurched who furnish illustrative material for five political platforms attacking corporate dishonesty. If all public offices were to be filled to-morrow with either the most devout or the most educated, religion, education, and democracy would still stumble and manufacture obstructions in their own way. If conscious wrongdoing were to cease, the greater evil of unconscious, anti-social action, and uninformed, blundering leadership would still remain. Leadership by preachers, by great teachers, and by enthusiastic believers in democracy, we have tried. Every time that leadership has failed, because unequipped to deal with relations of man to man that need evidence, right methods, and skilled attention.

Educators change methods, not because evidence is produced that a previous method failed to give adequate results, but because some new pedagogical theory seems attractive. It is not even known how many children in the United States ought to be in school, or how many suffer from easily removable physical defects. We are epidemically borrowing European ideas of vocational training without having located the defects of our own methods. It takes twenty-five years to learn what might be learned in twelve months if educators applied to themselves efficiency tests for comparing what they get done with what they try to do. Whether children should be promoted by subject or by grade, whether children are marching in lock-step, whether there is lack of freedom of speech in educational circles, are questions of fact to be determined by noting pupils' progress and teachers' words rather than by discussing curriculum and essays on freedom. Noting requires technique.

Religious work rarely undergoes efficiency tests. Many who have tried the institutional church say that it has failed. Yet expensive institutional churches are still being erected. Not one of the great social movements that have characterized the past generation can be attributed solely, or even in greater part, to church activity; whether churches have helped or hindered no one can now prove. The Young Men's Christian Association is beginning to teach leaders to compare results with effort and with opportunity. Comparison requires technique.

Not having applied to their own work methods of discovering deficiencies and opportunities, it is natural that church and school should have failed to develop the technique essential to the definition and execution of a social programme. Not having trained the "fact sense," they cannot, of course, tell us where we are or what we need. They are, with respect to government, in the position of a student who was assigned to investigate a city department; instead of submitting facts, his report was a necklace of "ought," "must," "should," "should not," "favoritism," "outrage," "injustice," and the like.

The finding out what democracy ought to know about itself, what it does, what it fails to get done; the continuing education of democracy; the consistent application of religious and educational principles for the welfare of democracy, are matters of technique. If that technique is to be effective, three things are needed: (1) A current record of what society is doing. (2) Current interpretation of what society needs, does, leaves undone. (3) Current aggressive action to utilize the information that comes from currently interpreting the current record of organized society's current acts.

Purpose of municipal research educative, not detective.

To supply these three means, the Bureau of Municipal Research was organized in 1906. Its aim at the outset was educative, not detective. Infinitely more interested in pointing out what is needed than what is wrong, it realizes that the great problem of democracy is not the control of the officer, but the education of the citizen. It began, not by laying down principles of government or discussing

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men, but by studying the needs of the community and its official acts. It would educate democracy in facts about democracy's acts and methods, democracy's need, and democracy's opportunity. While its initial efforts have been concentrated in New York City, its influence has been felt through the nation, notably among editors, city officials, and civic leaders. It believes that its test of municipal improvement, by way of fact and method, has demonstrated the need of a great educational foundation that might be known, perhaps, as the Blank Foundation for Promoting Municipal Welfare, or for Attaining Efficient Democracy.

Three years, $150,000, and scientific method, have accomplished results surpassing all dreams of those who outlined its programme. So convincing are these results that onlookers who said three years ago, "The tiger will never change its stripes," are now saying, "You could hardly do this in cities where the tiger marks are less obvious." Although many phases of municipal administration have not yet been studied, there is hardly an obstacle to efficiency and honesty that has not been encountered and *overcome by light*. The real-estate bureau that eluded all graft charges is being reorganized to prevent either graft or one hundred per cent profits for land sold the city at private sale. While its own staff, consisting of three investigators in 1907 and forty in the summer of 1908, can of itself do no inconsiderable educational work, the Bureau gauges its effectiveness, not by what its own staff accomplishes, but by what the city's staff of seventy thousand, and through them the city's population of four million, are enabled to accomplish because of its educational effort.

Methods that manufacture corruption and inefficiency, and that for fifty years defied political reform, are giving way to methods by which seventy thousand employees must tell the truth about what they do when they do it, about what they spend when they spend it, in clear, legible form, so that the community can learn what it has failed to get done that it set out to accomplish. The central controlling office, known as the Department of Finance, heretofore unable to tell whether revenues due were collected or whether prices paid were wasteful, is being reorganized from top to bottom, so that it will be easier henceforth for city employees to be honest than dishonest, to be efficient than inefficient.

Budget architecture is radically changing. No longer will taxpayers' hearings be a farce and the budget a mass of guesses and misrepresentations. At a meeting recently of representatives of fifty real-estate organizations, enthusiasm was aroused by the promise of a budget exhibit which, through diagram, chart, and photograph, should show the alternatives presented by the various departmental estimates. Several had in mind only that the total of taxes should be reduced ten or twenty millions. One or two leaders, however, saw that the owners of real estate will be injured by an inefficient tenement-house department, or an ineffective battle against infection, or inadequate police protection. They can be interested this year and they can make their wishes felt, because for the first time estimates will show approximately what city officials propose to do with the money requested for next year, and what needs recognized by the community public officials have no programme for meeting. For the first time taxpayers will be heard upon a tentative budget, embodying the recommendations of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In this connection, important reports describe methods and needs of health, water, park, finance, and other departments.

Men who want to serve their city are stepping out into the open and successfully appealing to the general public, where previously they were at a disadvantage in trying to be "practical" in the dark. Men who previously throve on community ignorance realize that corruption and inefficiency cannot bear the light of day, and are joining the ranks of

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those who cherish the respect of mankind more than personal profit. Tammany officials, when interested, make excellent collaborators. The Commissioners of Accounts, for thirty years, through reform and Tammany administrations alike, a whitewashing body that condoned and glossed over wasteful and corrupt acts, have become, as a direct result of the Bureau's work, a great educational agency whose work will undoubtedly be regarded by our successors as the greatest achievement of Mayor McClellan's administration.

Thus, after years of futile struggle through politics against organized corruption and inefficiency, New York finds itself with an official staff disciplined to find and to tell the truth, whose service can be invoked at any time by the humblest citizen, and whose results can be used, through taxpayers' suits and appeals to the governor, to remove offending officials, and to institute methods that will substitute efficiency for incompetence, and honesty for corruption. One borough president has been removed for gross incompetence. Another is soon to be tried for incompetence, falsifying records, and charging assessment improvements to the wrong owner. A third hurried to Europe to avoid trial. A fourth is now under investigation with results which it is too early to prophesy.

Civic bodies are seeing that there is a potency in blazing light produced by facts as to conditions and acts, which bears a striking similarity to the light that religion and education have wanted to be.

For democracy — auto-study, auto-interpretation, auto-suggestion.

While the Bureau of Municipal Research has attacked the problem of democracy from the standpoint of the city, the same technique will be found indispensable in studying rural, state, and national government. In a short time the General Education Board, working primarily through colleges and the small fraction of adult population that goes to college, has been able to utilize the income on forty millions, and undoubtedly could now with a good conscience accept five, ten, or fifty millions more for its field. What, then, must be the scope of an educational work that includes not only the minds of one hundred per cent of our population, but their efforts through government to achieve democracy!

The fund required is not impossible, because by spending efficiently one thousand for the education of a community as to its own needs and opportunities, we can influence that community's expenditure of a million, including its school funds. This year, the Bureau of Municipal Research is spending about $100,000 to establish methods that tell the truth, to establish accountability by furnishing evidence, and to put a premium on efficient action. The Charter Revision Commission used its diagrams showing what New York City is trying to do, and what mechanism it uses. The Joint Legislative Committee to investigate city finances, and the referee appointed to ascertain the city's indebtedness, have asked the Bureau to coöperate in their official inquiries. Because of its efforts, New York City is spending this year, with greater intelligence than ever before, and with greater results than ever before, over $300,000,000.

Auto-study, auto-instruction, auto-suggestion! Think what democracy could do if all government employees and all government methods were headed and kept moving toward equal opportunity! What could not church, school, and private philanthropy accomplish if government did its part as teacher and preacher! Government will do its part, if a surprisingly small amount of energy is given to educational and scientific municipal research.

Relating a central fund to localities and to other funds.

It has been suggested that the proper division between a central foundation and

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progressive citizens in various localities, would be for the central foundation to make the standards and train the men, while the localities use the standards and employ the men. At present, it is harder to find the men than to raise money for municipal research in Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Louisville, or Atlanta. This programme would necessitate on the part of a central fund continuous investigation, because standards of investigating government acts cannot be made out of books, nor can investigators be trained by lectures.

The division of field-work with medical and scientific research is illustrated by an investigation made several years ago into the causes of infant mortality by the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Those studies are very important; they cost a great deal of money; they earned the title "scientific." Yet for years the City of New York, and every other city in the country, ignored that information, and babies died by thousands for want of its application. The saving of babies began in earnest when the government of New York City, and of Chicago and Cincinnati, took the results of that investigation into tenement homes to babies themselves. What the nurse does, and what happens to the baby, are the province of municipal research.

Games of chance by individuals are no more dangerous, and no more immoral, than works of chance by organized society. Flipping a coin to see who pays the fare, or who wins a post-office appointment, is gambling no more truly than for organized society to determine a policy with respect to personality or theory, rather than with respect to demonstrable facts drawn from its own experience.

Given technique necessary to record and interpret current experience, democracy will be progressively constructive. Witness Glencoe, the Chicago suburb where motorists scrupulously observe the law and the dictates of their consciences. On every street corner is a bump, built low enough to make legal speed compatible with comfort, but high enough to make illegal speed dangerous for machine and occupant. The citizens of Glencoe cannot afford to watch their street crossings all day and all night. They cannot even afford to police each corner. They can afford the bumps which remind potential law-breakers at the critical moment of the prevailing public conscience and of the conditions of public safety and welfare.

So an educational fund of five, ten, or fifty millions can never hope to make volunteers enough, or police enough, to watch every official act. It can, however, secure the adoption of methods for recording what is done when it is done that will present a bump to prospective law-breakers, incompetent men, and watchful civic leaders at the critical moment where public welfare is involved. To keep these bumps in repair will cost relatively little. By means of them all travelers on democracy's road will receive warning of the community's point of view and of the community's interest, so that at their own peril and in blazing light they commit anti-social acts.

Municipal research will always be necessary.

It is possible to forecast the development of the proposed foundation, for its programme will apply just at well one hundred years from now as to-day. So long as a thousand men have a thousand minds, their relations to each other will produce problems and create new conditions. So long as mankind acts, there will be results, there will be defects, there will be needs not yet met. It is inconceivable that the time will ever come, even with universal education, universal religion, and universal acceptance of democracy's ideal, when to-morrow cannot be made better than to-day, and when forces will not need direction away from below and behind toward above and beyond. There will always be majorities likely to err in judgment, and needing facts as to lines of development in order

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that they may choose wisely. There will always be a shortest way to realize an educational or religious ideal. There will always be a choice between inefficiency and efficiency, between waste and conservation of energy. Democracy will always be ignorant as to the consequences of its last acts until those acts have been counted, analyzed, and interpreted. Social legislation, such as prohibition, will always require investigation as to whether the law is actually being enforced, and what are the comparative economic and social effects of enforcement and violation.

Whichever way right lies, we can reach it quicker if we acquire the habit of demanding facts with regard to where we are. Whether, for example, we are to socialize capital by owning it or by controlling it, no one can now foretell. Clear it is, however, that our next step to-day, to-morrow, and a century hence, will be a safer, more intelligent step in proportion as we know the facts with regard to the forces that have brought us to the point from which we view to-morrow. Potentially, the greatest producer, recorder, interpreter, and user of social fact is an efficient democracy.

THE FERRY BELLS

BY WALTER MANLY HARDY

When I joined our local historical association something like six months ago, I did it not so much because I cared for the association and its one yearly meeting in the library rooms, as because my friend Captain Barnabas Crosby counted it a prime honor to win new adherents to the society, and by joining I could bring much peace and satisfaction to his kindly soul. At the time I consented it was still some days before the meeting, but we went up to the room and I signed the book. I had hardly done so when the captain was called away, and, much to his regret, I was left to look through the collection alone.

Since ours is a seaport town, where nearly every family once boasted from one to six captains of the purest deep-water variety, I was not surprised to find that the collection contained quite as many South Sea weapons, whale's teeth, and lily irons, as sedate warming-pans, tin kitchens, and kindred on-shore implements.

It was in the midst of these and other trinkets that I came across two heavy bronze bells, hung in a stout oak frame before one of the windows. A card, done in a strong but scrawly hand, stated that they were the Ferry Bells, said to have been cast by Paul Revere and bought and erected by the towns and the county above the two landings of the present ferry; that they were at one time lost but later were returned to their places. Their weights were given as eighty and sixty pounds. Below, and in the fine handwriting of a woman, was inscribed, "It was considered by all that their tones were particularly sweet and beautiful."

So these were the Ferry Bells! Put in place shortly after the visitation by the British in 1812, — a fact no doubt accounting for their presence on the river, — they had done duty through nearly all the intervening years, until steam drove out the picturesque old ferryman and took away their usefulness. Whether it was my memory of them when, as a boy, I used to hear them, or their age and the inscription that attracted me, I do not know, but at any rate I soon found myself deeply interested, and wished more

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than once that the Captain were back again to tell me about them.

It was not, however, until the meeting, that I found him in the mood, and even then he was so taken up with affairs, he being still much of a ladies' man and this one of the great days, that after three times asking him I gave him up. But when we were coming away and I had all but decided to let the matter drop, he unexpectedly began to talk.

"Ye can't do nuthin' 'bout tellin' a story when there 's women around ye; they're the wust things when a man 's tellin' a story that ever was, he don' know — he don' know what to say."

Meanwhile we were walking rapidly. "But about those bells," he began suddenly, "you just wait till we git to the shop an' then we'll see!"

I should have mentioned before that the Captain, although no longer actively engaged on the deep, is still the master of a large and at times a very busy sail-loft, — a place where he and I have had some of our longest and pleasantest talks, — and it was to this that we repaired.

"Now let's us see," said he, after we had climbed the two flights of stairs and had got comfortably planted, each in an old chair, among the ruins of blackened cordage and of what had once been white sails, and the Captain had begun to fill his pipe. "Let 's us see!" he remarked again, while he fumbled for a match. "I don't know as I know just where to begin about them bells; seem's if they did n't do much of anything till quite a spell — not till I got to be quite a lad, anyway. Of course the town an' the county gut 'em an' hung 'em there, an' that was about all I *can* remember 'bout 'em. Seem's if it all beginned with Tom Darby. Did ye ever hear of *him?* Well, sir, your Uncle Ithal brought him here in the ship Masterman — the E. P. Masterman. He was the greatest regular sailor man, this Darby, with a regular sailor name, that you ever see. An' *smart!* He was about the smartest critter ever was. He'd a face that looked jus' as if it had been rubbed in tar, an' he'd climb anythin' short of a rainbow. An' comical, too! I 'member I was just a lad an' tryin' to saw some wood. The saw was pinchin' an' she stuck on me. 'Long he comes, — he might ha' been nineteen or twenty, but he looked a man to me — folks seemed to grow up quicker in them days, too. He comes along, an' 'Guess she needs to be set some,' says he; 'ain't wide enough fer ye!' An' he yanks her out 'n the scarf, an' what does he do but he tuk out his key to his sea-chist an' he turns up the ring of it an' sets her with that! Then he starts in to try her.

"'How does she go?' says I. — 'Go! Goes like a hog to war!' says he. That's the first time I ever heard anybody say that!

"Well, sir, him an' my cousin Ben got to goin' together while the vessel was dischargin'. Ben he was n't the same then as he was after, bless you, no! he wan't 'tall the same; he had a change of heart arterwards, an' he wan't never agin like he was; got converted an' turned right around; but them days he was considable of a boy. He done his full sheer to lots o' things, an' this here Tom Darby was a reg'lar black jack to most any kind o' deviltry.

"Well, sir, both of 'em signed to go with your uncle. An' the night before the Masterman sailed them two went over 'crost the river together. What high jinks they done over there I don't know, but comin' back they missed the bo't, an' while they was waitin' there this Tom Darby he says, 'Ben, what let 's steal?' Says he, 'I 'most allays steals somethin' 'most ev'ry port I go.' He was standin' right under the old oak cross-beam, an' 'ginst Ben could think of anything to say, he looked up an' he seen that bell. 'By God!' says he, 'that's what I'll steal!' An' mos' 'fore no time he was up an' had the fid out 'n the shackles.

"She weighed sixty pound, that bell, but he was an ox for stren'th, an' he got her down an' wropped his co't all up rounst her, an' started to take her over.

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"'What you got in your co't?' says ol' Heath, what run the ferry.

"'Got my pet cat,' says Darby; 'darn her, she kicks so I'm most 'fraid she'll leave me yet!'

"They gut her 'crost this side an' just up abreast our bell, when somehow 'nother, I don't know how, she come some kind of a roll on him an' 'ker-lank!' goes her ol' tongue. Ben he tol' me after he was just about scart to death.

"'Who rung my bell?' says ol' Heath.

"'I did,' says Tom; 'she ain't so good-toned as the other one.' That was jus' like him, awful quick he was. 'Fore ol' Heath was half-way crost the river agin, he had down the eighty-pounder, an' him an' Ben was makin' for the ship with 'em.

"She laid jus' below the ferry with her jibboom stickin' right up over it same's they do nowadays. Ben he said there wa'n't nobody on deck, an' they gut 'em onto the rail, an' then I remember jus' as plain as can be what he said Tom told him. 'Ben,' says he, 'you git fer home,' says he; 'ten men can steal a church, but the Devil himself dars n't hev no extry hands helpin' hide it.'

"I 'member next mornin' jus' as *well*. There was the grettest time ever you *did* see. Some folks was runnin' an' others was a-lookin' at them cross-bars, an' ol' Heath he got a gret extry long pict-pole an' he was jobbin' away off the ferry-slip like his life depended on it. He 'lowed they was throwed overboard.

"Whiles he was doin' that an' they was all runnin' around wild, they s'picioned somehow that Tom Darby he done it, an' first thing we knowed they hed the police down there an' they ketched him. An' then they begun to hunt. I don' know as ever I see a full-growed ship so everlastingly an' 'tarnally over-rid with downright clod-hoppers as that one was. I was there same's the rest of 'em, youngster fashion, divin' round water-butts an' stickin' my head in everywhere I'd no business. So was the parson an' the doctor an' seem's 'ough every livin' bein' in the place. Your uncle he tolt 'em to do their damnedest, only he give 'em jus' so long a time, 'cause he was goin' out with the tide — an' I swear they done it. The E. P. Masterman come the nighest to bein' a total wreck that day that ever she did in all her life. They even digged the cables out'n their places, an' they clum half-way up the masts, an' some o' 'em they did say they tried to scrape her bottom, but I don' know 'bout that. They busted open sea-chists an' tea-chists an' unskewered the hatches, an' I swear 'fore night 't was wuth a week's wages to have red of 'em. But ne'er a bell did they find! So fin'ly they damned her an' they guv her up, an' they had to give up Tom Darby too!

"Ben he tolt me they had n't gut much more'n out into mid-stream, 'fore Tom he says to the Cap'n, 'Cap'n,' says he, 'you'll hear them bells ringin' 'fore we git out to sea.'

"An' where do you s'pose them bells was hid?"

Captain Barnabas leaned forward with his hand raised.

"I guess I give it up," I said.

"'Well, you'd better," said he. "One of 'em — *one* of 'em" (lifting his voice) "was hid in the r'yal, in the *fore-r'yal — furled in!* Yes, sir, *furled in!* an' almost clearn to the mast-head! Sixty pound in weight — an' *in the night!* An' the other was headed up in the middle of a berril of pork! God! man, but he was a terror!" And Captain Barnabas relaxed, and rubbed his hand where he had struck it on his chair.

"Well, sir, them bells went to sea. An' when they got to Havana your uncle he said how them bells had gut to go back, back home where they belonged; for, s'z 'e, 'I've gut chartered to go some further south an' there's no tellin' when I'll be gittin' along or what'll happen to me, an' I'm a-goin' to take them bells an' box 'em an' send 'em home by Cap'n Silas Bartram.' Cap'n Silas he was on the old brig Traveler — went in her for years, until he died, I guess, an' he hap-

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pened to be layin' right 'long side of 'em an' homeward bound. So they gut a box an' packed 'em an' bound it with strap iron, an' 'fore the Cap'n sailed they boated it over an' put 'em aboard of 'im.

"After that your uncle he went south; but he wan't gone so long as he expected to be; guess he made fair weather of it or something; but Cap'n Silas he run the ol' Traveler right into one of the cussedest gales o' wind down there some'eres that ever you *did* see; an' he used her all up. He lost most of his foremast an' tore his sails off'n him an' I don't know what he did n't do. He was more 'n three weeks to a month gittin' into one o' them Gulf ports. Then he had to refit an' patch up, an' what with havin' trouble about his cargo, the upshot of it was that we never seen him up here till the E. P. Masterman was clean home ahead of him, an' at work dischargin'!

"Well, sir, when they warped Uncle Silas into the dock they all of 'em come a-runnin' to see them bells. It seemed 's if I never seed sech a crowd. I thought they'd break the wharft down. But they did n't. They fetched a taycle an' Silas he opened her up fas' 's he could, an' bimeby they gut a hitch, an' 'bout more 'n four time's many's could git fair holt tried to help h'ist her out ont' the landin'. I made up my mind I was goin' to see them bells soon's anybody ef I had to let one land on top o' me, an' they pretty nigh did. I gut my head out between two men's legs an' I seen 'em bust her open with a pick-handspike an' an axe, an' when they took the covers off, what do you s'pose she was lined with? Tobacco! Yes, sir, gret, long yeller-brown leaves, an' pretty, too. They begun to dig down an' they kep' diggin' down, an' says I, 'Looks like rocks more 'n anything else to me.' But they kep' diggin' an' diggin'. An' what do you s'pose they found? Stones, man! stones! nothin' but just black rocks! That damn Tom Darby he'd stole them bells the secont time!

"An' then was n't there a time though! They went to your uncle an' he said that the last he knew of Tom he left the ship at some southern port. So all anybody got out of it was the tobacco. I saved some of it for years, an' 't was good too, I guess, only I wan't smokin' them days.

"Well, sir, I never see Tom Darby agin. Ben he gut converted, an' though he kep' on goin' to sea, he was lots diff'rent after that. It must have been ten or a dozen years afterwards, an' I was goin' to sea myself, 'fore anybody ever heerd more about them bells. My first trip I went south on the Masterman 'long o' your uncle, an' Ben he went first mate. He gut me the chance, you see. We was tied up in Baltimore when Ben come down aboard. 'Lud!' says he, — he alwers used to say that, — 'My Lud!' he says, 'I've just seen Tom Darby, an' he was drunker 'n a fool!'

"'Did he say anything about them bells?' says your uncle.

"'Well, he said somethin' 'bout 'em,' says he, 'but 't won't do no good.'

"He said he stole 'em durin' his watch in the night an' hid 'em 'way up forrards, an' when he got 'em into port (he would n't no ways tell what one, though I guess Ben pressed him pretty hard), he rows ashore somewheres abreast of the anchorage an' hides 'em both. Drunk as he was, he would n't tell the name of the port, but for the rest he'd laugh an' tell it all as straight as H. He said he seen up ashore there a big whitewashed buildin' of some manner or 'nother, what looked to him 's if it might be a fact'ry. Every now an' then he see folks, quite a lot o' folks, walkin' round, an' then he'd be hearin' bells ring like sixty, an' er course he dassent ask nobody, but he made out to hisself somehow 't was an anchor fact'ry, er a bell foundry, er some dod-blasted thing er 'nother. P'raps 't wa 'n't nothin' more 'n a schoolhouse, but anyway like 's not they might buy old junk, an' havin' bells they might want some more.

"So he planned first time he got shore leave to sack them bells up there an' sell 'em, since that was the most

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likeliest-lookin' place he could make out handy. Bimeby he gits ashore in the place, an' first thing he doos is, he gits a jug o' rum an' starts right out in the heat o' the day, like any cussed Yankee, a-bilin' up one o' them milk-white, eye-blindin' ro'ds, makin' fer them bells an' drinkin' rum to stop his thirst at ev'ry ten rods. He had 'em hid, it seems, under a thick bush with briers all over it, right alongside this ro'd an' runnin' up to what he struck out to be his foundry o' some sort.

" Well, between the heat an' the sun an' the ro'd an' the rum, poor Tom he gut worse an' worse, till bimeby he was clearn seas over, an' there 's not much doubts about that. He tol' Ben that he most suttenly believed he crawled under more'n four hundred diff'rent brier bushes 'fore he found the right one; but he finds 'em at last, an' he gits 'em out onto the ro'd an' starts a-luggin' of 'em along, givin' 'em turns like, fust one, then t'other, up the hill. Bimeby he gut 'em both in one place where it was in the shade for a while, an' he takes an extry big drink o' rum an' down he lays between the two of 'em, an' he never knowed nothin' more for he did n't know how long.

" Bimeby he waked up. An' first thing he see was a great big man with a great gol-darn big petticoat co't on that come clearn down to the ground all round, an' with one of these ere furrin bell-cord torsel fixin's hitched round his middle, balder'n a badger, an' lookin' right down in his face, standin' right fair an' square in front o' him.

" ' " Cripes! " says I,' says he; ' " 'e may be the police an' he may be the Devil, I do' know which," an' I grabbed my jug an' run to beat hell!

" ' I never seen them bells sence,' says he, ' an' that's the God's honest truth; hope to die ef 't aint! ' says he.

" An' he says to Ben, ' Ef ye find 'em ye c'n hev 'em, but I won't tell ye where I lost 'em, damned ef I will! '

" Nothin' more could Ben git out 'n him. We went ashore twice to try to find him, but I think 's likely he 'd shipped aboard some vessel an' was gone off. He was an awful smart feller, that Tom, but he would drink rum."

Captain Barnabas stopped and reflected.

" But how did you come to get the bells finally? " said I.

" I'm comin' to it," said he, drawing a match along the floor; " gut to light my pipe first."

" Ye see," said he, " we went south with the old Masterman an' yer uncle. First we went to Martinique, an' then we sorter banged round till we come to a port — I could tell ye the name's well's not, only I promised onct I would n't an' I might's well stick it out I s'pose — but anyways it don't make no diffunce. We gut down to this here port, an' just 'bout sundown Ben an' I was out on deck washin' up fer supper. 'T was a nice pleasant night an' mostly calm, with just a little shore air, an' right off abreast of us was quite big hills runnin' up with buildin's on 'em. All of a sudden we heard bells a-ringin'. Up on that highest hill was a big white sort of buildin' 't I had n't noticed much afore; an' it seems they had a kinder piece o' wall set up with holes in it, reg'lar arches, an' in them arches was lots o' bells. An' there was fellers stood there an' hit 'em. Seems by the sound that they begun on the big ones low down at first, but bimeby they commenced on the little ones up top. We was so near land you could hear 'em jus' 's if they was aboard.

" Fust thing I knew Ben he went int' the air 'bout two feet. ' Lud! ' he says, ' my Lud! do you listen — listen! ' he says. ' Do you hear that? '

" ' I hear 'em; I ain't deef! ' I says.

" ' Shut up ! Listen ! ' says he. ' Them's my bells! Lud! but they are! '

" Ben he was a great hand for music, but I ain't, an' I 'xpect he could hear better'n I could; but I put my ear right down to it an' by thunder! seemed to me I could ketch somethin' that sounded

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like home. I swan I could make her out! Ben he was wild.

" ' For Heaven's sake, hold onto yourself,' says I; ' we got to go slow.'

" ' Let's tell the cap'n an' we'll go up an' git 'em,' says he.

" I'd never been south, but I knowed some things aforetime, an' I wan't for jumpin' int' the fire so suddent.

" ' No, you don't tell nobody, not yit,' says I.

" ' That's the very place,' says Ben, puttin' his glass on it, ' an' them's the very fellers, like Tom Darby saw! '

" ' But it ain't no anchor fact'ry up there on that hill,' says I, ' an' it ain't no bell foundry way up so fur from the water an' 'thouten no chimbley! '

" Bimeby it seemed to strike the two of us all to onct — darned, if it wan't a church! an' all chock-a-block rambang-spanging full o' them priests! — monks, that's what they call 'em! Part of it was covered sort of with trees, you know, an' we never got wind of it before. Well, sir, they lived there, an' slep' there, an' they had their meals there, jus' same's you would aboard ship — I've seen lots of 'em sence down round the Med'terranean.

" Ben he was all took aback. ' Ef them's priests,' he says, ' we can't do nothin' with 'em; I guess we lost our bells,' says he.

" ' Why not go take 'em? ' says I.

" ' Could n't do that,' says he; ' that 'ould be stealin'! '

" ' But they don't belong to them,' says I. But he would n't hev it no other way. Ben he was awful square-rigged. He felt bad as anythin' 'cause he had a hand in losin' 'em, but he could n't steal 'em back agin.

" Well, sir, that night it shut in dark as anythin', but 't was nice an' warm. Mine was the middle watch an' I was all alone, 'cause we was in port, you see. Right after mine come Swain Pendleton's watch. Swain he was the ship's clock; he could wake up any hour in the night he sot. I went to Swain an' I says to him, ' Swain, can you make out to wake up when your watch comes? ' — ' Guess I kin! ' says he. — ' Well,' I says, ' ef you miss me an' the dinghy when you come on deck, don't you sing out.' Swain he knew I was young, an' he just spit an' grinned an' did n't make no remarks.

" When it come time fer my watch I jus' come up an' took a look around an' seen all was well, an' then I slips over the side an' int' the dinghy an' starts scullin' 'er fer the shore. There was one of them big blanket clouds movin' back, an' 't was gittin' fair starlight, least so'st shapes they made themselves out quite a ways. I rowed me into a little cove an' fixed the dinghy so'st she would'n' git ketched ner grind, an' then I clim up. It seemed to be just dead grass an' brier bushes mostly, but bimeby I struck a reg'lar garden-place, an' after that a nice gravel walk. I gut my shoes off so's I could go quiet an' not make no noise, an' that path took me right where I wanted to be. There was the church an' all the fixin's round it, an' that wall with the bells on it right side the walk — walk run all around it! I was scart for fear they had a dog, but seems mos' likely they did n't hev none. I crep' up to the wall, an' 't was built with sort o' steps at the ends, sorter like the end o' a Dutch house, only they was diffrent. I know I thinks, ' Now, Barney, you got to make out whether them bells is yourn before you goes to takin' 'em.' I remembered that onct Ben tolt me that both on 'em had somethin' on 'em, dates an' bein' cast by P. Revere an' Mason's signs on the big one. 'Bout the fust thing I gut my hand on was one of them little lizards, but I gut up there easy enough an' bimeby I felt round, an' by gracious! them was our bells! I could make out a P an' a R, an' down unnerneath on the big one suthin' dimon'wise, like the square an' compasses. I want you to know that I felt good then!

" Then come the trick o' gittin' them down. Seems they had sort o' leather lanyards to them top bells to ring 'em

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by, an' when I went to git int' the arch 'long with 'em, — sort o' double arch, seems like, — I come the nighest to trippin' over one o' those an' settin' her goin' ever you see. I grabbed holt the tongue just in time. But I meneged with them leetle leather ropes to tie my co't round one clapper, an' my shirt' round t'other, an' then I starts in to git 'em loose. An' what do you think they was made fast with? What do you s'pose now?"

"Chains?" said I.

"No, sir! Raw hog's hide with the brustles on, an' dried! Yes, sir. I brought some of it clearn home with me to show. 'T would take the aidge right off'n a knife.

"Thinks I, 'I'll take the biggest one first, an' then if anythin' should happen, why, I'll save that much, anyway.' It was strainin' work, but I coopered him after awhile an' gut him clearn down an' int' the bo't.

"Then I gut holt o' the small one and fetched him down ont' the ground an' was just startin' to put my shoes on ag'in, 'cause I could walk on the grass aidge jus' 's well an' not make no noise, — an' when a man was lo'ded them pebbles they cut in somethin' devilish, — I was jus' a beginnin', when I heard somebody a-comin', scrunch — scrunch — scrunch; you could hear him comin' on them gravels, an' slow, too.

"'What fer Huldy's sake did I do to start him out?' thinks I.

"I squeezed all up close 'ginst that wall, but he kep' comin' right down that path t'words me. He gut clearn to the end of the wall, an' then all of a sudden he went the other side. I felt better some then, an' I jus' started to take a long breath, when round he comes, right round my end of it an' up ag'in me. 'It's now or never,' thinks I, an' I jus' drawed off an' hit him the gol-darnedest bing in the head prob'ly he'll ever git in this world. He went over like he was shot, an' I grabbed my other shoe an' gafted onto the ol' bell quick's I could, an' then I put her for heaven's sake, one shoe off, an' one shoe on, down the hill. Seems's if ev'ry step I punched a post-hole, an' I was clean blowed for two hours after; but I gut alongside at last, an' Swain he helped me to take 'em aboard. We hid 'em under some ol' sail an' then I turned in an' went to sleep.

"Come to git up, there was a pretty how-de-do. Somebody had moved that sail an' found my bells, an' Cap'n he gut after Ben, an' Ben he tolt all he knowed, an' Swain he would n't tell but he might jus' as well hev, an' it was a pretty mess. Cap'n said it wan't right an' he would n't hev no sech doin's aboard a vessel o' hisn, an' Ben he was faced right around an' beggin' fer to hev 'em stay. When I come aft I 'spected to git hell. Cap'n he never says a word more'n Good-mornin'. Bimeby he says, 'Barney, you go git shaved, an' tell Ben to.' An' then I see trouble all right.

"Well, sir, 'fore nine o'clock he had me an' Ben an' Swain an' himself — we all bein' from home, you know — all ashore an' up to the consul's office. Consul he turned out to be a man your uncle knowed, named Hill, born an' brought up right on our river; awful nice man he was, too, son of old Judson Hill. He gut a perlice off'cer, or some sort what had power, an' we drove off for that monersterry, as they called it. I could n't help goin', an' thinks I, 'Barney, your jig 's up. When they hears about that feller you basten in the eye, you'll be an awful brown goose sure pop.' I had n't said a single word about that. Your uncle an' the consul an' the perlice off'cer they talked Spanish all right 'mongst 'em, but Ben an' Swain an' me we had to git along same's we allers did.

"There was a fat little priest met us at the door an' invited us in through a long hall — buildin' all stone, you know, an' jus' as clean an' cool. I tell ye it was fine. Ef I had n't ben so scart I should ha' enj'yed it lots more'n I did. We went through this hall an' into a gret, big, high-studded, han'some room, seats all along each side an' a table at the end.

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'T was one of the nicest rooms seems to me I ever see. We set down in there an' then we see picters all up on the wall, an' on the ceilin', too — saints, an' them things. I was so uncomferble though that bimeby I goes to the cap'n an' begins to tell him. Seems he knowed all 'bout it from the perlice; they'd been talkin' 'bout it, only I could n't understand.

"At last two old priests come in — fine-lookin' men they was, too, an' moved 'bout jus' 's still, an' the perlice he interduced them to the consul an' your uncle. They talked Spanish, an' then they all went out an' left me an' Ben an' Swain. We looked at the picters, an' a little priest come in an' tried to tell us about 'em; but it was a sort o' one-sided game. I wisht most damnably I could ask him ef the feller was dead, 'cause I was worried most to death; an' ev'ry new one I see, I'd keep lookin' to see if his eye was all blacked up or like that. I 'member, thinks I, 'I swear I'll never hit another man's long as I live,' an' I don' know as I hev since.

"After a while a bell rung, an' pretty soon the cap'n an' the others come back, an' right in after them come much as a dozen priests, all dressed just alike an' ev'ry one shaved on top, an' they all set down as solemn as could be ag'inst the wall over abreast of us. 'Bout the last one of 'em had his head all done up in a cloth, one of the meekest-lookin' little critters ever I did see. I swear I felt sorry fer him, I certingly did.

"Well, sir, we had a reg'lar council o' war. First your uncle he'd git up an' talk Spanish, just as polite an' quiet, you know, as he could be. He was a gentleman — I allers said that; cert'nly he was if there ever was one. And then the old head-father, a gret, tall, splendid-lookin' man, he would git up, an' first he talked Spanish an' then he talked some English. He said he had n't a doubt but the bells belonged to us; he found 'em there in the ro'd with the drunken sailor beside 'em, an' when he run away, not knowin' what to do with 'em, an' havin' a good an' godly use for 'em, — a godly use for 'em, he said, — he took 'em an' had his arches enlarged an' added 'em to his bells. Had he a known who was the rightful owner, he would er been pleased to have given 'em up at any time. He was sorry he could n't have been of assistance before. An' finally he hoped that the manner in which they went might not be the beginnin' of any ways of lastin' harm to any one of us. I shall always remember the look on his face when he said that last. 'Fore he got through he thanked us for the use of them durin' the years he had had 'em. He was a fine man; they can talk to me all they want, but he was fine, yes, sir, he was fine all the way through.

"And how do you suppose it turned out?" asked Captain Barnabas, raising his voice. "Well, sir, it seems that poor little feller wan't after me at all. No, sir! It seemed he had the stomick-ache, or some such thing, an' he got up an' was walkin' round an' sayin' his prayers there in the dark, to kinder ease hisself o' the pain, an' I believe he did n't even know what hit him, an' I guess they'd never found out if they had n't missed them bells. 'Fore they gut through, the Cap'n he come over an' said he'd like to have me shake hands with the little feller an' tell him I was sorry. So I gut up there an' took holt o' his hand before the whole of 'em, an' I says, says I, 'Mister, I'm awful sorry I punched your head.' I wan't so very old then, you know; but your uncle he plagued me for more'n twenty years afterward about that speech; but that's just what I said, the very words.

"Well, sir, they made us stay to dinner and we had some wine an' they give us some to take back aboard of ship with us, an' I believe, — I believe," repeated Captain Barnabas, "that I had one of the best times I ever had in my life. When we come away your uncle asked the priest that did the talkin' if we could n't give them somethin' for the church, an' he said we might. So he took out an' give

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him ten dollars in gold. An' I 'member I had just two five-dollar gold pieces, an' I took one of them, an' I give him that, too."

"And you brought the bells back with you?"

"Yes, sir! safe an' sound, an' everybody tickled to death to see 'em. They hung there more'n twenty year longer, an' just as good to-day as ever they was."

"And about that card?"

"Well, Ben put that on when he was alive. You see when they went out of use, he an' I, we bought 'em, an' we presented 'em to the s'ciety, an' he felt so kinder bad to think he was mixed up with losin' 'em an' the like that he never wanted to say much at all about 'em, never anything about the past or nothin'; but there's some folks I take it he would n't mind knowin'.

"And now," said Captain Barnabas, slowly striking out his pipe, "let's us go up to the house an' see what ma 's got fer supper."

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

MANY a time some drowsy oar
From the nearer bank invited,
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore
In among the reeds moon-lighted,
There to leave me on a shore
No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,
Lured my vagrant foot the while
'Twixt uplifting and down-setting, —
Whither? Thousand mile on mile
Beyond the last forgetting.

Long by hidden ways I wend,
(Past occasion grown a ranger);
Yet enchantment, like a friend,
Takes from death the tang of danger:
Hardly river or road can end
Where I need step a stranger!

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THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY IN WOMAN

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

I SUSPECT that my title may lead to a false impression. It seems to promise something of the ecstatic kind on which John Ruskin used to discourse. But really I mean the phrase, religion of beauty in woman, with prosaic literalness. I mean that in the Renaissance, in the later fifteenth century and after, there developed actually a kind of divine worship of beauty, and more especially of beautiful women. This "new religion" had its Peter, the rock on which it was foucded, in Cardinal Pietro Bembo; its messiah, in Plato; its first and greatest commandment, in platonic love. The term platonic love has been spoiled for us. We smile at its mention. To our downright common sense, platonic love is wooden iron: it is either too nice to be platonic, or too platonic to be nice. Even in the Renaissance it too often meant something silly or worse. Bembo himself was no unspotted prophet; and some of the female "saints" of the "new religion" were as sepulchres but thinly whited. Yet a creed with such apostles as Castiglione, Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, Margaret of France, Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, John Donne, is not lightly to be scoffed away.

The creed took form in Italy. Plato's idealism is behind it; but it is the passion for beauty of the Renaissance itself, and no mere metaphysical system, that gives fervor to the mood, is the soul within the doctrine. The Italian of the Renaissance, however, was also an exceedingly concrete person; to parody Meredith, —

His sense was with his senses all mixed in.

He meant by beauty, for all Plato, sensuous beauty, the beauty he could touch, see, hear, smell, taste. From his passionate sensuousness derived his supremacy in the plastic arts, the pictorialism of his poetry, and its deficiency in imaginative suggestion. Taking for granted that we are as much in love with the sensuously beautiful thing as he is, he spares us no detail of it. In a pastoral allegory, the *Nymphal of Admetus*, Boccaccio describes seven charming nymphs, one after another. They differ in type only as the superlatively beautiful differs from the supremely beautiful; yet we are treated to a complete list of specifications for each. We feel at last like judges at a strange beauty-show. But Boccaccio was justified of his own generation, and of some five generations more. Early in the fifteenth century, about 1430, Lorenzo Valla, who loved, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, to *épater le bourgeois*, wrote in Latin a dialogue *On Pleasure, or Concerning the True Good*. Pleasure, he says, is the true good; virtue for its own sake is an empty word. And the most pleasure-giving things are health and beauty, — especially beauty: for the more health we have, the less we know it; but the possession of beauty is a conscious joy forever. And of all beauty best is the beauty of women. "What," he asks, "is sweeter, what more delectable, what more adorable, than a fair face?" And since beauty is not of the face merely, he would have beautiful women in summer go lightly clad, or clad not at all. It is an artist of the beautiful that speaks, not a voluptuary; only the man that hath no beauty in himself will misconceive him. "He that rejoices not in beauty, is blind either of soul or of body; and if he have eyes, they should be put out, for he knows not how to use them."

This absorbing passion for feminine beauty reveals itself everywhere. With Fra Lippo's wistful girl-faces it invades

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religious painting, before dominated by the hieratic, inaccessible, scarcely human, type of Byzantine symbolists. And from Fra Lippo to Titian, Italian religious art is mostly a vision of fair women, labeled saints, madonnas, what you will, but conceived and valued as fair women. On April 15, 1485, as Burckhardt relates, an interesting thing happened. There was found in a marble sarcophagus on the Appian Way the body of a young Roman girl, so marvelously embalmed that she seemed alive. Her eyes were half open; her lips parted as if smiling; her cheeks rosy. The body was laid in state in a palace on the Capitol. All flocked to look, painters among the rest; "for," says the chronicler, "she was more beautiful than can be said or written, and, were it said or written, it would not be believed by those who had not seen her." Very likely all this did not happen quite as it is reported for us; but that does not matter. The interesting thing is, that whereas their grandfathers would have worshiped this seeming resurrection as miracle, or anathematized it as witchcraft, these artists of the Renaissance prostrated themselves before a miracle indeed — the miracle of a pretty woman!

While Italian hearts were warming to this particular kind of miracle, two things came to pass which focused their diffused sentiment to a practical end, and justified this practical end to the intelligence. I mean the rehabilitation of Plato, and the social emancipation of women.

Plato had not been without influence, indeed, during the earlier Christian period or the Middle Ages. From Augustine to Gerson, on the contrary, his thought had impregnated Christian doctrine. But from the ninth century to the fifteenth, the authority of his rival, Aristotle, was absolute, dwarfing every other human authority whatsoever. Aristotle was not only, as Dante hailed him, "master of them that know," he was also preceptor of them that would be saved. To reconcile faith and reason, Thomas Aquinas found it sufficient to reconcile faith and Aristotle. Aristotle was the adopted *doctor evangelicus* of the Christian Church; Plato remained a mere pagan philosopher.

First to protest against this mediæval order of precedence is Francis Petrarch. In his *Triumph of Fame*, Plato walks before Aristotle: —

> I turned me to the left, and Plato saw,
> Who in that troop came nearest to the goal
> Towards which they strive who gifted are of God.
> Next Aristotle full of genius high. . . .

And elsewhere Petrarch notes that Plato appeals to princes and potentates, Aristotle to the vulgar herd: *Ego arbitror quod inter duos, quorum alterum principes proceresque, alterum universa plebs laudat.*

In the fifteenth century the issue thus raised became an all-absorbing interest. The centre of dispute was Florence; and Plato's partisans were, in the first instance, prominent Greeks drawn there by the patronage of Cosmo de' Medici, or attendant upon their Emperor John Palæologos, when he came to discuss with the Roman Pope a possible harmonization of East and West in faith. Out of the interest in Plato, revived by these Greeks, grew the so-called Platonic Academy of Florence, of which the leading spirits were Marsilio Ficino and young Giovanni Pico della Mirandola. These two men devoted their learning and talents to the reconciliation of faith and reason; but for them no longer Aristotle, but Plato, sums all that reason can. Plato's triumph is complete; he is now the *doctor evangelicus* whom Ficino preaches in the Church of the Angels in Florence. "Within this church we would expound the religious philosophy of our Plato. We would contemplate divine truth in this seat of Angels. Enter in, dear brethren, in the spirit of holiness." And Ficino's later patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, adds the practical sanction, "Without the Platonic discipline, no

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one can be either a good citizen, or a good Christian."

But Plato's doctrines were given a markedly mystic significance by these Florentines, fresh from the Church Fathers, vitally interested in the metaphysics of love of Dante and his circle, drawn, above all, to the dreamy speculations of the half-oriental Plotinus. These side influences tended to make paramount in their new religion that element of platonism which finds chief utterance in the *Symposium:* that love is the supreme force, cosmic, moral, religious; that there are two loves, heavenly and earthly, the one a desire of the beauty of sense, the other a desire of the beauty above sense; and that, as sensuous beauty is the shadow of super-sensuous, or spiritual, beauty, therefore by following the shadow we may ultimately attain to the reality behind the shadow, and in an ecstasy possess divine beauty itself.

Thus fatally, as if by preëstablished harmony, this whole body of exotic doctrine came to sanction and codify the mastering instinct of these beauty-loving Florentines, avatars in so many respects of Plato's own people. But like the Greeks themselves, the Florentines, much as they might speculate upon the supremacy of abstract beauty, the beauty visible only to the mind's eye, actually responded how much more sincerely, passionately, to concrete beauty, beauty visible to the eye of sense. To a few, in moments of speculative exaltation, this earthly beauty might dissolve away to the shadow their creed declared it to be; but to most of them, in effect, the visible, tangible, audible shadow was the reality they loved, whether purely or impurely. Yet contemplation of beauty, living with beauty, as a moral tonic, a discipline of excellence, might indeed be sincerely realized and fervently advocated, even by men-of-the-world for whom mystic passion for a supersensuous ideal was, though not necessarily mere shamming, yet an emotional state of which they were by temperament incapable altogether, or capable only in rare passing moods.

Any one conversant with the character of Lorenzo the Magnificent, for instance, would hardly credit him with more than a verbal comprehension of any mystic passion. I do not mean because he was a man of loose morals: a man may feel, as well as see, the better, and yet follow the worse. I mean that Lorenzo's temperament was too exclusively Latin, too clear-sighted, logical, positive. Yet we have no reason to doubt his sincerity when he urged the moral efficacy of love against any who might censure his love-poetry as vain and amatorious writing. "I believe," he says, "that so far from being reprehensible, love is a necessary and indeed certain evidence of force, of gentleness, of dignity of character, and is more than all else occasion of leading men on to things high and excellent, and of bringing into action powers latent in our souls. For whoever diligently seeks the true definition of love, finds it to be not other than the desire of beauty. And if this be so, necessarily all things deformed and ugly displease him who loves." Excellent next to the love of God, he continues, is that "rare kind of love" which is of one person and for always. And such love cannot be unless the beloved "possess, humanly speaking, highest perfection; and unless there be met together in her, besides physical beauty, a lofty intelligence, modest and refined habits and ways, elegant mien and manners, suavity in address and winning speech, love, constancy, and faith."

Lorenzo seems to say long, very long, little more than Goethe said short in

Das Ewigweibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

There is, however, an important difference. For Goethe the potency of the *Ewigweibliche* is all in "love, constancy, and faith;" for the rest, his Gretchen is a simple, unlettered village-girl. Such a priestess of love did not exist for the despot of Florence and his fellow-platonists. As little would ancient Romans

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have thought of choosing a vestal from the kitchen. For the Renaissance, *das Ewigweibliche* came at times perilously near being translatable into the Everladylike. "Love, constancy, and faith" are part of her theoretical equipment; but in Lorenzo's list, they tail off his specifications rather weakly after his emphasized particularity anent the social graces, the perfections of the inner circle, the salon. Petrarch was prophetic when he said that Plato was the philosopher for "princes and potentates;" in the Renaissance the priestess of platonic love was the fine lady. She was the Everwomanly; the rest were practicable females. The young platonist, Edmund Spenser, under the exigencies of the pastoral manner, called his "Rosalind" a shepherdess and a "widow's daughter of the glen;" but, lest we forget even for a moment, his confidential editor makes haste to reassure us that the convenances have not really been violated. "He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but such indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to have her made knowen by his verse, nor Hobbinol be greved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues."

If we are curious to know just what the Renaissance thought of when it described a lady as not "endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners," there are at hand dozens of contemporary books to enlighten us. The sixteenth century was indefatigable in its eagerness to define, to form, and to inform its lady worthy to be loved. It measured her from top to toe; it put the right words into her mouth; it scaled to a hair-line the boundary between coquetry and *cocotterie*. Among others, Messer Angelo Firenzuola sets her physical type with accuracy. (I condense for convenience from Burckhardt's summary.) "Her hair should be a soft yellow, inclining to brown; the forehead just twice as broad as high; skin transparent, not dead white; eyebrows dark, silky, most strongly marked in the middle, and shading off toward the ears and nose; the white of the eye faintly touched with blue, the iris not actually black, but soft deep brown; the lids white, and marked with almost invisible tiny red veins; the hollow round the eye of the same color as the cheek; the ear, of a medium size, with a stronger color in the winding than in the even parts, with an edge of the transparent ruddiness of the pomegranate; the nose to recede gently and uniformly in the direction of the eyes; where the cartilage ceases, there may be a slight elevation, but not so marked as to make the nose aquiline; the lower part to be less strongly colored than the ears, but not of a chilly whiteness, and the middle partition above the lips to be lightly tinted with red; the mouth smallish, neither projecting to a point, nor quite flat, with lips not too thin, and fitting neatly together; except in speaking or laughing never more than six upper teeth should be displayed. As points of finesse may pass a dimple in the upper lip, a certain fullness of the lower lip, a tempting smile in the left corner of the mouth." And so on; for our connoisseur continues his minuscular analysis incorrigibly to the bitter end, — and with gravity, for to him there are sermons in looks.

Others delineate with similar particularity the spiritual woman. Count Baldassare Castiglione is the most worth listening to; for it is his gentleman and his lady, as characterized in the *Libro del Cortegiano*, that European high life in the sixteenth century labored to reproduce and in some measure did reproduce. According to Castiglione, the soul of gentility in man or woman is *grazia*, grace.

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At bottom, grace is the trained instinct which can do or say difficult things with apparent ease. In the lady, grace involves moreover *una certa mediocrità difficile*, "a certain golden mean of unapproachableness," perhaps. Her demeanor should spell the maxim —

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde
. . . . . .
Be not too bolde!

No timid shrinking Gretchen she, but skilled in "a certain pleasing affability," and adept in *ragionamenti d'amore*, "conversings of love," which "every gentle sir uses as means to acquire grace with ladies . . . not only when impelled by passion, but often as well to do honor to the lady with whom he speaks, it seeming to him that the pretence of loving her is a testimony of her worthiness to be loved." So gently courted, she will, while she can, "seem not to understand;" or, that ruse failing, will "take all as a merry jest." Singing, playing, dancing, — all the parlor accomplishments must be in her repertory of fascination; but she must not be forthputting in them, rather, after a not excessive pressing, should yield "with a certain coyness" (*con una certa timidità*).

Enough: we begin to recognize her, this fine lady of the Italian Renaissance. She is a work of art, of a subtle artistry

That nature's work by art can imitate.

The natural woman is to her as the rough-hewn block to the finished statue. She could apprehend with enthusiasm Keats's apothegm, "Beauty is truth;" but she would have shrugged her powdered shoulders at the complementing, "Truth beauty." In her pragmatic way she identified truth with tact. No doubt the ladies of Castiglione's generation had quite too robust nerves to be altogether precious dolls. We hear how Isabella of Este used to put on the gloves with her pretty cousin, Beatrice, and once with a clever counter floored her. Despite Castiglione's protest against such "strenuous and rough mannish sports," the term "virago" was not yet one of contumely: Britomart the bold had her votaries as well as Amoret the amiable; but none the less, eighteenth-century Belinda is already in sight, — Belinda, whose "little heart" but turns to thoughts of beaux, and whose

Awful Beauty puts on all its arms

to conquer — Sir Fopling Flutter!

It was a recognition, just if partial, of this manifest tendency in the Renaissance "religion of beauty," artificial beauty, that drew from moral John Ruskin many a tirade. "All the Renaissance principles of art tended," he exclaims, "as I have before often explained, to the setting Beauty above Truth, and seeking for it always at the expense of truth. And the proper punishment of such pursuit — the punishment which all the laws of the universe rendered inevitable — was, that those who thus pursued beauty should wholly lose sight of beauty. . . . The age banished beauty, so far as human effort could succeed in doing so, from the face of the earth, and the form of man. To powder the hair, to patch the cheek, to hoop the body, to buckle the foot, were all part and parcel of the same system which reduced streets to brick walls, and pictures to brown stains. One desert of ugliness was extended before the eyes of mankind; and their pursuit of the beautiful, so recklessly continued, received unexpected consummation in high-heeled shoes and periwigs, — Gower Street and Gaspar Poussin." This is perhaps like judging apples ripe by apples rotten; yet it does nevertheless put finger on a rotten spot in the Renaissance passion for beauty.

But I digress too far. In my effort to picture the ideal "beauty" of the period as she was, and as she threatened to become, I have forgotten our present concern with her, namely, how her emergence acted upon the platonic cult, and how she in turn was reacted upon by that cult.

The story of her emergence itself can here only be hinted at. The woman of

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the earlier fifteenth century, even in Italy, was, so far as social activity went, still in the kindergarten stage. Luther, who in this respect remained obstinately old-fashioned, expressed the earlier Italian view of her whole duty, when he said in his *Table Talk*, "Take women out of the household, and they are good for nothing. . . . Woman is born to keep house, it is her lot, her law of nature." Unhappily for such masculine ruling, however, woman has shown at several periods of her history a disposition — and a faculty — for overruling this particular law of her nature. She has uniformly appealed to another law, equally of her nature, which went into operation with Adam. "*The woman tempted me;*" and so Adam yielded to the woman — against his better judgment. So long as Luther can keep his woman in the household, that "law of nature" of hers is safe. Luther also is safe, — as a bird is safe from a serpent inexperienced in fascination. But the instinct and the power are there, and on provocation may grow dangerous.

In this fifteenth-century Italy, woman's provocation came in the form of the higher education, the awakening and training of that "*ingegno grande*," that "lofty intelligence," which Lorenzo de' Medici found so essential to the ideal loved one. The wisdom of the serpent was once more to subjugate man. The new learning, based as it was upon *belles lettres*, appealed to girlish minds. The old scholastic régime of logic and dialectic, if it reached them at all, hardened and unsexed them; but the new literature warmed their imaginations, touched their sympathies, lubricated their tongues. Tales of precocious maids becoming, while still in their teens, accomplished orators, poets, scholars in Latin, even in Greek, go the rounds of Italy. Teachers, pleased and flattered, egg on their pupils to emulation. The *femme savante* appears. If she is high-born and rich and ambitious, she sets up her salon. There she can meet men on equal terms, for wit and learning; and, if she happens to be a pretty woman also — well, Luther and all his "laws of nature" cannot put her back into the household to stay. The odd thing is that these very humanists, who were so largely responsible for letting woman out of the household, were all the while theoretically urging the necessity of keeping her in there. One of the foremost of them, Leo Battista Alberti of Florence, in his famous *Treatise on the Family*, draws his ideal girl-bride meekly making obeisance to her husband. "She told me," this lordly personage remarks, "that she had learned to obey her father and mother; and had received their injunction always to obey me; and accordingly was prepared to do whatever I might command." Yet it was good Leo Battista and his kind who were responsible for Beatrice, the girl-let-out-of-the-household, answering Benedick's pathetic "Do you not love me?" with her "Why, no; no more than reason. . . . I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

Now, by the end of the fifteenth century, Beatrice was become for Italy a fact, the paramount fact, socially speaking. In the person of Castiglione's Emilia Pia — first cousin moral of Beatrice — mad and merry wit rules it over the brilliant group in the salon at Urbino; she and Signor Gasparo "never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." To such clever women, sure of themselves and so daring much, the new Renaissance literature is being dedicated and devoted. Their influence is in all and over all, making for social rightness and mostly — it is fair to say — for righteousness. There is no longer question of their right to influence men, but only what to do with that influence, how to direct it, and to what end. And Pietro Bembo, *élégant* and poet, theologian and wit, is ready with an answer, blending metaphysics with gallantry, with a spice of anti-matrimonial cynicism. This last,

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this odium attaching to marriage, came to the Renaissance from several quarters of influence: from the practical and theological arguments of the Fathers, especially Ambrose and Augustine, against marriage; from the fanatic asceticisms of morbid Eastern anchorites, and their monkish disciples in the West; from the fantastic code of the thirteenth-century chivalric love, with its statute as redacted by Chaplain Andrew, — *Dicimus enim et stabilito tenore firmamus amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires:* "we say and legally resolve that love cannot extend its dominion over two joined in matrimony;" from the interminable line of travesties on marriage from Jean de Meung to Eustache Deschamps; from the idealism of Cavalcanti and Dante, and the sentimentalism of Petrarch; from, finally, Plotinus of Alexandria, next revered after Plato, who, without exactly condemning marriage, yet commends as the higher love that which rests in passionless contemplation of womanly beauty.

But although Plotinus emphasizes the virtue of such contemplative love, he is far from making feminine beauty its principal object. His conception of beauty, on the contrary, is more abstract even than Plato's. Nor were the earlier Florentine platonists, Ficino, Pico, Benivieni, and the rest, thinking of feminine beauty as the supreme beauty this side heaven. Lorenzo carefully distinguished between Plato's divine love, which is the highest good, and love for a human creature, which is a good only after a finite manner of speaking. But Cardinal Bembo, in his *Gli Asolani*, definitively identifies platonic love with love of ladies, finds man's *summum bonum*, as Browning put it playfully, "in the kiss of one girl." In Bembo's philosophy there was indeed much virtue in a kiss.

In a fair garden of the Queen of Cyprus at Asolo, three high-born maidens and as many youths while away the hour of siesta with talk of love. As the custom was, they elect one of the maidens to preside over their debate. One of the youths, Perottino, as "devil's advocate," attacks love, adducing many plausible reasons why love should be held dangerous and hurtful, occasion of many ills. Whereupon another youth, Gismondo, defends love, matching each and every allegation of ill by a joy won through loving; so that, whereas Perottino concluded love to be wholly bad, Gismondo proves love to be wholly good. Both cannot be right; so the queen calls upon Lavinello, the third youth, to break, if possible, the deadlock. Love, he replies, is good or bad according to its object; the object of the love which is good is beauty alone. True beauty man perceives through eye and ear and mind; through these come those immortal harmonies which delight and do not pall. The desire which is not of such beauty, is but

> Expense of spirit in a waste of shame.

Such is the practical gist of Bembo's elegant sermon, — stripped of the graces of style, of poetry, of eloquence, lavished by the courtly churchman. It was this gist that these cultivated, enthusiastic, ambitious ladies of the Renaissance took to heart, and made practical trial of. Bembo's book was to them what *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was to the ladies of French salons three centuries later, — a more intimate bible. And presently they were to hear the "Matthew Arnold" of that day actually substituting this new gospel according to Peter of Venice for the old gospel of Peter of Galilee.

Bembo's *Gli Asolani* was published in 1505. During the winter of that year the conversation was supposed to take place which Castiglione records in his *Libro del Cortegiano*. The book is an epitome of the cultivated life, touching and illustrating every function of that life from boudoir and drawing-room to cabinet and throne. Last of all, and highest function of all, is naturally religion. And here, at the close of the book, where we might expect an exhortation to Christian love, we find instead an apostrophe

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to platonic love. Bembo himself is the officiating priest; and when at the last he comes down from the ecstatic vision he has himself evoked, he is like Moses returned from Sinai: "He seemed as if transported and spellbound, and stood mute and immobile, his eyes turned heavenward, as if he were distraught; until the Lady Emilia . . . took him by the hem of his garment, and plucking it gently, said, 'Have a care, Messer Pietro, lest with these thoughts your own spirit be reft away from the body.' — 'Madam,' replied Messer Pietro, 'nor would that be the first miracle which love hath worked in me.'"

Here in a single situation is the key-note of nearly all, — in truth a discordant note, sounding, or pretending to sound, high piety and light gallantry at once and in one. Ruskin is in so far right: the Renaissance religion of beauty started wrong. Whatever truth may lie in the notion of the platonic "ladder of love," the way towards the supra-mundane is unlikely to pass through the salon of *la grande mondaine*.

Still, however crossed at birth by a malignant spirit of levity, there is truth and beauty in Castiglione's ideal itself. "Who does not know," he asks, "that women cleanse our hearts of all evil and low thoughts, of cares, of troubles, and of those heavy dejections that follow in the train of these? And if we consider well, we shall recognize also, that in respect to the knowledge of high things, so far from turning away men's minds, women rather awaken them." Upon this faith as a corner-stone Castiglione builds his theory of the state. God has deputed the government of peoples to princes; princes should lean upon wise counselors, mature enough in years to have outlived their own misguided passions, but fresh in spirit to feel and follow the perfecting influence of beauty. The function of women in society, therefore, is by their beauty, of body and mind conjoined, to lead upward and onward such men. The Middle Ages, the age of Aristotle, had called woman *confusio hominis*, the "confusion of man;" the Renaissance, the age of Plato, now hailed her in effect as *illuminatio Dei*, "the illumination of God." So Michelangelo: —

> From highest stars above
> Downward a radiance flows,
> Drawing desire to those;
> And here men call it love.

It was as if the mood of such men, like a prism, refracted the figure of Mary, dearer divinity of mediæval Christendom, into many gracious and beneficent living images, before each one of which men might kneel and say, as Michelangelo himself to Vittoria Colonna, —

> Rough-cast, first was I born . . .
> From that rough cast of me, this better Me
> From thee had second birth, thou high pure one.

She sustains him: —

> Blest spirit, who with ardent earnestness,
> My heart, aging towards death, keepest in life.

To her he prays: —

> Lord of me, at the last hour
> Reach out unto me thy two pitiful arms;
> Take me from myself, and make me one to please thee.

Through her is salvation: —

> Blessed the soul where runs no longer time
> Through thee permitted to contemplate God.

But on few descended the "radiance of the stars" as on this magnificent old man, so voicing his spiritual love at past sixty-three. Castiglione had indeed said "that old men can love blamelessly and more happily than young; by this word 'old' meaning indeed not decrepit, nor when the bodily organs are so weak that the soul cannot longer exercise its functions through them, but when wisdom in us is in its fulness." Michelangelo justifies the opinion; and so, from the other side, does Sir Philip Sidney, whose illumination from his Star, Stella, is shot through with the smoky passions of undisciplined youth. For long he cannot find peace in the platonic — or shall we say sisterly — love Stella offers him: —

> Service and Honour, Wonder with Delight,
> Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,

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Care shining in mine eyes, Faith in my sprite:
These things are left me by my only Dear.
But thou, Desire! because thou wouldst have all,
Now banisht art: but yet, alas, how shall?

Yet he too at the last professes conversion in his sonnet, —

Leave me, O love, which reachest but to dust!

Beyond question, few converts to the Renaissance religion of beauty stood on the heights with Michelangelo and Sidney. Most of these — most professional poets, at any rate — remained in the comfortable valleys of patronage. For instance, Dr. John Donne writes to Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford: —

You have refined me, and to worthiest things . . .

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples' frames, and beauty, as rites within.

How different is this gallant metaphorical piety from Michelangelo's quiet intensity! And Dr. Donne's list of "worthiest things" to which he has been "refined" — "virtue, art, beauty, fortune" — leads by its apparent order of climax to the disquieting doubt that "Madam" has been to him less Saint Beauty than Saint Bounty. Indeed, too many a poet of the sixteenth century was a pilgrim to the latter's shrine; his platonic patron saint achieved sainthood only in the degree of her good works — *toward him*. Poets had to live; paying public there was none; so they borrowed from patrons and repaid with thanks keyed, as with these of Donne's, to the emphasis of spiritual love. Especially adapted for such amorous notes-of-hand was the sonnet as Petrarch wrote it, — a form brief, ingenious, pointed, pithy, a style all tender, obsequious, yet within bounds, delicate, a passion which flattered without compromising, in fine, a strictly legal currency for all compliment, or, in the platonic manner of speaking, a hymnal for the "new religion in love." Strange to say, the aptest description of Petrarch's love-poetry as conceived by the salon is by uncouthly pedantic Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's friend: "Petrarch was a delicate man, and with an elegant judgment graciously confined Love within the terms of Civility." His poetry is "the grace of Art, a precious tablet of rare conceits, and a curious frame of exquisite workmanship; nothing but neat Wit, and refined Elegance." Do we not hear, and see, the *petit maître* of the salon! Petrarch wrote of himself, —

And I am one who find a joy in tears.

His mendicant followers reduced his stock of sentiment to sweet water, cooking this into sonnets of sugar-candy; and too many a "Sacharissa" was by nature, as well as by name, as Dr. Johnson said, "derived from sugar." Until John Cleveland might well cry out, —

For shame, thou everlasting wooer . . .
For shame, you pretty female elves,
Cease thus to candy up yourselves!

The platonic religion of beauty far from died out with the Renaissance. It was given finical propagation during the early seventeenth century throughout Europe. Preciously modish in the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, it was thence grafted afresh upon English high society by Henrietta Maria, full alumna of the French school. In Italy, meanwhile, it had degenerated into the silly institution of the *cicisbeo*, or platonic "servant," who was attached to every fashionable matron. Byron has drawn his portrait in *Beppo:*

. . . "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

The *cicisbeo* was regularly picked out, along with the husband, by the lady's family; and was supposed to exercise a kind of spiritual influence over her, un-

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tainted by the material bondage of matrimony.

As was natural, the platonic fashion spread downward from the court. Molière's *précieuses ridicules* and *femmes savantes* are of the *bourgeoisie*. We catch echoes of the *cicisbeo* even in England, and as late as Sheridan. "You know," protests innocent young Lady Teazle to insinuating Joseph Surface, "I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires." — "True," replies Joseph, — "a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to." — "Certainly," assents the ingenuous lady, "one must not be out of the fashion."

The breaking down of such fashions was undoubtedly one of the many reactions against the artificial and unnatural, which, taken together, we call the Romantic Movement. Castiglione's *Cortegiano* was the gospel of the Renaissance religion of beauty; the gospel of the Romantic religion of passion was Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Rousseau swept away the whole code of gallant fencing, of suprasensuous ecstasies, of artificial courtesies; he took his lovers out of doors, out of over-heated salons, not into smug gardens of trimmed box and simpering marbles, but into the presence of real nature, and real human nature, even if a little overwrought; and the fine fantastical French ladies and their beribboned gallants sighed over his pages and, even while remaining fine fantastical ladies and beribboned gallants, at least played at being ingenuous children of nature.

It would be interesting to trace the development from these play children of nature, these masqueraders in *fêtes galantes*, of the real child of nature, the ideal woman-type of the Romanticists. It would be interesting again to set beside the Renaissance belle, mistress of herself and men, shaving her forehead to appear intellectual, and graduating Connoisseur in Hearts, — to set beside her the Romantic heroine, Virginie, Dorothea, Gretchen, Cythna, Haidee, and all their sisters of drama and fiction, — innocent children, artless and helpless, who can only love, and, when their love is hurt, can only pine away with it, like Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*. One might also show reaction on reaction, and illustrate the child-woman of Goethe growing into the "interesting matron," *la femme de trente ans*, of Balzac and George Sand; or illustrate occasional reversion in our own time to the platonic ideal itself, as in the apostrophe of Jane in *L'ami des Femmes* of Dumas *fils*. "Let us forget earth," she sighs, "let us realize heaven; let us share our thoughts, our joys, our griefs, our aspirations, our tears, so that in this unfleshly communion of minds and souls there may be in our eyes pride, in our heart-throbs purity, in our speech chastity, in our consciences calm." So history — and women — repeat themselves. But all this would be another story.

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THE FARMERS' UNION AND THE TOBACCO POOL

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

KENTUCKY has been having an experience unique, costly, tragic, and probably to some extent valuable, with the farmers engaged in the chief agricultural industry of the state — growing tobacco. Some 80,000 of them, representing probably 400,000 of the population of the state, have been engaged in a union demonstration for the purpose of securing higher pay. The result has been in some sections anarchy, in all great distress. Fortunately, the movement in this case has not been among the growers of a necessary article of food. A strike of farmers to increase the price of bread, could it be carried out with the success and with the features which have accompanied the trouble in Kentucky, would throw the entire nation into turmoil. Flour and bread going up instantly would cause a readjustment of all wages and of all prices, so that for a considerable term of years the consequences would continue to be felt. If 80,000 farmers in each of the wheat states could be for one or two years as thoroughly organized as these tobacco-growers have been in Kentucky, commercial and civil chaos would result.

On first thought, it appears impossible that any such movement should ever become general enough thus to affect the whole people. But the farmer is becoming a keen citizen. Educated, more or less wisely, by the cheaper magazines and the newspapers, to the methods and aggressions of the so-called trusts, awakened to a knowledge of the skill and impunity with which some capitalists break both civil and moral law, he is apparently becoming less devoted to his old ideal of the law, and more inclined to try these new ventures for himself. We have a multitude of indications of this on every hand. The new constitutions, such as that of Oklahoma, are designed to allow him wide latitude. In Texas, in Illinois, and in many other states, he has had passed anti-trust laws which specifically exempt the farmer from their terms. In Montana, Idaho, and Utah, the wool-growers have combined to raise the price of their wares, and with considerable success. In the South, the cotton-growers, under the able leadership of Mr. Harvie Jordan, have held together for higher prices and for reduced acreage. They have pointed out clearly to the farmer that, if it costs him 7 cents a pound to raise cotton, and he raises ten bales to sell at 10 cents, he will make 3 cents a pound, or $150 cash profit; whereas if he raises only five bales, and the price goes to 15 cents, he will have a profit of 8 cents a pound, or $200 cash profit; he will only have done half as much work, and will have half his land left on which to grow other things. This sound reasoning holds many acres out of the cotton crop — until cotton goes so high that every farmer hastily plants all his acreage in the hope of getting the extra profit on his whole farm. Then comes the big drop, the price about equals the cost of production, the "pool" has failed, and the work is all to do again.

The farmers'-union movement has reached the point of establishing regular warehouses capitalized by farmers, in which the union man may hold his goods, drawing cash against them at the bank, refusing to sell at the cheap prices which prevail at harvest, and holding them until the later, higher price comes on. And there has grown up out of all this a still stronger movement, which has its headquarters now at Indianapolis, called the equity movement, intended to unite the farmers of the entire nation in a

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movement for more equitable living, in which the chief element is to secure a higher price for farm products. This equity movement — the American Society of Equity is its official style — has developed the method of "pooling crops" to the highest point that it has yet attained.

This method of pooling has now arrived at a test of a peculiar character, in which there has been pooled a crop which is by nature limited to a small area of production, and which is by financial manipulation limited to a small market for sale. That is, a trust having arisen in New York which was able to control the output, and therefore to make prices to suit itself, the farmers have answered this trust by forming under the equity society a union of their own, and going on a strike for higher prices. Combining the methods of labor union and capitalistic organization, they have chosen, not to fight the trust under the laws of the state, nor to attempt to build up its commercial rivals, but to battle with it in the open, fight it to a standstill, and compel it to dicker with their organization as an equal. The public is not considered in their arrangements. They have made no plans for humanity in general. If there is a good thing in this crop they intend to share it, and they wish to teach the trust that they have the power. The result cannot for a moment be in doubt. The movement in the end will fail. But in the mean time it has thrown so much light upon the farmer as a union man, and on the possibility of his striking, as to be worth study.

The union to which I refer is the Burley Tobacco Society, in Kentucky. It is organized to oppose the exactions of the American Tobacco Company of New Jersey.

Tobacco is grown in several distinct districts in Kentucky, and there, as elsewhere, each district has, by reason of soil or climate, a virtual monopoly of its own type. Down in the southwestern corner, in the so-called Black Patch, embracing several counties of Tennessee, a dark and heavy leaf is grown and fire-cured for the foreign trade. This is bought by government, or so-styled "regie" buyers. North of this is a heavy leaf stemmed for the British trade. North and east of this is the region in which a dark air-cured leaf is grown for domestic uses. East of this, embracing all Blue Grass and extending to Maysville, is the Burley district, in which is grown the famous red and white Burley tobacco. Burley tobacco is a light fine-fibred leaf, which has to a large degree the property of absorbing licorice and other adulterants. It is therefore used for making sweet chewing tobaccos, — plug, twist, and fine-cut. Because of its peculiar fitness for this, the tobacco companies have for forty or fifty years made use of it in this way, and the popular brands, which are assets of no mean value, are based upon the public taste for this manipulated Burley.

Formerly Burley was grown only in the hill counties, and not at all in the Blue Grass. Under those conditions, with some dozens of concerns making and selling chewing tobaccos, competition for the best grades was keen; the farmers used their best skill in developing the weed, and prices ranged high, so that 22 cents was no unusual "round price" for a crop. A round price, be it said, is an average price for all the leaves, lugs, trash, bright leaves, and tips, which make up a crop. It embraces several sub-prices which may run from 10 cents for fliers and trash (at a 22-cent round) to 30 cents for the best bright-red leaves. At such prices the farmers of the hill counties were able to make rich living. But in the course of time two things happened. In Kentucky the high price of Burley tempted the Blue Grass farmers; they planted the weed and found it would grow in their wonderful soil, and produce twice as much per acre as on the hills. Forest after forest was felled to give the new land to tobacco, and the production rose

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faster than the demand. At the same time there was formed in the eastern financial market one coalition after another, each with an additional amount of watered stock, until the result was the American Tobacco Company, an immensely too-heavy concern, paying rich dividends on a huge volume of water, and controlling more than 80 per cent of the Burley output.

To produce Burley in the rich Blue Grass cost so much less than the current price, and the output was coming so much more abundantly than it was needed, that this big concern began putting down the price — a thing it was easily able to do — by refusing to pay more than a set sum for the crop. In this way it reduced the price to 6.5 cents a pound and proposed to reduce it further to 5.5 cents, in the hope of finding a minimum price which would supply the demand it had for Burley without encouraging the farmer to grow more, and would leave the trust the difference between this and the sale price (forty cents) as margin for profit. It did not, however, seek a truly normal price; but artificially stimulated production by paying to one or more favored farmers in each county about double the regular price, in order to arouse the same gambling instinct among their neighbors that the winning of a lottery prize arouses.

Almost all tobacco in Kentucky is grown upon the share-tenant system, and is the " money crop " of those who grow it. That is, instead of working a whole farm as a business proposition, conserving the soil, practicing advanced methods of rotation, and studying the markets to discover what may be grown on the land to return the highest value, the farmer sets aside his tobacco-land to raise his money, and uses the rest of the land for running support. A few acres of corn, a little rye, a little wheat, — the traditional crops, — and a more or less thin stand of blue grass, — these make up in the hill counties the burden of the poorly-tilled soil. Out of 300 acres, perhaps 90 acres will be suited for tobacco. The tobacco so drains this that it can be used for the crop only once in six years, and during the other five generally lies idle, or is set in clover. Thus a 300-acre farm has, in a given year, 15 acres of tobacco, which will keep entirely employed the families of two tenants. To them the landlord furnishes houses, stock, and tobacco-barns, corn-land, gardens, pasturage, money advance for living, and the tools to work the crop. In return, he takes half the produce of the corn-land — which is very little — and half the tobacco.

There is land in the hill counties that produces 1000 pounds to the acre in Burley. The average, however, is not over 800 pounds. The crop is the hardest of all crops to grow, requiring about 123 days' labor from the tenant, and in busy times the assistance of all his family and some hired help. One man can grow only about four acres, and then requires help for " worming," " suckering," topping, and harvesting.

The crop is begun with a forcing-bed in early spring, and often is not marketed for sixteen months. At 10 cents a pound it returns to the landlord, in the hill counties, $40 to the acre, or $600 as the money return from a 300-acre farm in a year. Out of this he pays interest, taxes, insurance, and upkeep on two tenant houses, several tobacco-barns (worth about $800 each), and the tenants' stock-barns; pays taxes and interest on his idle 75 acres of tobacco-land; pays interest on perhaps $500 which he has advanced to his tenant; renews tools, and meets certain other expenses. The tenant hires help, works in the field himself, and at the end of the year has raised his own corn and hogs, has worked hard and continuously, has paid out perhaps $250 for help, insurance, paris green for spraying, and other necessities, and has at the end $300, or a cash profit of $50, for his year's work. Sometimes he has not this, but remains in debt to his landlord. At 6.5 cents a pound Burley cannot be grown under decent living conditions in

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such counties as Mason, which produces now 7,000,000 pounds a year.

In Blue Grass there is no such sad tale. At 10 cents a pound, on land producing 2000 pounds to the acre, so easily tilled that a tenant can handle twice as much as on the hills, the return to the landlord may amount to $100 an acre, on land which may bear tobacco every fourth year and which in the intervening years bears abundant crops of clover, grass, or rye. The tenant who handles ten acres may receive $1000, out of which he may have $500 clear. And, at that, many tenants have bought the costly Blue Grass land for themselves. The price of 6.5 cents just about meets the cost of production in this region, and means beggary for the hills.

Pooling tobacco in Kentucky started down in the Black Patch, or received its greatest impetus there. The regie buyers combined, or were formed into a combination by their superiors, and the Patch was districted, each man being given an exclusive territory, and no farmer being allowed to sell to any one but his own buyer. In this way a set price as low as four cents was made, and the farmer had no option but to take it; no option, at least, that was open to the farmer not rich enough to ship his crop to Bremen and seek European competition.

In this situation a group of canny planters formed a tight little corporation of $200 capital, for the avowed purpose of holding, handling, buying, and selling tobacco. They induced about a thousand of their neighbors — there are forty thousand dark-tobacco growers in the Patch — to pledge their crops with them, and they planned to hold this much off the market and compel the regie buyers to pay a higher price for it. This proving popular, they soon had five thousand pledges. Then they — or interests closely allied with them — organized a band of Ku-Klux, called Night Riders, who, first by so-called "peace armies," and then by raiding at night all who resisted, frightened or forced — during the next three years — all the forty thousand to sign.

The tight little corporation thus had a monopoly of the dark tobacco. It forced the regie buyers to pay a price raised by slow degrees to 11 cents round, exacted large commissions and profits, — as much as 1500 per cent a year on the capital, — and now controls the Black Patch absolutely. All its pledges expire in January, 1909, and the situation will then become anarchistic. The success of this Black Patch plan was entirely due to the employment of Night Riders, who correspond to the professional "sluggers" of a labor union, or the hired assassins of a Black-Hand league. Both Kentucky and Tennessee were at the time suffering from weak state administrations, neither Governor Beckham nor Governor Patterson caring to endanger his political fences by risking the enmity of the Night Riders and their friends. So, with a series of horrors such as no city union has ever equaled, these Ku-Klux swept over the Patch, burning cities, destroying homes, burning barns, shooting men and women, until from very terror the great majority of planters, unable to secure state protection, joined the association and pledged their tobacco to the little corporation. In this way it came to handle nearly 100,000,000 pounds in a year, and, absolutely controlling the market, forced the price up step by step until it now has reached 11 cents. This is a very high price for dark tobacco. It can be maintained only so long as the association is held together. As this is not a voluntary association, but a private trust, into alliance with which the individuals have been herded by an army, there is no doubt that the expiration of 40,000 pledges in January next will see the Patch plunged into trouble and both association and Night Riders fighting for life.

Kentucky is, however, no longer under the Beckham rule. Governor Willson, who was honored with a doctorate by Harvard last June, is a man of different

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fibre. He has covered every county in which the Night Riders have appeared, or threatened to appear, with militia, and is bending every effort to restore law and order, and to end this species of anarchy.

The partial success of the Black-Patch combination stirred up the Burley planters to form a pool of their own. It is remarkable in this, that while it was the hard-driven hill-county men who began the agitation, it was the prosperous landlords of the Blue Grass who took the lead and carried out the plans; for these owners of rich plantations have been more bitter over the decimation of their abundance than the others over the passing of their livelihood.

The movement of the Burley Pool took shape in the formation of the Burley Tobacco Society, an organization allied with the American Society of Equity, and working under its general plan. J. Campbell Cantrill, state president of the Equity Society, took the lead in directing the organization; and Clarence Lebus, a speculator in tobacco, became president of the new concern. The two societies worked in common. A plan was devised by which the Burley Society in each county should make a pool of all the 1906 crop, and should hold it off the market until the price went up so high that it could be sold at a round price of 15 cents a pound. The Equity Society aided this, not only by agitation but by organizing local warehouses in which the pool crops could be stored, so that money could be raised on them. About 50,000,000 pounds, perhaps a third of the 1906 crop, was thus pledged and held. Some of this was held in common. That is, in some counties all the tobacco was entered at the round price of 15 cents, and thereafter, whenever any was sold, the money was divided pro rata among the whole county membership. In other counties, individual lots were held separately, but all for the same round price.

The headquarters of the pool were established at Winchester, Kentucky, and there in a big warehouse were gathered the samples or types, one sample representing each hogshead in the pool — 45,000 or 50,000 in all. This 1906 tobacco was a bad crop, but the supply was large, and the end of the year found the tobacco companies well supplied, and Burley selling at from 7 to 8 cents. The pool remained unsold. The Burley Society had pledged itself to advance one-half the held price, or 7.5 cents on every pound, to the farmers, and this made the success of the scheme, for there was as much in this advance as there was in marketing the tobacco, and the farmer took a gambling chance for more. However, the financing arrangements did not always succeed; but the local bankers in many counties advanced 5 cents a pound or more on warehouse receipts, and as a general thing the members of the pool were satisfied.

In 1907 there was planted an unusually large acreage of Burley, the pool-growers planting their usual crops, and outsiders going in more heavily. The agitation by the Equity Society and the Burley Society was kept up, until one after another the farmers came under the shelter of the association, and about 115,000,000, or possibly 125,000,000, pounds were pledged.

Meanwhile the Equity Society had been playing at politics. In order to strengthen its position, it had gone into the legislature and secured several new laws. It is a curious commentary on the hopes of the farmers, that these were not directed toward destroying the American Tobacco Company, or intended to hurt any other trust. They were, on the contrary, *trust-empowering*, designed to provide for the development of a secure trust in agricultural products which would be as safe within the law as the Tobacco Company without it. The constitution of Kentucky makes it mandatory upon the legislature to enact laws making it an offense for any persons or corporations to combine or pool any objects to enhance their price. The legislature, however, being strongly affected by

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the agricultural population, passed a bill providing that persons "engaged in agriculture" might combine or pool "products of agriculture grown by themselves, in order to secure a better price for them."

It provided further that such persons might pledge their crops to an agent, or to the pool as agent, and that it should be an offense for any person to persuade any pledged member to withdraw from the pool or to buy any pledged or pooled tobacco except through the regular officers of the pool. Securely intrenched in these unconstitutional statutes, the Burley Society continued its campaign. It made no attack on the trust, nor the trust on it, for by a peculiar working it was certain that neither had any real cause to oppose the other.

This was because the new pool was strangling all competition to the American Tobacco Company. The trust controls about eighty per cent of the sales of tobacco manufactured from Burley. The other twenty per cent is controlled by a large number of small independents. There was one of these independents in Lexington, who, up to the time of the pool, was prospering extremely. The low grades of Burley — trash and poor lugs — were then selling at about 2 to 4 cents a pound. The plug and twist and smoking tobaccos made from them were selling at about 25 to 34 cents a pound wholesale. Star navy, the standard of price, was at 42 cents. This Lexington manufacturer had gone wisely about his business, and finding he could go twice as far on cheap grades as on expensive, he had bought lugs and trash and fliers, and had built up a trade in cheap tobaccos. He had spent $150,000 in advertising, and was doing a business of $500,000 a year. He was typical of an increasing class. His method was to go into a city where the trust sold perhaps $50,000 worth in a year, and work his trade up to about $2000 a year. Then, keeping it at that figure, he would begin somewhere else, and in this way built up a widespread popularity. The trust could not afford to stand a loss on their big trade to knock out his little one.

In such competition there was hope for the Burley people. A lot of independents, properly encouraged, would soon have established free bidding in the markets, and the Tobacco Company would no longer have been able to control the price. These independents, however, soon found they were to have no credit with the pool, and no help from it. Instead of doing what it might well have done, — set aside certain grades for their use, or made them a concession of a certain percentage to increase their chances against the big monopoly, — it held strictly to one price and one treatment for all. It made the round price 15 cents, with lugs a little less, and high grades a little more.

The American Tobacco Company does its chief business on star navy plug and on certain other chewing and smoking brands which require high-priced leaf. It was able, however, to substitute a great deal of lower-class leaf and, by doctoring, still fill orders. So in the open market it bid the low grades higher and higher until, as the winter of 1907 approached, there was nothing to be had of any grade for less than 13 or 14 cents. Meanwhile the high grades, which should have fetched up to 26 cents, went begging, and when they were offered, the trust gathered them in at about 16. Harder and harder this worked upon the independents. The 1907 crop was coming in, but the pool would sell none of the cheap grades it contained until all the 1906 was off. That in the pool had hardly begun to move. In Louisville the "breaks" were almost empty. Large forces of office-hands and warehouse employees usually busy at that season were laid off. Business was stagnating. The free Burley, outside the pool, was coming in loose leaf to Lexington, and there the American Tobacco Company was taking it in, bidding up the low grades above the reach of the independents, and taking the high grades at the same low figures.

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This could not go on and let the independents live. One by one they were crushed out of business. In June, 1908, when the open market was barren of tobacco, the trust was buying 16-cent grades of 1906 tobacco from the pool, the higher grades were still unsold, and there remained 100,000,000 pounds of 1907 pooled tobacco of all grades, which could not be sold till all of 1906 was off. The independent manufacturer at Lexington, on whom the neighborhood should have depended for competition and stable prices, had closed up his factory and quit. His investment was a loss. That trade which had cost $150,000 in advertising was now nothing. The farmers' trust was as oppressive and as ruthless as that which it was fighting.

With the 1906 crop unsold, and 1907 coming in (and of this latter perhaps 25,000,000 pounds of pledged leaf was secretly or openly sold away from the pool), the Burley and Equity societies began an active campaign which has produced a result unique in America. They decided to go on strike and to grow no more Burley till they had sold what was on hand. This was not an educational campaign to induce the farmers to make more profitable use of their land. It was simply a strike. In the beginning all who could be so induced were persuaded to "sign off" the number of acres they would not grow. Upon members of the society this was mandatory. Many outsiders who had, thanks to the pool, sold off their own crops at 14 or 15 cents, felt that it was no more than fair to sign off a year and give the pool a chance to unload. To others the pool leaders made this statement (which I quote in substance as I heard J. Campbell Cantrill deliver it in a court house at New Castle, Henry County, to a crowd of tenant-farmers):—

"You who are in the pool, I tell you to sit idle this year. You will get rich doing nothing. You have two crops of Burley in the pool. If you sell them for 15 cents each, there will be 25 cents coming back to you, and if you are idle there will be three years to divide it over. That will be 8 cents a pound a year. But if you grow tobacco this year the pool will be thrown on the market, and you will get only 4, or maybe 6, cents a pound for each year. Three years at 6 cents is 18 cents. Two years at 15, less cost of the pool, is 25. You will have more profit if you sit idle than if you work. But you who are not in the pool, let me say to you that if you grow tobacco enough to threaten our market, when your crop is almost ready we will dump 175,000,000 pounds of pooled tobacco on the market for what we can get. The market will drop to 2 cents or less, and you will not get enough for yours to pay to haul it to market. Now take your choice. Stand idle and help us — or we will ruin you."

It was a gloomy prospect. Kentuckians were divided. Some thought that by growing they could get high prices; some feared just such a catastrophe as Cantrill had predicted. January and February of this year were periods of such tension in Kentucky as preceded the actual outbreak of the Civil War. Business was suspended, and the entire attention of the Burley region was centred on the problem of "no crop for 1908."

Through January and February, excitement over this movement grew steadily more intense; yet it was impossible to estimate how large an area would actually be "cut out" from the crop. As the time for burning plant-beds approached, the tale of night-riding in the Black Patch began to be told more and more through Burley. Emissaries from the Patch traveled in the Blue Grass country and made speeches. Cantrill and other leaders, while decrying such outbreaks, made speeches which contained the seed of the idea, and while telling the farmers not to indulge in violence, at the same time suggested that they could not be blamed for using a little force. In some counties, meetings of farmers became tremendously dramatic, as when, in Henry

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County, old Judge Ben F. Hill, after reading the Bill of Rights to his constituents, assembled in the court house, declared that he would uphold to the last ditch the right of every man to grow a crop if he so desired.

Governor Willson, who had his hands full with the violence in the Patch, announced that he would send militia to any section where trouble threatened. The whole state was on tiptoes, fearful, hesitant, — and then the plant-bed season came, and with it came the night-riding. The leaders of the Burley movement were gentlemen of culture and refinement — in their business methods, as well as in daily life. They therefore tended naturally to the methods of the Wall Street financier, and fought the trust that way. But the plebiscite was composed of common, hard-working, often uncultured and unintelligent, working-men. They adopted naturally the methods of the labor union. Slugging became the order of the day. Though there was no concerted uprising in Burley, there were sporadic outbreaks from county to county. A farmer who had prepared to grow a crop was called to his door at midnight by his neighbors and shot to death. Barns were burned, plant-beds scraped, houses set afire, tobacco destroyed, and in a week Burley was an armed camp, filled with militia sent by a determined governor.

Nevertheless the harm was done. The certainty that sooner or later his neighbors would punish him had persuaded nearly every farmer to give up his crop. Here and there through Blue Grass some wealthy planter hired armed guards and set them over his fields, but in the main districts not a crop of tobacco was set out. In all the Burley there is being raised this year just about 16,000,000 pounds of Burley tobacco — a tenth of a crop. That is almost entirely in the outlying counties, such as Henry, where the organization is not complete, where the farms are more scattered, or where some determined man has taken a stand for law and order. Sixteen million pounds of Burley will not begin to supply the demand this year, and the Burley pool will find its market. Before the spring of 1910, when the 1909 crop comes up for sale, the American Tobacco Company must have taken the old crops off their owners' hands. Fifteen-cent Burley will have been achieved.

And to what end? Such a price cannot be artificially maintained. The taste for Burley products has been fostered by companies now in the American Tobacco Company. There are a thousand ways for them to wean the public from that taste. They can vary the method of manufacture and make those brands unpopular, while substituting something else for them. They can use only the cheaper Burleys and leave the costly leaves untouched. They can gradually introduce other varieties of weed into their plug, until they have entirely supplanted Burley. They can experiment and develop other fields where Burley or something like it can grow. And this they can afford to do if they can get their tobacco eventually at seven or eight cents a pound, which means to them a saving of ten million dollars a year over the 15-cent price.

If they do not make any such move, but continue to buy Burley, paying for the pooled tobacco what it commands, and getting the rest in the open market, what then? The Blue Grass region in Kentucky alone can easily double its production of Burley, and if it is to have such a bonanza price it will quickly do so. The present shortage of labor will be overcome by importing Italian or other immigrant workmen, and the market will be flooded with Burley produced in this way. If the members of the Equity Society prove more patriotic and more unselfish than the average of mankind, and refrain from growing a larger acreage, in order to keep the supply down, their neighbors, who are not members, will promptly take advantage of this and plant the more. And it is absurd to sup-

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pose that even in Kentucky, the state of the Ku-Klux, of the toll-gate raids, and of innumerable feuds, the lawless prevention of tobacco-growing can continue. Governor Willson while he remains in office will enforce order. And his successor, whoever he may be, must either follow that programme or plunge the state into a condition of civil disorder horrible to imagine. The hill counties of the state will continue to produce their extreme quantities of Burley. They cannot increase. But the production will rise from 160,000,000 to 240,000,000 or more, under such an abnormal condition as a price buoyed by pooling.

No market can stand such an overproduction. The crash will come very quickly, and the farmers will be worse off than before, with their tobacco a drug on the market.

Of course in the end the affair must be taken in hand sensibly and solved some other way. The American Tobacco Company may be violating the laws of the state. It certainly violates laws which exist in other states. But there is no law which can be passed which will prevent the monopolizing of a restricted business by a concern of this nature. Certain measures can be taken to mitigate this monopoly. Independent concerns can be fostered by law, and encouraged by the Equity Society, so as to assure a growing competition. Laws can be passed so regulating the sale of tobacco that many of the existing abuses will be remedied. No law can be passed and maintained which will compel the monopoly to pay more than it is willing to pay for its crop. But much can be done toward reducing the overproduction which enables it to cut prices; and this can be done in the way of educating the farmer to better uses of his land.

It would seem that nothing could be simpler than to solve such a problem. "Grow something else," the world at large says to the hill-farmer. And if all the hills turned to something else, the shortage of Burley would send the price promptly up again. But growing something else is not so easy as it seems. The way to it is barred by ignorance — ignorance of many things. Set by lifelong tradition in the habit of tobacco-growing, the farmer points to his tenant-houses, his tobacco-barns, and his implements, and declares that all his capital is invested in this business. He asserts that his tenant knows how to grow nothing else with profit in it, that the traditional wheat and rye will not support life here. And this is true. But a tobacco-barn makes a stock-barn with very little alteration. Kentucky land raises fine corn, and Kentucky corn and grass and clover are as good for fattening fine stock as are those of Iowa. Chicago and Cincinnati are near markets, and this business alone ought to spell prosperity to many hill counties.

But the hill farmers are very poor farmers. All the horrors of soil-exhaustion and erosion which were described at the President's Conference of Governors are here shown in their worst state. Shallow ploughing — three inches or so — followed by the scattering of a little fertilizer in the rows, the rotation of perhaps two crops, and the abandonment of old fields to wash away with the torrential rains — these leave the farmer poorer and his land more exhausted every year. Stock well handled, land deeply subsoiled and ploughed in with the rich fertilizer of the stock-barn, long rotation of crops, such as is practiced on the best Illinois land, the introduction of such market crops as potatoes, onions, and beans, and the terracing or sodding of the steepest hillsides and planting with hardy pecans, walnuts, fruit, or grapes — these things will transform the hill counties of the Burley region and render them independent of any trust.

And in the end that is part of the work which Kentucky must do for its people. Either through some outside organization, or through a state commission, it must educate, must spread the work of its agricultural experiment stations, until the hill counties, as well as Blue Grass,

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are conserving their soil and enriching themselves in crops of stable and permanent value. It would, indeed, be an economic saving if some law could be passed by which the state itself, or the counties, could assist its tobacco-farmers in getting their new start, loaning to them on their land to furnish needed new equipment, in order that the change may be sooner brought about.

Aside from that, there is room for considerable modification in the anti-trust laws and in the laws governing the sale of tobacco. The regie combination which began the trouble was caused by a desire to eliminate "nested" tobacco, or the insertion of poor leaves in a hogshead of good by the connivance of prizer and sampler. If the prizer and the sampler were bonded and held liable for the delivery, and if the state were to assume the liability when the prizer and sampler were found guiltless, and if this were provided for by a slight insurance fee charged at the prizing, there would have been no need for such combination. And if the South Carolina law forbidding combination to avoid competitive bidding on agricultural products had been in force, the regie combination could not have existed.

I do not, however, believe that any law can be passed which will prevent the monopolizing of a restricted crop, as the American Tobacco Company has monopolized Burley. Independent concerns can be fostered by law and encouraged by such organizations as the Burley Tobacco Society to insure some competition, but the monopoly will dodge this in some underhand way. As we have said, the monopoly cannot be compelled to pay more than it is willing to pay for its crop. It is only by shifting to some other crop that the state can create the shortage that will increase the price; and even then the monopoly need not necessarily give the larger figure, since it is the only buyer. Just as hemp was given up by the Kentucky farmers forty years ago, so they must solve this problem by giving up Burley.

It is, however, unprofitable for us to go further into the hypothetical future of the Kentucky tobacco regions. I have described their troubles in full, in order to illustrate what may happen when the producers of a given crop, or a large number of them, make up their minds to stand together. Agricultural colleges are turning out every year a better educated class of farmers. Newspapers, books, and magazines are carrying education into the farthest part of the country. The average wheat-grower is no longer part of a lump — he is a busy and intelligent citizen. He has seen combination tried in many ways. The time may easily come when the right agitator will be able for a year or for two years to hold a great number of wheat-growers together in a union.

It is as impossible to police the country at large as it is to police Kentucky. It is easier to organize a band to enforce some popular movement than to organize a home-defense squad to resist it. Night-riding over the entire wheat belt is no more an impossible supposition than night-riding over all Kentucky. There is a wide margin between the farmers' price and the selling price for tobacco, so that the purchaser has as yet hardly felt the doubling of the farmers' price. But in wheat the margin is small. A combination to put up wheat to $1.25, or to exact $1 on the farm, wherever that might be, would be felt quickly by the whole country. It would send flour soaring. It could not be maintained except by violence. In the end it would collapse. But the quondam success of the pooling movement in the Kentucky tobacco district suggests that the time is past when the agriculturist should be left out of the anti-trust laws, or when we should consider him as exempt from the union-labor agitation.

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A PLEA FOR THE THEATRICAL MANAGER

BY LORIN F. DELAND

It is a great relief to the average man to find a scapegoat. When hard work produces only unsatisfactory results, how easy to charge up the blame to the other fellow! When theories fail, how pleasant to shift the responsibility for the disaster!

This desire to shift responsibility is very obvious just now in the way in which a certain public is railing at the low state of dramatic art; and just because it feels the situation so keenly it has found its scapegoat in the theatrical manager. Upon this low person, so unerringly portrayed in the facetious pages of the weekly press, with his immaculate shirt-front, his diamond studs, his cigar in the corner of his mouth, his feet on his desk, a disgusted public visits its wrath. He is the cause of the degradation of dramatic art.

Surely the charge is warranted! He "runs" the theatre, he engages the actors, he selects the attractions, he even dictates the undress of the actresses. His fault? Why, obviously! He is a coarse, grasping money-getter! Out upon him for a blasphemer of art! And even as the anathema is uttered, one can see that manager reach for his pen and sign up the most vulgar show of the season. Verily, he is a fellow of the baser sort.

As one of the "baser sort" myself, I undertake his defense. And my plea is all contained in six words: *You have arraigned the wrong person!* Let me explain. We low-browed fellows depend for existence on public patronage. We must give the public what it wants. Such giving is our license for existence; if we fail to do it, we are soon out of management, for money is made and lost quickly. Unfortunately, the public does not always know what it wants; that is the thorn in the managerial side. Its demand may be formulated, but often it is an inarticulate and unapprehended craving. Yet the manager must discover and satisfy that craving. The obligation is so inexorable that the mere fact that a manager is continuing in business from season to season is itself the proof that he is giving the public what it wants. And this is rarely what it needs!

But what does it want? What will it patronize? There is nothing on earth the anxious manager desires to know so much as this. It is just possible that he does not enjoy furnishing porcine pabulum, but on the other hand he cannot afford to throw pearls into the trough. And so each manager asks himself, as he sits at his desk to plan the productions of a new season, "What do they want?"

To get close to the situation, let us look at the great table on which the game is played, and at the size of the stakes. Nine-tenths of all the plays seen in our leading cities are directed, cast, staged, financed, and sent out from New York. It is but a short time since a single financial interest in that city controlled indirectly over five hundred theatres. The business is in few hands, and often a number of houses are interlaced in a chain or circuit, with or without partnership. The play produced in New York may remain for one year on Broadway; then it may go with the star for a season to the leading cities; then it is sent for one or two seasons with a road company to the smaller cities and towns; finally, for several years it may be leased to the stock houses. Thus it is not for one season alone that the manager plans his production, and his future stake ranges from the losses of one year to the prospective profits of five.

All this but emphasizes the importance

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of the decision he is required to make. Upon his answer to the question "What will the public patronize?" depends his failure or success for this season, and perhaps his continued existence as a theatrical manager. It is a very anxious man, then, who sits down at that desk in New York, and his anxiety is not without warrant. Perhaps there is no better time to study him, for those who hold the manager responsible for the degradation of dramatic art, than at this juncture while he is planning his new production, weighing every evidence of public appreciation, testing each point; perhaps, even, desirous of giving better art than is now given, but coming up at every turn before the solid wall of *fact*, — that he must give what a majority of the public will patronize, or face the alternative of bankruptcy. And obviously, before any artistic duty, must come the fundamental duty of the man and the citizen that he pay his bills.

Here, then, is the manager's task: he must read human nature with the skill of the philosopher; he must feel the public pulse with the solicitude of the physician; he must put his ear to the ground with the sharpened faculties of the Indian. He tries to do all this. Specifically he separates men into classes and analyzes each class. In attempting such an analysis ourselves, let us begin by dividing theatrical audiences into three classes.

In the first class we will put the people of Bad Taste. They divide naturally into two groups — the taste that is morally bad, and the taste that is æsthetically bad. We must consider them separately, for though we place them in one class, they are really wide apart. Of the first group, little need be said; their cultivation is not a mere negative quantity; it is positive; their taste is vicious and depraved. They live on "penny shockers" and dime novels; they crave "sensations." In the morning they buy a yellow journal for a cent; they demand battle, murder, and sudden death, and its columns rarely disappoint them. In the evening they pay fifteen cents to go to the theatre. They see *The Queen of the Highbinders*, or *The King of the Opium Ring*, or *The Queen of the White Slaves*. Alternating with these Bowery dramas, in deference to the patronage of an entirely different element, represented in the second group, are plays of more honest calibre, wherein primitive virtue in rugged setting is finally triumphant over raw and well-dressed vice. A blind man can detect the character of the audience, because these children of the people express pleasure and pain in a language peculiarly their own. You have heard the noisy laughter which voices pleasure; the house physician of any public hospital will tell you how they express pain. To feel is to express, and the theatre is vocal with the recognition of each dramatic situation. Every imagination is combustible at a different temperature, but this eagerness to express feeling is almost spontaneous combustion.

In each large city there is one of these theatres; in a city of a dozen theatres there would be two or three such playhouses. In their best condition they have a "family" patronage of persons who come every week under the subscription system. In these family theatres the Bowery melodrama is rarely seen, but in its place appeal is made more directly to the feminine element by such plays as *No Mother to Guide Her*, *Why Working Girls Sin*, and *Deserted at the Altar*. These are the theatres which I place in the second group of the Bad-Taste class as being æsthetic but not moral offenders. Indeed, so far are they from moral obliquity that they are almost kindergartens of ethical culture. They teach by object lessons. I am reminded of what one young girl who visited such a theatre confided to a settlement-house worker as they walked home together. She was much impressed by the gentleness and sweetness of the *ingénue*, and she said, "Oh, ain't she just grand, that little girl! If I talked that way to my mother, maybe she would n't get so mad with me." And

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she tried it on her mother to good effect, as I afterwards learned.

It should be noted that these theatres are projected to cater to this particular class in the community. There is less financial risk in their operation than in the ordinary theatre, because their clientèle, though restricted in size, is sharply defined in taste and desire, and hence there is no conjecture about what they want. They have a keen appetite for entertainment, and evince no hesitating loyalty in their support of their theatre. As a steady investment, by and large, such a theatre I believe earns higher profits than any other. If the theatres in a dozen leading cities were combined and classified, it probably would be found that these lower-priced houses have the highest earning capacity.

At the other extreme, in the third class, we will put the people of Good Taste, represented, let us say for the purposes of this argument, by such a constituency as the readers of this magazine. You, then, gentle reader, are one of this class. If you would realize how small is your class in the calculations of the theatre manager, ask yourself how many theatres you attend in your own city. Take Boston as an example. There are eighteen theatres in Boston, but you attend only six of them. And where do you sit when you go to the theatre? Almost invariably in the first ten rows of the orchestra. And the friends whom you see and recognize — where are they? They are to be found in these same ten rows, unless it is the opera, or some unusual occasion at high prices. You see how small is your class, and how financially unimportant on the treasurer's " count-up " sheet.

But who fill the fourteen or more rows of orchestra behind these ten rows? Who occupy the wide tiers of the first balcony? Whose are the dark forms that crowd the cavernous recesses of the second balcony till the line of bent heads stretches up to the dome of the theatre? And finally, who supplies the audiences for those other theatres which as yet we have not considered, but which constitute at least one-half of the total number in any city? The theatre manager can tell you; it is the great No-Taste class, fifteen times as large as the Good-Taste class, four times as large as the Bad-Taste class, a body which comprises three-fourths of all theatregoers, and which alone fills one-half of all our theatres. It is to this great army that the manager must look to pay his bills under the present system, *and he does not dare to produce a play which will not interest this middle class!*

Here, then, are the conditions which, like fetters upon the manager's wrists, bind him to the broad rock of artistic mediocrity, the safe meeting-ground of the uncultivated in all walks of life. These are the restrictions which prevent your having more of that higher dramatic art which you would so much enjoy. Before you can have the play that you want, you must wait till a drama is written so universal in its theme, so compelling in its appeal, so instinctive in its understanding of the human heart, that not only you, but the marcelled sales-lady of the department store, will be drawn to the theatre to see it.

There are such plays, but oh, how few of them! *The Music Master* is a recent example. They are like grains of wheat in a field of chaff. Meanwhile, the more subtle fancies of the playwright, the dramas in which he can play with themes that tempt his imagination, and weave the spells his fancy loves, are all laid aside. Although you, dear reader, would care for them, they must remain unwritten because our lady of the pompadour has not as yet sufficient cultivation to appreciate them.

And now, what is the remedy for this condition of dramatic anæmia? The first prescription is a familiar formula, — " Elevate the masses! Let the people of Bad Taste and the people of No Taste be taught to appreciate and demand better plays." I wonder if the golden age will ever come when this plan can be carried out. To me it seems as futile in

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practice as it is logical in theory. "You may lead a horse to water," says the proverb, "but you cannot make him drink." You may give your higher art in the most attractive setting, with excellent scenery and appointments, and at no advance in price, but the theatregoers of No Taste will not patronize it. They balk, they shy, and finally bolt for the playhouse which makes no demands upon gray matter. It is useless to sugar-coat the pill; they have taken such pills before, and they know that the after-taste is bad. They abhor subtlety, and have no use for anything subjective. They want the objective, — the heavy-handed objective, — and they don't complain if it is fired over the footlights out of a cannon. They are very sure that they know what they want, and in this self-analysis they are lamentably right.

It is not easy to dissent from this theory of the higher dramatic education of the masses, for it is widely held and is the solution of such close students of dramatic affairs as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. But an experience of four years in trying to raise the standard of a popular-priced stock theatre has made me skeptical, and changed my enthusiastic partner into a pessimist. We entered the field full of hope. Starting on a rather low level, and carefully avoiding the temptation to hasten the process, we made no change of bill for a time. Then, with the smallest appreciable gradation from week to week, we began the upward ascent. It was unnoticed at first. Things went swimmingly. We could almost see the "uplift." But one fine day the audience woke up from its trance, and looked at the play-bill. It was Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*. Now, they had no use for an aged professor's romance, and they were not accustomed to doing business with J. M. Barrie. They had been decoyed, trapped, ambushed — and they knew it! By the end of the week the professor and his love story were badly frost-bitten. In the language of the vernacular, the play did not "build." But we had started with an unlimited fund of patience, and, like Robert Bruce's spider, we dropped back merely to begin another upward movement. Alas, the result was the same. Letters poured in from indignant patrons. I wish that some of these missives might be reproduced here without violating faith; but it is perhaps sufficient to say that higher dramatic education received a severe blow, and our box-office statements taught us a lesson that we did not soon forget.

We found some consolation, however, in the discovery that Shakespeare would be allowed to go unchallenged. The "Bard of Avon" was not on the black list, and six of his plays which we produced drew crowded houses. This exception of Shakespeare is interesting. It is rather more of an acceptance of his plays than a demand for them, but the result, financially, is equally satisfactory. At first sight, it would seem to disprove the claim that a certain degree of cultivation is essential to an appreciation of the highest dramatic art. Be that as it may, whatever law governs the case is laid on lines of universal experience, for Shakespeare draws even better in the towns than in the cities. This widespread acceptance of the great dramatist is a strong argument with those who claim the possibility of higher dramatic education for the masses. It was easy to point to our box-office receipts on the six plays mentioned, and say that there was no need to despair when true merit was instantly recognized and appreciated like this.

But, to my thinking, the patronage of Shakespeare's plays by the apostles of the heavy-handed objective is only an instance of the American craze for education. It is an American point of sensitiveness to be posted on the things that one is generally supposed to know. As Sara Bernhardt says "*Ze Americain always arrives!*" He must be "in" at the finish, whether it is a social function, a physical test, or a question of knowledge. The average theatregoer accepts

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a Shakespearean play as he would accept a theory of creation. He neither apprehends its merit nor comprehends its construction. He simply admires because every one tells him he ought to admire. He has not even laid hold of the great dramatist's coat-tails, but is being drawn along with the suction of a mighty wind of traditional approbation. Had we been able to present *Hamlet* as an unknown play under the title of *A Prince of Denmark*, however well mounted and capably acted, I cannot believe that the public would have cared sixpence for it. The seats would have been full of absentees, and Hamlet might have exclaimed with truth, "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold."

We were able to detect this same educational impulse in the increased attendance at certain "book" plays which we produced. It is proper that the up-to-date American should be acquainted with the characters of Charles Dickens: he must recognize why one man is called a Uriah Heep, and another a Pecksniff; he certainly would be happier if references to Mr. Micawber conveyed any clear impression to his mind. So he goes to see *Little Em'ly*. It is "reading without tears." It is education while you wait. It accomplishes a great saving of time, for it kills two birds with one stone; he has the entertainment at the theatre, and he masters a whole book of characters with whom forever after he may claim a bowing acquaintance. At his side are others who come to refresh their memories, and to meet the old favorites of their youth. There is sentiment in it truly, but there is also a back-door to education in every such play, and thousands seek admission at this entrance rather than through the main door of amusement.

Speaking of plays brings up the question of their selection. This is the manager's fateful duty, and it is here that he most clearly reveals whether he is fit for his post. Two fundamentals need to be considered, — the quality of the play, and the character of the audience. In estimating the power of the play, it is important that one should detect with accuracy the value and sincerity of each motif, the vitality and consistency of each character, and the vibrating intensity of every situation or climax as it develops. In considering the character of the audience the rule is, "Put yourself in their place." But, obviously, to choose wisely for another, one must be able to see that other's point of view. In our own case, this last condition demanded that we should woo the second balcony at close range, and some interesting experiences came in the wooing.

We played daily matinées, and each matinée drew its own distinctive audience. The Monday matinée always brought us from seventy-five to one hundred of the steam-laundry workers of the city, they being by their hours compelled to choose between Monday afternoon and Wednesday evening. It was interesting to sit with them and hear their comments. I recall one play in which there was a squalid kitchen scene with a very dirty, slovenly woman. One girl nudged her companion and said with unabashed admiration, "Gee, ain't it just natural!"

At another time it was one of Shakespeare's plays, which evidently failed to satisfy, for I heard the disgusted comment, — "When are they going to put on something worth going to? I hate all these uptown plays. They're too stiff for me! No love in them at all!" One of the characters was "The Banished Duke." They were in some doubt as to the pronunciation, but one or two called it "duck," and this seemed to be accepted as correct. After the fall of the curtain they disputed as to the heroine's pronunciation and inflection of certain words, and each one was soon imitating the inflection she liked best. One woman was evidently studying the fashions, and the gown of the leading lady gave her exquisite joy. She clutched her neighbor's arm and said,

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"Tell me, for the love of God, how she gets in and out of that dress. I'm after making one for Annie." So Bad Taste finds the theatre a school of æsthetics as well as of ethics.

The recital of such incidents might be continued almost indefinitely. To estimate the full influence of the theatre on some of these bleak and unlovely lives, one needs to know the sacrifices that are made in order to obtain the coveted fifteen cents each week for the play. The things that cost us dearly are the things that have power to mould us, because they are bought by sacrifices. I knew of one family where the effort of the whole week was to save the money for Katie to go to the theatre. Katie was a girl of twenty-four years, with the mind of a mature woman and the body of a six-year-old child. The family was woefully poor, but the mother made every sacrifice to eke out the fifteen cents each week, and rarely did I fail to find Katie on Thursday afternoons in the second balcony. It was her one joy in life. "Ain't it all beautiful?" she said one day; "I just settles down to enjoy life." And then for two hours and a half she was lost to her world of misery, and lived with heroes and heroines.

But we are wandering from the subject of how to educate the masses to appreciate higher dramatic art. I am afraid that we shall in truth wander far into the twentieth century ere the light dawns. When it comes to lifting up the great army of No-Taste theatre-goers, I fear that some of us will ourselves be lifted up from this mundane sphere before we obtain an enlightened drama with an expository school of American acting. But here is the question: Are we going to do without cake because that great army headed by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, prefers to eat bread? Shall we have no beauty which they cannot appreciate equally with us? Must we wait on their higher development before we can indulge the taste that is our heritage? Shall we have no food for our hungry æstheticism because they have indigestion? Such a proposition seems to me as unfair as to claim that, because the majority of passengers on an ocean liner travel in the steerage, there need be no first cabin. The man of Bad Taste cares little for the plays of the No-Taste theatre; if one stops to reflect, why should not the man of Good Taste care equally little for them?

And this brings me to the only solution, as it seems to me, of the present situation. If we are to have higher dramatic art in this country, with all the advantages which the exposition of such art would bring, it must come through a plan of segregating the classes on the line of mental and æsthetic appreciation. There are a few who have a genuine interest in the drama as an art. In all seriousness they are asking for a higher aim and better standard of work in some theatre. The demand is legitimate, and the question arises, Why should not this class have its own theatre, just as the Bad Taste of the community has its two or three theatres in every large city? If Bad Taste supports its theatres and No Taste supports its theatres, why should not Good Taste show an equal loyalty to its ideals? Can there not be a theatre with this higher aim in at least one of our American cities? The city of Boston, for example, maintains eighteen theatres; in that long list is there not one theatre that may safely dare to cater to Good Taste rather than to popular mediocrity?

It is for the persons who can appreciate such a theatre to answer that question. Their support alone can make the plan feasible. Will they stand for their high ideals as loyally as the "ten-twenty-thirty" patrons now support their two or three theatres? Let us frankly admit that in the latter case there exists a more active demand for entertainment of this nature. Hard toil and daily worry crave the relaxation of amusement. Absence of cultivation greatly restricts the number of possible pleasures, and the play-house

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of the people, with its heavy-handed ethics, becomes a very Godsend in a community where the bar-room and the lighted streets at night are the only enjoyable alternatives. It unites the members of the family in their pleasure-taking, and it preaches many a sermon in parable. Let us beware of "elevating" such drama above the easy grasp of its devoted admirers. It is all merely entertainment, and we welcome it without a word of regret.

But we have a right to demand that the drama which is offered to persons of cultivation shall be treated not as mere entertainment, but as an art. We require that literature, architecture, painting, music, and sculpture shall furnish us instruction and inspiration. Why should we insult the drama by treating it always as mere amusement? Why should not a sign of theatrical cultivation in the most prosperous nation of the world be as much in evidence as its Bad Taste? If the light could be kindled in but one American city, it might serve as an example and an inspiration to other communities.

And when that light is kindled, what shall we see? What will it reveal to us that we do not now enjoy? Let us be specific, that all may know where we stand. Just what, then, do we mean by "a higher aim and better standard of work" in the theatre? What is the end to be attained, and what must the loyal member of the Good-Taste class do as his share in the work of attaining it?

The answer cannot be epitomized, but I will try to reply briefly. First, we shall have acting that is not done by one star shining resplendent against a background of weak support. The plays will not be carefully chosen because they are one-part plays and give one performer a chance to show his or her unique gifts. They will not be excised so that no advantage — not even a "laugh," and certainly no applause — can possibly come to any but the star. The actors will not be driven down stage that the star may always face the audience, or banished into corners so that the centre may be perpetually reserved for him. In short, the play and its presentation will not be cut and trimmed and fitted to the actor's gifts and the actor's vanity. Instead, there will be a well-balanced company, disciplined, and thoroughly in earnest. They will be in spirit with the work, or they will have no part in it. Personal whims, and the eccentricities of "temperament," will be tolerated only up to the point where every one is faithfully working for the whole success as distinguished from any mere personal triumph. There will be no hard-and-fast "lines" of business, but every play will be cast to the best advantage of the whole company, and every actor will "play as cast."

It will not be an easy task at first to induce the best actors to appear without featured head-lines, to submit to discipline of this sort, and to act as a company, for company glory, with true *esprit de corps;* but I know whereof I speak when I say that it can be done. I believe that such a company can be assembled, and under proper leadership I am confident that eventually it can be imbued with the right spirit. It is the old formula of team-play, and the results are the same whether it is an army in the field, an orchestra in the concert-room, a crew on the river, or a company of highly-organized, over-sensitive dramatic artists in a play.

So much for the acting; now as to the plays. It is a fact that there is a lamentable dearth of good *new* plays. But it is also true that, except in very rare instances, no play is given a chance of presentation unless presumably it will appeal to the average theatre-going person. That, as I said in the beginning, is an absolute requirement. The average theatre-goer likes humor, and so the number of laughs in the play is advertised in the papers; he abhors gloom, so there must be a happy ending, regardless of probability or consequences. It is to

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this sort of human nature that our playwrights must hold up the mirror if they are to obtain a hearing.

Think of it! The great drama, of really great power, must "end prettily." I am glad to say that at times when our purse was not empty we dared to violate this rule. We presented the American adaptation of Beyerlein's *Zapfenstreich*, although for two years the repeated and urgent warnings of our agents and advisers were wholly against the play. "It never succeeds!" "They won't like it!" "It's over their heads!" "It ends badly!" — So said those who knew. But we gave Boston its first and only sight of *Taps*, and it played to crowded houses. Had we been operating the theatre merely for financial profit, we should not have dared to produce it. Yet, to our astonishment, we found in this one case that art paid! I could name a score of plays that come in this same class — dramas which the readers of this magazine would enjoy far more than the plays which labor through four acts to exploit some popular star. But no manager is giving them, because the theatre cannot rise higher than the level of its box-office support.

Some of these great plays we may hope to see to the accompaniment of powerful acting, if we will join earnestly in the demand for better dramatic art. But as every privilege carries with it some responsibility, so it will be the duty of each one of us to support such a theatre, when it does come, with something more than expressions of approval. We may not have funds to subscribe, yet surely we can do more than buy tickets to occasional performances. We must see to it that, so far as we can compel it, such a theatre shall not fail of hearty support from every intelligent person in the community. Interest, to be of value, must express itself at the ticket-window. Let it be our mission to awaken that interest.

The establishment of such a theatre, apart from the pleasure to those who build it, will be a strong educational movement in dramatic art. Let us remember that education costs money, and that as a people we have endowed conservatories of music and museums of art without a question as to the necessity for doing so. Dramatic art, such as we are considering, cannot be wholly dependent on box-office receipts in New York or Boston, any more than it is today in Paris or Vienna. There it is the work of government; here it must be the work of private individuals — of those who care. I believe that we can have this better art as soon as we give evidence that we will support it with the same earnestness with which the theatre as an institution is supported by its less exacting patrons.

In other words, we must light what Ruskin calls the "lamp of sacrifice." Not by occasional support, not by merely visiting the theatre when we have nothing better to do, shall we become worthy of a nobler and more spiritual dramatic art. Loyalty to ideals demands sacrifice, and it is no sacrifice to attend a theatre when we want to see the play. We can afford to waive our demand that a particular play shall give us pleasure, if its presentation is true to the principles for which we plead. We must support our theatre through its failures, for they are inevitable, and despite its mistakes, for they are equally so, asking only that the effort as a whole shall foster and develop that higher dramatic art which we have at heart. We must be patient, and we must wait. Not to be blinded by popular approval nor disheartened by popular distaste, not to desire any success which is not built on true merit, and to be lenient with faulty details so long as the general conception and effect are right — these are parts of the price we must pay for an ennobled stage.

Already there are signs of the coming of such a theatre. The New Theatre in New York is an established fact, and its direction has been entrusted to a man of discriminating taste and imaginative

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insight, who will not be satisfied with anything but the best. The experiment is not starting, however, under wholly ideal conditions, for the ambition of New York has found expression in a too large auditorium, and this same ambition will find it hard to admit later that the institutions of the old world cannot be duplicated in a comparatively short time. Not even the art of France could create a Comédie Française to-day if it did not exist. But nevertheless a most interesting experiment is being made, from which it may safely be inferred that some better art will result.

Looking beyond New York, we have had the suggestive, even if somewhat unfortunate, experiment for four months in the New Theatre, Chicago, under the management of Victor Mapes. San Francisco is reported as finding time, in the midst of her strenuous rebuilding, seriously to consider a movement along these lines. Philadelphia has been holding meetings and subscribing money. And here in Boston we have been trying to gain practical experience for such work by four years of theatre operation — serving an apprenticeship which will be found valuable if the time ever comes when its lessons can be applied to the larger problem.

I have said that such dramatic art as we are now considering must be independent, for a time at least, of box-office receipts. This is not because of a conceded lack of patronage, but because such art demands a very small theatre for its proper expression. Theatres to-day are constructed with a watchful eye to their seating capacity, regardless of the admitted fact that natural acting can never be brought to perfection in a playhouse where a part of the audience is very far from the stage. But the theatre of to-day is from first to last a money-making institution, and its gallery gods, six hundred or more, must be propitiated, for their dimes count. So the actors raise their voices and the stage manager broadens every effect, for both must carry over the intervening distance up to the furthest curve of the dome.

We do not realize how this money-making attitude has steadily enlarged our theatres and wrought havoc to dramatic art, for the change has been gradual. Over a century ago, when the Haymarket Theatre in London was doomed to enlargement, Sarah Siddons complained that no longer would it be possible to have good acting in that theatre, for the increased size of the auditorium put a stop to it. Yet the old Haymarket in its enlarged size was smaller than any theatre in Europe to-day, and must have been ridiculously small compared to the modern American playhouse. And remember that this was tragedy which Mrs. Siddons was acting — not comedy.

It would seem to be a lamentable corollary, that as the number of seats is reduced the price per seat must advance. But the small theatre which I hope to see built some day, with a fine company of artists on its stage, will be able to maintain itself, if at all, upon the ordinary theatre price of one dollar and a half for the best orchestra seat. And I believe that the performances in this theatre, under proper management, will soon be able to justify the experiment of the reduced size, — an experiment which no theatre-manager who depends on box-office receipts can as yet regard with anything but horror.

And so we come back to the question with which we started, — who is to blame for the present deplorable condition of dramatic art? Is it the theatrical manager? Not if his first duty is to pay his bills. Who then? Behold, the very man who asks the question is himself the man who must answer it. Who is to blame? "Why, I am! I, who want good art, but am not willing to pay the price; I, who have ideals but no self-sacrifice, convictions but not courage, obligations without impulses."

And unfortunately, in a world constituted as ours is, if you will not pay the piper you cannot have the dance.

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LIFE

BY EDITH WHARTON

NAY, lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more
Pour the wild music through me —

I quivered in the reed-bed with my kind,
Rooted in Lethe-bank, when at the dawn
There came a groping shape of mystery
Moving among us, that with random stroke
Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe,
Pierced, fashioned, lipped me, sounding for a voice,
Laughing on Lethe-bank — and in my throat
I felt the wing-beat of the fledgeling notes,
The bubble of godlike laughter in my throat.

Such little songs she sang,
Pursing her lips to fit the tiny pipe,
They trickled from me like a slender spring
That strings frail wood-growths on its crystal thread,
Nor dreams of glassing cities, bearing ships.
She sang, and bore me through the April world
Matching the birds, doubling the insect-hum
In the meadows, under the low-moving airs,
And breathings of the scarce-articulate air
When it makes mouths of grasses — but when the sky
Burst into storm, and took great trees for pipes,
She thrust me in her breast, and warm beneath
Her cloudy vesture, on her terrible heart,
I shook, and heard the battle.
But more oft,
Those early days, we moved in charmèd woods,
Where once, at dusk, she piped against a faun,
And one warm dawn a tree became a nymph
Listening; and trembled; and Life laughed and passed.
And once we came to a great stream that bore
The stars upon its bosom like a sea,
And ships like stars; so to the sea we came.
And there she raised me to her lips, and sent
One wild pang through me; then refrained her hand,
And whispered: "Hear —" and into my frail flanks,
Into my bursting veins, the whole sea poured
Its spaces and its thunder; and I feared.

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We came to cities, and Life piped on me
Low calls to dreaming girls,
In counting-house windows, through the chink of gold,
Flung cries that fired the captive brain of youth,
And made the heavy merchant at his desk
Curse us for a cracked hurdy-gurdy; Life
Mimicked the hurdy-gurdy, and we passed.

We climbed the slopes of solitude, and there
Life met a god, who challenged her and said:
"Thy pipe against my lyre!" But "Wait!" she laughed,
And in my live flank dug a finger-hole,
And wrung new music from it. Ah, the pain!

We climbed and climbed, and left the god behind.
We saw the earth spread vaster than the sea,
With infinite surge of mountains surfed with snow,
And a silence that was louder than the deep;
But on the utmost pinnacle Life again
Hid me, and I heard the terror in her hair.

Safe in new vales, I ached for the old pang,
And clamoured "Play me against a god again!"
"Poor Marsyas-mortal — he shall bleed thee yet,"
She breathed and kissed me, stilling the dim need.
But evermore it woke, and stabbed my flank
With yearnings for new music and new pain.
"Another note against another god!"
I clamoured; and she answered: "Bide my time.
Of every heart-wound I will make a stop.
And drink thy life in music, pang by pang.
But first thou must yield the notes I stored in thee
At dawn beside the river. Take my lips."

She kissed me like a lover, but I wept,
Remembering that high song against the god,
And the old songs slept in me, and I was dumb.

We came to cavernous foul places, blind
With harpy-wings, and sulphurous with the glare
Of sinful furnaces — where hunger toiled,
And pleasure gathered in a starveling prey,
And death fed delicately on young bones.

"Now sing!" cried Life, and set her lips to me.
"Here are gods also. Wilt thou pipe for Dis?"

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My cry was drowned beneath the furnace roar,
Choked by the sulphur-fumes; and beast-lipped gods
Laughed down on me, and mouthed the flutes of hell.

"Now sing!" said Life, reissuing to the stars;
And wrung a new note from my wounded side.

So came we to clear spaces, and the sea.
And now I felt its volume in my heart,
And my heart waxed with it, and Life played on me
The song of the Infinite. "Now the stars," she said.

Then from the utmost pinnacle again
She poured me on the wild sidereal stream,
And I grew with her great breathings, till we swept
The interstellar spaces like new worlds
Loosed from the fiery ruin of a star.

Cold, cold we rested on black peaks again,
Under black skies, under a groping wind;
And life, grown old, hugged me to a numb breast,
Pressing numb lips against me. Suddenly
A blade of silver severed the black peaks
From the black sky, and earth was born again,
Breathing and various, under a god's feet.
A god! A god! I felt the heart of Life
Leap under me, and my cold flanks shook again.
He bore no lyre, he rang no challenge out,
But Life warmed to him, warming me with her,
And as he neared I felt beneath her hands
The stab of a new wound that sucked my soul
Forth in a new song from my throbbing throat.

"His name — his name?" I whispered, but she poured
The music faster, and I grew with it,
Became a part of it, while Life and I
Clung lip to lip, and I from her wrung song
As she from me, one song, one ecstasy,
In indistinguishable union blent,
Till she became the flute and I the player.
And lo! the song I played on her was more
Than any she had drawn from me; it held
The stars, the peaks, the cities, and the sea,
The faun's catch, the nymph's tremor, and the heart
Of dreaming girls, of toilers at the desk,
Apollo's challenge on the sunrise slope,

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And the hiss of the night-gods mouthing flutes of hell —
All, to the dawn-wind's whisper in the reeds,
When Life first came, a shape of mystery,
Moving among us, and with random stroke
Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe.
All this I wrung from her in that deep hour,
While Love stood murmuring: "Play the god, poor grass!"

Now, by that hour, I am a mate to thee
Forever, Life, however spent and clogged,
And tossed back useless to my native mud!
Yea, groping for new reeds to fashion thee
New instruments of anguish and delight,
Thy hand shall leap to me, thy broken reed,
Thine ear remember me, thy bosom thrill
With the old subjection, then when Love and I
Held thee, and fashioned thee, and made thee dance
Like a slave-girl to her pipers — yea, thou yet
Shalt hear my call, and dropping all thy toys
Thou'lt lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more
Pour the wild music through me —

THE HEROINE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

Miss Flora Belle Wickles was stenographer at Whiteside & Johnson's, the wholesale grocers; and her father was hostler at the Bon Ton Livery Stables; and Joe Kinney, who desired to marry her, and had been refused, worked in a repair shop, and his fingers were almost always black, and he was very "uncultured."

And as if here were not quite enough to crush out the hope Miss Wickles cherished of one day being a personage, an unkindly fate had denied her even the compensating charm of rare beauty. Flora Belle, or Florabel, or Flo Rabelle, or Flor-Abelle — you could find the name written in any of these ways, and I do not know how many besides, on the odd scraps of paper that floated about her desk — was short and squarish; she had freckles, and, much against her will, she had to wear glasses, black-rimmed and bowed. But an unconquerable soul, such as Flora Belle's, may triumph over many obstacles.

Flora Belle had a way of telling herself, with a certain grim satisfaction, that if things had been different, she would not have had to be a stenographer at Whiteside & Johnson's. She was an unusual girl, and knew it. In school she had taken prizes over and over again for excellence in declamation; and that she had considerable dramatic talent had been made clear to every one when her graduating class in the Grammar School had presented *The Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare. To Flora Belle had

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been assigned a merely supernumerary part (just because she wore glasses — she knew it perfectly well — and her father was a hostler); but at the last minute the pink and white ninny who had studied the rôle of Portia was seized by a fit of nervous hysterics, and the whole performance was careening toward disaster. Then who but Flora Belle Wickles should step forth!

"I have got every line of the part," she announced simply, "and have often rehearsed it at home, just for my own pleasure."

Of course they let her try it; and she went through without a single slip; and afterwards several of those girls had kissed her; and the English teacher had said to her, —

"Miss Wickles, we shall hear from you again, some day, I am sure. You are truly gifted."

And Flora Belle had gone home to the tenement she lived in, over the livery stable, sternly resolved to be somebody some day.

But how? Six years had passed, and the question was still unanswered. Whiteside & Johnson's received her every morning, and every night she returned with a dull discontent to the tenement over the livery stable; and however eagerly she might peer into the future, she did not see anything ahead but the same stupid round, over and over. How was one to become a personage on such a pitiful stage as that? To be sure, there was Joe Kinney; but the very thought of marrying a repairist distressed her. Joe was allowed to come round to see her, and take her out for little times now and then, but only on the explicit understanding that his suit was hopeless.

To those who are well-read in such matters, that would have been one indication of the highly-colored imaginings that possessed her soul; and there was another, too: an inveterate habit she had of devoting herself, during every leisure minute of her office-day, to the creation of some article or other of personal adornment. When spring was coming on, for example, it was likeliest to be an elaborate embroidery hat, kept by in a spare drawer of her desk, and brought out at the first moment of relaxation. The embroidery hat was far from becoming to Flora Belle. Indeed, it did but add a grim irony to the plainness of her features; and the same criticism must be passed upon her habit of wearing collars that were too high, belts that were too tight, shoes that were too small. By such means, the gracelessness of her stocky person was only enhanced.

Even that stupid, uncultured Joe Kinney had got some notion of this truth; and once he so little qualified his valor with discretion as to bring it to her notice. They had been starting out together, one summerlike Sunday afternoon in May, for a trip to Magnolia Park, a few miles outside the city.

"I dunno as I'm so turrible hot for it," observed the repairist dubiously. He gave a dogged shake to his head, and wrinkled up one side of his face, as he looked at her.

"Hot for what?" returned Flora Belle, somewhat superciliously, and by her tone providing the phrase with quotation marks of scorn, — for she did not approve of street-slang.

But she knew what he meant, and gave him no chance to answer her.

"Is it anybody's business what I choose to wear?" she demanded sharply. "Who's going to find fault?"

"Sure — that's all right," agreed Joe bluntly. "It's your own funeral."

"Look here, Joe Kinney," she directed. "I suppose it's my hat."

Joe nodded stolidly.

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

There were no disguises in Joe's habits of utterance. "Oh, there ain't nothing the matter with the hat, as I can see," he said, — "only I don't think you're made for them kind. You see — it ain't as if you was exactly — "

She cut him off with a whirlwind of

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bitterness. "Oh, I know. You need n't trouble yourself to explain. You mean I'm not pretty, like some of your wax dolls that don't know enough to put on rubbers when it's wet. Well, if you prefer them so much, why don't you go and chase them? It won't offend me in the least, Mr. Kinney; and you need n't bother to come back again, — do you understand?"

That was a very unreasonable and ill-tempered speech, certainly, to have come from the lips of our Flora Belle, especially when it was clear that Joe had meant nothing but friendliness; but you see she had been touched in an excessively tender spot. For some reason or other, she could not bear to admit that she was plain-looking. Her glass was her most detested counselor; and she was always contriving to study her reflection there under special conditions, such as a subdued light, or an exceptionally favorable angle; and by these means she had almost cheated herself into the belief that Flo Rabelle was not altogether the baseless fabric of a vision.

Flo Rabelle — it was thus that she most commonly denominated her *alter ego* — was, indeed, strikingly beautiful. She was brilliant and witty; rapt circles of intelligent faces hung upon her words. And she was a performer of many startling and picturesque deeds of bravery.

Flo Rabelle was concerned almost daily with such scenes as the following:

"Suppose all of a sudden the cry, 'Fire, Fire!' should be heard — what would you do?" — And Miss Wickles would proceed to figure out a complete schedule of action. In imagination she even heard people telling about it later: "Then, in the midst of all the panic, the clear, low, self-contained voice of Flo Rabelle was heard, commanding order. The effect was electrical. Every one turned to her for directions. 'You attend to this,' she ordered, calm as a general, 'you, that.' A magnificent display of courage and brains!"

Or again, it would be a child caught from the very muzzle of a runaway auto, and returned to its amazed and grateful parents. "Who was that striking-looking young girl," they would ask breathlessly, "that risked her life for our little one, and then disappeared, as mysteriously as she came?" — and the answer would be heard: "That is Flo Rabelle." — "What," they would exclaim, "the famous Flo Rabelle, who has done so many acts of daring! God bless her!' — And later —

Well, Miss Wickles had plenty of dreams, as you see, of a career brilliantly dramatic; and though there seemed small enough likelihood of their ever coming true, she cherished them jealously; and her picture hats, and her tight belts, and her despite for the crude overtures of that Joe Kinney, and her experiments in name-mintage were all of a piece.

Now it happened that on this very afternoon of the final rupture (as she termed it) with the uncultured repairist, she decided to take two of her small sisters for a little jaunt in the country — in fact, out to Magnolia Park. I think it was only benevolence that prompted her to this act. Probably the thought never occurred to her that perhaps she might encounter Joe there in the company of one of those wax dolls, and that this would be one way of letting him see for himself that she did not care. It does not matter greatly anyway, since, as the issue will show, Flora Belle was destined never to reach the park that day.

It was the first afternoon of real summer heat — one of those premature July days that come sometimes in mid-May, almost before the leaves are fully out, and which are the hardest of all to bear because no one is yet prepared for them. Crowds were fleeing out of the city. The trolley-cars were packed to capacity; and so suddenly had come the heat, that more than half the available traction was still by the regulation closed cars of winter.

It was in one of these latter that Flora Belle had secured a place, close to the

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front window, with a small sister on either hand. Though not excessively crowded, the car was frightfully uncomfortable: the upholstered seats, the low ceiling, the limited apertures, seemed to shut in the heat about one, oppressive, stifling beyond endurance. The majority of the passengers were women, and their gayly-decked, broad-brimmed hats were oddly out of keeping with the flaccid, heat-wilted faces underneath.

Flora Belle was listlessly observing the motorman through the dirty front glass. His face was very red, except for a mottling of white at the temple and behind his ear; and the sweat was running in little streams down his neck and cheeks.

"What if suddenly he should be overcome?" mused she; and at once she was all alertness and attention. A thrilling scene presented itself! Quick as thought she would be upon her feet, and with a gesture of confidence quiet the frenzied passengers; then she would step over the prostrate form of the motorman, and seizing the crank —

But the conductor! — She looked at him. No, he would jump. He was a soft, lily-faced thing.

She began to study the manner in which the motorman managed the car, — how the left-hand crank controlled the power: round to the right, clockwise, full current; to the left, shut off. Yes, she could do that. She watched the application of the brake, and the rapping of the gong with the right foot. The whole episode was taking substance in her imagination.

They were just reaching the first downward slope of a long hill at the foot of which was a railroad crossing at grade; and at this very instant a freight train of some sixty or more cars was crawling into sight from the west. It would be at the crossing in a few seconds.

Her heart gave a wild leap. The story was complete — if only — and she looked almost vindictively at the motorman, who was standing there so imperturbably at his post, just as if he were not, by that very fact, shutting out Flo Rabelle from the chance of a lifetime.

And then — even as she looked — the thing she was dreaming of came suddenly to pass. Without a hint of a warning, without a turn of the head or a gesture or a cry, the motorman crumpled down, and lay in an unconscious heap on the floor of the car.

There was a shrill scream of fright from the passengers. The conductor disappeared. The car gave a reeling lurch as it took the slight turn at the head of the second incline; leaped forward; plunged down the hill at a speed that was appalling. Terror took hold of the occupants. A few started blindly to their feet, and staggered toward the rear door. Some covered their eyes.

The story had come true. Flora Belle Wickles gave one incredulous glance about her, scarce able to accept the evidence of her senses. But yes — it had come true. It was acting itself out — here — in real life. She was a part of it. She was the heroine.

The heroine leaped to her feet.

"Silence!" was the command, cutting, relentless, as a knife. "Keep your seats!"

The next instant, with the self-possession of life-long practice, she was at the front of the car — one hand on the power-lever, the other grasping the brake. The broad roadway flew toward her; on each side the fences slid past like thin strips of tape, dizzily unreeling. Below — still distant — she saw the grade crossing, which the engine had just reached.

But Flo Rabelle knew no fear. She was certain of her ability to stop the car; and she desired that no dramatic aspect of the situation be neglected.

Her first act was calmly to throw off the power. That was easily done — accomplished precisely as her observations had instructed her. It was almost too easy. Even at that moment of supreme action, Flo Rabelle longed for a greater task than merely to shove a crank in an anti-clockwise direction.

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Then — not too violently — she gave a turn to the brake. She felt its first bite on the spinning wheels underneath. She did not hurry. There was still plenty of distance between her and the crossing. She would not jar or upset her human freight, — would not act clumsily. She pushed the thing through another wide arc. The car was slowing down comfortably. She remembered about the gong and put her foot to it. It made a magnificent clangor — over and over again — announcing to all the world that a control sure and efficient was at the helm.

The rest was only child's play. At a distance of some forty yards from the crossing — where the lazy freight was still trailing its slow length — the car came to a full stop.

Flo Rabelle meditated whether to turn and make a bow, or merely to stand quietly, unassumingly, where she was. But she had no chance to decide the matter, for at the same instant eager arms clutched her from every direction; she was pulled and patted and embraced and kissed and wept over. While three or four men removed the unconscious motorman to a neighboring shed, Flo Rabelle was dragged by a clamorous mob into the middle of the road.

"Who is she?" — "How did you do it?" — "Oh, you brave girlie! — you brave girlie!" — "How can we ever thank you?" — "Oh, was n't she simply wonderful?" — "What presence of mind!" — "Oh, the dear, brave little creature!" — "Who is she, anyway? Does *nobody* know?" —

Surely nothing could be more handsomely real than that; and yet it was just at this moment that, for the first time, there came to her a shock of unreality. What was it all about, anyway? She stared at the freight train, dragging its caboose across the highway. She stared at the motionless car in front of her, emptied now of all its human cargo. Something unbelievable, preposterous, nonsensical about the whole situation thrust itself into her mind, and she laughed outright — inappropriately enough, for that matter — in the face of her insatiate admirers.

Ah, but you should have seen the newspaper accounts that followed! The *Citizen* gave it a whole half-page, the next morning, with a four-by-five cut of the "Plucky Little Stenographer" who had saved fifty-five lives from annihilation. — "Thrilling Act of Heroism" blazoned the headlines. — "Amazing Coolness and Self-Command" — "Grateful Three-Score Raise Handsome Purse." — "'T will Educate Two Tiny Sisters,' Says Pretty Flora Belle Wickles."

The four-by-five cut was masterly. The likeness was idealized just enough for effective journalistic presentation. It included the embroidery hat. It excluded the black-bowed glasses. It penciled the eyebrows; arched the line of the mouth. It supplied a grace here, reduced a defect there, — offered, in short, a perfect portrait of Flo Rabelle.

The Wickleses, big and little, especially the Tiny Two, reveled in the sudden glory that had come upon their house. The story was repeated, and copies of the *Citizen* and the *News* brought forth for display a dozen times an afternoon. At Whiteside & Johnson's Flora Belle heard nothing else talked of for days. A reporter from the *News* came there to interview her, and the two were closeted together for a long time in Mr. Whiteside's private office, — while heads wagged on all sides.

Miss Miggs, whose desk was next to Miss Wickles, asserted that Flora Belle was receiving love-letters and offers in marriage every day from all over the country. She managed to read a part of one, she said, without Miss Wickles knowing she was looking, and it was just the most adorable thing you ever saw. It was from a palmist, and his picture was at the top; and he was the handsomest man! — "Though for that matter, I don't know as I'd want to marry a palmist, would you? — And Flora Belle would n't either, I guess, because she just tore

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it up, like she was mad, and threw it in the waste-basket.

"'What you so huffed about, Miss Wickles?' says I; and she says, 'The slush some people can write!' and not another word could I get out of her."

Miss Miggs thought Miss Wickles a little queer anyway; most girls that had a set of brains like hers were more or less that way. "I don't know 's I envy the man that marries her," said Miss Miggs. "Her ideas are so absolutely different from most folks'."

As for Flora Belle herself, she was involved, during these famous days, in a psychological maze of the most intricate and baffling nature. She could not possibly have explained to you the singular processes that were going forward steadily, silently, irresistibly, in the depths of her soul. She was not in control of them; they went of themselves, and brought her to the most unexpected of issues.

For a few hours — days, perhaps — she had stood on a pinnacle of dizzy joy. She had demonstrated Flo Rabelle. The confidence she had so long and so ardently cherished that there was something more in her than a mere office-drudge — it had been no delusion. She had become a personage.

But, oddly enough, that joy supported her only a brief time. She felt it begin to slip from her — struggled to hold it — and failed. The more people talked, gaped, and admired, the less she seemed to relish it. After all — she kept asking herself — what had she *really* done? Endowed with what Miss Miggs had termed "a set of brains," she was compelled to use them; and she could not help perceiving a discrepancy, and a rather disturbing one, between the actual occurrence and the newspaper romancing that had grown up about it in a night.

For hours, in the silence of her bedroom, after the little Wickleses were all asleep, she had pored over the four-by-five portrait — first with intense, unreasoning gratification; finally with a sort of fierce resentment. That was not *her*. It looked no more like her than it did like the Duchess of Marlborough. They had not even had the decency to leave her her glasses. Not that she had any fancy for the abominable things; but for all that, they *were* a part of her. She was not good enough for them to present as she was. They must make her different; work her over; improve her.

How utterly foolish most people were, anyway, mused Flora Belle, as her cynicism grew more pronounced. Just because she had happened actually to do a thing she had always been perfectly capable of doing, now they would begin to cackle about her, and pat her on the back, and raise a purse, and send her slushy letters. As if she were not the identical Flora Belle of the older obscure days, no better, no worse, than when nobody had even so much as asked her name. Well, their notice had come too late to hoodwink or mislead her now!

Thus, long before the Wickleses had ceased to bring out copies of the *Citizen*, or the gossip at Whiteside & Johnson's had subsided, Flora Belle was stricken with a disenchantment such as she had never known before. Life had quite lost its zest for her. She wished that she had never done *that thing;* that she were still the simple, blithe-hearted, unknown girl she had always been until that accursed day. Once — long ago — friendship — admiration — love — had meant something.

Staunch, faithful Joe! She found herself thinking of him now with an odd tenderness, almost longing! How frank he had been; how outspoken; how honest, — taking her for what she was; not afraid to speak openly of her faults — and they were faults. She knew it; down in her heart of hearts she had always known it.

Ten days must have passed since the hideous Rescue of Three-Score; and she had not seen Joe once in all that time; and, what was more, she felt almost positive that she should never see him again unless she sent for him; for it was

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clear that he had taken what she had said about a final rupture just as she had said it, — and she had not really meant it quite that way; at least — all she had meant was —

Impulsively, without stopping to find a justification for such precipitate action, — could it be some vague, inarticulate fear lest Joe be already casting his affections upon a wax doll? — she dashed him off a note: —

Would you feel like walking home with me to-night at half-past five?

F. B. W.

gave it into the custody of a special messenger, and waited, in a tumult of expectancy, for the close of the day.

Joe was there at the door. She gave her hand to him. Looking down with a kind of lurking defiance into her eyes, he squeezed it. She withdrew it with a clinging reluctance that tallied strangely with her rather non-committal "Good-evening — Mr. Kinney."

They turned down a quiet side street. There was a silence of perhaps a minute's duration. Flora Belle, who had rarely been embarrassed in her life, was painfully so just now. Joe appeared to be waiting for an explanation of her note; and she had none that she could offer with a very good grace. She had not supposed that it would be necessary to explain it. She had imagined he would be only too glad to come. But he was striding along with a stolid, almost sullen gait, his eyes directly ahead of him, his lips set in determined inexpressiveness. She gave him an inquiring glance; but he avoided it, and with increasing disquietude — even a little frightened, though she could not say why — she speechlessly kept pace with him.

Finally, with something like savage abruptness, he turned upon her.

"I read about what you done," he announced bluntly.

Flora Belle made no comment. She tried to smile, but failed utterly. Her features seemed fixed, as if cast in a mould. All she could do was to wait helplessly for Joe to go on.

"I seen all about the fuss they made, too," he resumed.

Flora Belle nodded mechanically. She felt accused, somehow, and guilty. She counted the flagstones under her feet — twenty-two — till he spoke again.

"Of course they'd go an' do that," said Joe. "People are such blamed fools."

He gave her a look of dogged defiance, and brought out the thing he had been trying to prepare the way for. "I don't see as you done anything so wonderful."

Flora Belle experienced a sudden feeling of release, of expansion, of wild, uplifting joy. She breathed again — for the first time, it seemed to her, in years.

"Oh, Joe," she said shyly, "it's so nice of you to say that."

His face lifted with amazement. "Why!" he said. "I thought you'd be sore's a goat. Only all it was, I did n't want you to go an' think I was that perticular kind of a fool."

"You're just splendid, Joe," she murmured.

"Pooh!" asserted Joe protectingly, "you could a' done those sort o' things every day o' your life if you only wunst got the chance. Anybody who knowed *you* would a' knowed that."

Upon a quick impulse of gratitude, she rested her fingers lightly on his coat-sleeve; and he clapped his big left hand — black-stained for all its scrubbing — over them, with rude tenderness, and held it there an instant.

"Joe," she said softly, "I'm sorry about that other thing. I did n't mean it. I know I'm not so very pretty — at least not in a certain way — and I'm not sure embroidery hats are so awfully becoming to me; and perhaps I won't wear them very often, if you'd rather I would n't."

Joe patted her hand affectionately. "Now that's what I call a plucky little girl," he said; "but you can wear 'em as often as you want to, for all o' me."

There did not seem to be any need of saying very much more just then.

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CURIOSITIES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

EVERY diplomatic officer encounters many appeals for advice and assistance of one sort or another, not only from his own compatriots but often from foreigners, sometimes simply curious, and sometimes pathetic and deeply appealing. The appeals which the American diplomat receives from his own nationals are perhaps more frequent than those made to similar officials of other nations, for the reason that it is generally understood by citizens of other countries who find themselves in distressed circumstances in foreign lands, that the medium of governmental relief, if such can be extended, is the consular, not the diplomatic, officer of their country.

Most governments permit their consular officers to extend some measure of relief to such of their nationals as become stranded in a foreign country and desire to return to their own homes. Our own principle of individual independence, a principle which has done much to foster that spirit of self-reliance which plays so large a part in the national character, is opposed to anything that might encourage citizens in the belief that in distress they can confidently apply to the government for relief; and, conformably to this spirit of our institutions, neither our diplomatic nor our consular officers are provided with means of pecuniary relief for American citizens who may become stranded abroad, however much they may desire to return to their own land, except, under certain circumstances, in the case of American seamen. As a consequence, both the diplomatic and the consular officers of the United States frequently find themselves confronted with cases of such an appealing nature that, in common charity, they cannot refrain from offering relief from their own pockets.

Take, for instance, the case of the American who by adverse circumstances is stranded abroad, longing for nothing so much as to return to his or (harder still) her native land; speaking at most but little of the language of the country; debarred both by nationality and by language from either earning a livelihood or seeking any but the most humiliating charity; willing but unable, in a foreign country, to exercise those means of bread-winning which in America might be reasonably relied upon for support. In the face of such an appeal, what can the diplomatic officer do but lend his aid to send the applicant home? Nor are such cases rare. They constitute a considerable tax upon the slender remuneration of the office. A generous charity toward his own nationals, tempered only by his personal means and due circumspection to provide against that imposition which is ever alert to impose on the unwary, becomes, therefore, one of the functions of the American diplomat.

It is, however, no part of the purpose of this article to rehearse the harrowing details of life's harsh discipline to the needy, but rather to relate some curious phases of those conditions which bring persons to an American legation for assistance by advice or for pecuniary aid.

That meanest of social parasites, the bogus-claim-agent, meanest because he preys, not upon the rich, but above all upon those struggling poor who strive to keep head above water in that sea of overwhelming expense, the imagined social requirements of a position which their means are inadequate to maintain, — this wretched bloodsucker plies his nefarious calling in every land.

One bitter winter's night in St. Petersburg, early in my first service as chargé

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d'affaires, there came to me a poor colonel of infantry, whose meagre pay would hardly suffice to put bread in the mouths of his numerous family and maintain with decency his rank in the Russian army.

The well-brushed but threadbare uniform, the tarnished lace, the boots well polished but split, all proclaimed the struggle, while the thin hand he gave me and the sallow sunken cheek betrayed the physical privation. He had traveled from his post, some seven hundred miles distant, full of expectation, to ask information of me regarding the alleged fortune of a mythical millionaire in one of our southern states, by whose reputed death a claim-agent, to whom he had paid a hardly-spared bonus for the information, had told him, he had become his heir. Never shall I forget the fall of the poor gentleman's countenance as I explained to him the improbability of the truth of his information. Needless to say, my inquiries proved my predictions correct. How dastardly the act of the vampire who had sucked from him his poor savings and entailed upon him the expense of the long journey!

There is a story of a vast fortune, the existence of which an American, dying in a Spanish prison, revealed to a priest, which periodically comes to light, — always with a demand for a bonus before the secret can be divulged, — with such regularity of reappearance, though with slight differences in dress, that it is known in the Department of State as "the Spanish story."

Marital relations are a prolific cause of appeal to the American diplomat. It is dangerous ground, of course, but the diplomatic officer must patiently listen to the recital of rights and wrongs on both sides, and finally do what he best may to promote domestic harmony. The marriage laws of the different civilized countries differ materially, and indeed perhaps there is no question of so-called "private international law," unless it be that of citizenship, which plays a larger part in the whole question of what is known as the international "conflict of laws." An American citizen married to a foreigner might, under certain circumstances, find his status in this regard quite different in his own country and in that of his wife.

A naturalized American of Russian birth who had, for sufficient reason, procured a divorce from his first wife, had married, as his second venture, a Russian lady of the Orthodox faith. Now, the Russian Church and State, while they grant divorce, do not easily recognize the remarriage of divorced people. Indeed, these two people certainly could not have been legally married in Russia. Both knowing the facts, they went to another country and there became man and wife by English law. Relations becoming strained, they both came to me, the husband to induce me to get the marriage dissolved, as invalid under Russian law, and the wife to insist upon her husband being held to his proper obligations under our laws. By dint of salutary advice, I brought matters to a satisfactory agreement, which however proved to be of brief duration; for, shortly afterwards, the wife appeared before me to request my good offices to get the marriage dissolved as invalid under Russian law; and she had hardly gone when the husband appeared to demand recognition of his marital rights under our laws, his wife having left him and being engaged in an attempt to remove the furniture from the house as her property.

Princess ——, peace be to her and to her name, — a name associated with some of the highest dignities of the Empire, but which I will not repeat in this place, for obvious reasons, — held weekly a salon in St. Petersburg where one met the very elect of every walk in Russian life, and to which none might obtain access without the passport of culture and good breeding. She had long passed the period of feminine charm when I knew her, except that she remained *grande dame* in the highest acceptation of the phrase.

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Her dress, though somewhat eccentric, was of a character to emphasize the dignity of a truly noble bearing. No one understands this better than the Russian lady of high birth; she can even smoke her ever-burning cigarette with an air of supreme dignity.

As I sat one evening at work in my study, my servant brought me the card of a gentleman, well known in the Imperial Court, who awaited me in the salon. My visitor handed me a note from Princess ——, which requested me to come to see her at once, at a certain house, not her own, on a matter of great importance. Laying the note down upon the table near me, I begged my visitor to say to the Princess that I would go to her as quickly as I could make some necessary changes in my toilet. The moment I put it down he seized the note and tore it into a thousand pieces, which he crammed into his pocket, explaining with breathless haste that the matter would permit of no delay, and begging me to go with him at once. A short drive brought us to a house I frequently passed in my daily comings and goings, and here a sign to the concierge and an evident signal at the doorbell caused the door to be quickly opened. As it closed behind me, I found myself in an apartment filled with white-frocked monks of the Roman church, an unusual enough sight in Orthodox Russia, where, of all religions, that of Rome is looked upon with most suspicion. By a tortuous and narrow passage, my guide led me to a back room illuminated only by a single lamp, and this heavily shaded, except for a square opening in the lamp-shade emitting a comparatively brilliant stream of light in the darkened room in which sat my summoner, clothed in her habitual flowing black robe. Upon my entrance she rose and, still standing in the stream of light, introduced to me a young man of a well-known family who, she dramatically informed me, had committed what in Russia is regarded as a high political crime, though under our system it would be regarded as the exercise of a natural right. He had been concealed from the police for thirty days in that same apartment. Now an opportunity offered for sending him out of Russia through Finland, and her purpose in requesting my presence was to ask from me an American passport in his favor. Of course it was utterly impossible to comply with such a demand, and, very shortly after, my new acquaintance took his departure in company with a party of these Carmelite monks.

The penalty for the political crime of which he was confessedly guilty was deportation to Siberia for life. My sympathies were therefore keenly aroused, although it was quite impossible for me to assist him; and it was with no small feeling of anxiety that I saw him depart upon his journey, which might very likely be interrupted by the police with disastrous results. Very shortly afterward my friend the Princess was taken seriously ill and died. I never saw her again, and it was not until five years later that I learned, by chance, that the young political offender had escaped safely.

Some of the applicants in Russia presented interesting claims. One, a native of Vermont, told me that he had come so far from the home of his Yankee birth to play in the Roumanian gypsy orchestra in one of the restaurants in St. Petersburg. Another, who received each year a special form of recommendation to the authorities as a "ward of the United States," was a true Sioux Indian who had come to Russia in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show," and had been left behind owing to his love for Russian "fire-water." Physically, he was a fine specimen of the race of which his features and bearing were the very type; and, with the mass of coarse black hair hanging down on the massive shoulders from beneath the broad sombrero, it was curious to find him transplanted into Russian soil and speaking the language of that country about as well as he did English.

It is a just interpretation of our coun-

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try's liberal laws, based upon the principle of the right of the individual to change his national allegiance at will, that abandonment of country and permanent residence in a foreign land, without intention to return to the United States to reside, and to perform there those duties of citizenship which should be performed for the state in return for the advantages and protection which citizenship confers, should be construed as indicating a purpose to abandon citizenship itself. For, that the mere claim of nationality, and demand for the national protection abroad, should give to the individual immunity from those claims upon him which the citizens or subjects of the country of his residence must meet, and that at the same time he should be enabled to avoid, by his absence, his duties and obligations to his own country, is a one-sided arrangement, out of consonance with the true and underlying principles of the mutual rights and obligations of communities and individuals. Moreover, there has been no little abuse of our naturalization laws by foreigners, who, desiring to escape military service in the country of their origin, emigrate to America just before they can, by their laws, be called upon for such service, and, remaining just long enough in our country to obtain their papers as American citizens, return to the land of their birth, with no intention of ever coming back to the United States, but demanding of our government immunity, by virtue of their newly acquired allegiance, from all of those obligations which the country of their residence requires of its nationals, while enjoying all the advantages of its social organization and escaping the performance of every duty to their new allegiance.

Such an abuse was, of course, never contemplated in framing our immigration laws, nor in defining the principle of the inalienable right of the individual to change his allegiance. It is a simple measure of self-protection for our government to say that, while it does not undertake to deprive any citizen of his lawful rights, it is fair to assume that, when he abandons, permanently, his residence in this country, thereby avoiding all those duties of citizenship which the state may justly require, he has abandoned, in real truth, American allegiance.

Yet, as no general precept can meet every case, this just and equitable interpretation of our laws works hardships in some cases, which come with pathetic appeal to the attention of the American diplomat. A combination of untoward circumstances may leave a whole family stranded in a foreign country. The death of the parents may throw the children, altogether unprepared, upon their own resources, and, with the most earnest longing to return to America, they may be unable to find the means to do so. Each year cuts them off more entirely from home ties, and makes the possibility of their earning a living in America more remote, and yet there remains the same intense desire to claim and retain American citizenship. I remember several such families in Russia, who had come out with their parents at the time of the building, by American contractors, of the railway between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and who, their parents having died, leaving them penniless, had become Russian in everything but in name and in their intense sentiment of patriotism toward the country they could only dimly remember from childhood.

Of stranded Americans in Russia, I recall, among many others, the case of a troupe of eleven colored "vaudeville" performers, whose manager had left them in the lurch. To assist so many at one and the same time was quite beyond the means at my personal disposal, so I was obliged to have recourse to a benevolent society, to which I was a subscriber, to borrow aid for them. It is a pleasure to be able to recall that these people repaid the loan voluntarily and without any steps, on my part, to require it.

Needless to say, the diplomatic officer encounters his full share of impostors.

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My last in this line was an amiable and adroit humbug, but he did a fair day's work for every krone I gave him, and, but for his final abuse of my confidence, I should feel that I had not suffered in anything but the imposition on my credulity, and this so cleverly done as to amuse rather than annoy me.

He came just as I was getting settled in my house in Christiania; my garden was full of the boxes in which my furniture had been packed, and which must be broken up and stored before the rapidly approaching winter set in. He represented himself to be a discharged American seaman, but without papers — as such sea-tramps often are — or other means of identification than his knowledge of City Point, South Boston, — which seemed accurate enough, — where he represented himself to have been born, although, as he said, he had been at sea most of his life. Curiously enough, though he knew City Point so well, he knew nothing about Boston or even South Boston. He could not tell me even where the State House stands, nor what it looks like. Yet he spoke English without other accent than that which is common enough in certain parts of our country, a slight Irish brogue. The sole wish of his heart was to get back once more to City Point, to his dear old mother, whom he would never, never leave again, once he was at her side. Giving him a crown for his supper and night's lodging, I told him to call on me the next day.

Meanwhile, I arranged with a steamship line to give my American sailor transportation to Boston, for a sum within my means, and engaged him to work for me at fair wages until sailing day. I never got better labor for the wages than this delightful humbug gave me. The day before the sailing of his steamer he disappeared, but the ship had hardly left port when he turned up again with a story of unavoidable detention. Two weeks later, another was to sail, and again I arranged for his passage, still employing his services about the place, where his diligence and intelligent labor accomplished wonders in getting things to rights. Sailing day came again, and again my American was missing; but the following day up he bobbed with a story of a row and arrest by the police, — a story which, on investigation, proved to be pure fiction.

I yielded to his importunities to give him a little more work, and set him at splitting kindling in the cellar.

The next morning, my servant came to me, saying, "If the Minister pleases, the American is drunk." — "Well, send him away," said I. — "I can't, sir. He will not go; I did lock him in the wine-cellar." — "Why? Why did you lock a drunken man in my wine-cellar?" — "I did find him in the wine-cellar, drunk. He did get in with a false key. It is here," handing me a regular burglar's skeleton key. There was nothing to do but to hand him over to the police, who informed me that he was a Swede and "wanted" in Stockholm on a criminal charge.

There comes to me frequently, at this Legation, a poor demented old man, who fancies that he has some grievance against the Norwegian Government. He clearly is not an American citizen, but he alleges that he served in the Confederate Army. He carries always the same bundle of papers, which I have read many times, and which have no sort of bearing on the claim that he thinks they establish.

As I try to make him comprehend this, he dives down into all his pockets, fishing out other equally irrelevant scraps, until every chair is the repository for some of these poor worthless bits of paper. He stands and looks at them all with despairing eyes, then puts his hand to his head, saying, "There is something, but I can't remember. My head is bad." It is a sad and oft-repeated scene. All I can do is to give him a little charity and send him away.

These are but a few of the curiosities of diplomatic life, taken, at random, out

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of my experience. Many others crowd in upon my memory, but the foregoing will serve to show how varied are the appeals for assistance, in one form and another, which come to the American diplomat.

Of the tragedies of life which one encounters, where often a few dollars would go so far to relieve distress, I have said but little. One often longs for means to dispense a more generous charity. Our national government could hardly undertake to provide such means, and it is only a few of our diplomatic officials whose circumstances enable them adequately to meet all the calls upon them. But the relief of worthy Americans in distress abroad, through our embassies and legations, offers a wide field for private charity, which would be subject to but little if any imposition, in view of the ability of the officials to investigate.

COMPETITION

BY HENRY HOLT

THE public questions now receiving most attention in America — those of the labor trusts and the capital trusts — are at bottom questions of competition.

The topic is of peculiar importance to us, for it is universally admitted that competition, in both making money and spending it, is fiercer here than elsewhere. Our average man, and perhaps still more our average woman, wants to outdo her neighbor in clothes, housing, equipage, entertainment — everything that money can be wasted on; and the competition to make all that money is as fierce as the competition to spend it. This is largely because we are, as the *London Nation* justly calls us, " inordinately free from the conventions, restraints, distractions, and hypocrisies of the older civilizations."

For comparison we need glance at English conditions alone: those in Europe generally are enough like them.

When an Englishman gets comfortably rich, he is apt to think of a place in the country, and a local magistracy, and a seat in Parliament; but in America wealth is seldom cared for as giving an opportunity to serve the community or to gain political honors.

Rank, too, — not merely the title that a rich man may hope to gain, but rank derived through ancestry, and embedded in history and the system of things, — is a constant reminder that wealth is not for him the highest earthly good. The aristocratic conditions also carry much tradition and habit of culture and refinement, and, it does not seem fanciful to believe, thus afford the main attraction that keeps relatively so many more Englishmen than Americans away from wealth-seeking, and in pursuit of the things of the spirit.

The English church, too, has a great influence in this direction, not only because its endowments attract men from competitive pursuits, but also because of the leisure it gives for other pursuits.

The American attaches little honor to political position, because our democracy so frequently — is it too much to say so generally? — gives such position to men with small claim to honor; we have no established church; and though we have a real aristocracy, it is only in a derived sense, for it does not rule, and the general public knows nothing about it; the public knows only our sham aristocracy of wealth.

True, our unexampled diffusion of education fits more men than elsewhere to

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enter into the competition above manual labor; but high ambition is the infirmity of only noble souls; not one man in a thousand cares for the triumphs of art, or letters, or politics, or even of war. Yet every man is a snob, and there is no American country paper now without its social column — even out in California and Oregon the papers copy the so-called society news from the New York papers; and in them our American democrat sees almost entirely the names of people he has heard of as rich, seldom the name of anybody he has heard of as anything else.

In short, wealth and its results are the only good yet conspicuous on the average American horizon. Hence our utterly unexampled rage of competition for it. The American view of the subject was well illustrated by the wife of one of the great captains of industry, who lately said, "My husband hesitated between taking his present position and going to the Senate. If he had gone to the Senate, it would have wrecked his career."

Now, in this fierce competition, the sentiments regarding it are paradoxical to a degree that is hardly short of amusing. Nearly everybody is half the time crying out against competition, and the other half demanding it. Workingmen try to suppress it in labor, and to enforce it in commerce; on the other hand, the leaders of the industrial world are trying to secure it in labor, and to get rid of it in commerce; while the leaders of the regulative or political world are trying heartily to maintain it in commerce, and are comparatively indifferent to it in labor.

Yet there is a consistency pervading all these seemingly paradoxical conditions: each man tries to get rid of competition in what he sells, and secure it in what he buys. The workingman sells labor, and wants no competition in it: so he forms his labor trust, and tolerates all the other labor trusts; he buys commodities, and wants all possible competition in them: so he attacks the capitalist trusts. The captain of industry buys labor: so he wants all possible competition in it, and therefore disapproves the labor trusts; he sells commodities, and therefore wants no competition in them: so he forms his own trust, and tolerates the other capitalist trusts. The legislator, administrator, jurist, sells neither labor nor commodities, and buys both: so he favors competition in both, but tempers his advocacy of it in labor, by a tenderness for the labor vote.

But while the statesman, so far as he is a patriot, is above competition, so far as he is a politician he knows it in perhaps its widest and intensest form, and against it makes his political trusts: the great national parties have many features in common with the trusts — especially the Republican party in relation to the tariff; and though the state and county organizations do not generally control plunder enough to justify close trust organization, the city political gangs do, and generally are trusts, Tammany being one of the best organized trusts in the world.

Even the professional classes are not without organization against competition. The musicians' trusts are as selfish, and apparently as foolish, as the hod-carriers' trusts; and even the bar associations and the medical societies, while their real object is the intellectual and ethical advance of their professions, cannot entirely escape some incidental part in the virtually universal defenses against competition — cannot escape acting in some respects as trusts.

Outside of all these classes is the large one of exchangers of commodities, who generally deal in too great a variety of articles to be tempted into trusts of their own. Yet they are all interested in transportation, and therefore naturally object to railroad trusts and teamsters' trusts. To other trusts they are comparatively indifferent, but as individuals they compete as actively as anybody.

As competition is attempted everywhere, it must have its merits; but as it is also everywhere guarded against, it

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must have its evils, and so distinct are these evils that Mr. S. A. Reeve, the author of the only book on its general aspects which I know of, apparently thinks that to them are to be attributed most of the sufferings that civilized humanity endures. With Henry George and Edward Bellamy, he belongs to a school — or section outside of the schools — which I am never sure that I understand, or that it does; but if I understand him, he holds that competition does not naturally inhere in production, but is bred solely by exchange and other activities not directly productive; and as a member of the noble army of panacea-makers, he offers, as his, the abolition of merchandizing, banking, and many other activities. But just how his panacea is to be administered, he shows no more clearly than do the other inventors of schemes for the millennium.

Competition is certainly not an invention of the devil, unless the whole order of nature is the invention of the devil: all educated people know that competition was ingrained in nature long before there was merchandizing, or manufacturing, or individual tinkering, or savage hunting and fishing, or savages, or beasts, or birds, or fishes, or gastropods, or amœbas. The very plants, when probably there were no living things but plants, competed fiercely, and they compete still, for light and heat and moisture. To-day they are even competing for territory, with streams and ponds, and actually filling them up and obliterating them. They compete with men for the possession of the tropic zone, and have often beaten them; and I know a case within a dozen miles of Chicago where they competed with an ice company for the possession of a stream, and forced it to use a little steamer with a sort of mowing machine attached. They limited the area of the company's activities, and, for all I know, drove it off altogether, though now a mightier competitor than either — the steel corporation — has taken possession of the territory.

When animal life began, the very amœbas, the lucky ones and lively ones and wise ones, floated into the best places, and kept the unlucky ones and lazy ones and stupid ones out. When tadpoles and fish were evolved, there began a mighty gobbling up of the weak by the strong; later, reptiles — big lizards with wings, and birds with teeth — kept up the game, and made it livelier, perhaps, than ever before or since, even down to the days of Standard Oil. Some time along there, began the most interesting of all competitions, — the one out of which has been evolved all that men most care for, and perhaps all that is most worth their caring for, — the competition because of sex. In the struggle of brutes for mates, it was often competition in mere force; but there was also higher competition, in the glowworm's light, and the bird's song and plumage. When man was evolved, it grew higher and higher, until the competition of love became subject for art, and now does more than anything else to fill the opera houses and picture galleries, and fiction and poetry, and the very souls of the world; and not only does art find in competition its mightiest theme, but art itself is a field of competition and struggle against competition, from rival primadonnas down to the musical unions already cited.

There is nothing, from the deepest mine to the tallest church, — or even the tallest skyscraper, — from the dollars a man pays his valet to the devotion he pays his lady-love, that is not informed through and through by competition. One is often tempted to regard it as the motive power of the world. But it is not: it is only an incident of the motive powers — often an exaggerated and destructive one, often not rising above the dignity of a foolish one.

Nevertheless, with the evolution of intelligence, there has appeared a new set of factors: sympathy, mercy, justice, have begun to restrain and narrow competition, to shape popular opinion, and even to express themselves in law. This new

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stage of the matter to-day absorbs a wide share of men's interests and even of their enthusiasms; and these, like all new enthusiasms, reach many extremes. Of these, later.

With competition everywhere else, the idea of wiping it out of industry must, at best, be a counsel of perfection, and at worst the idea of making industry cease. Rarely, if at all, can there be an effort which is to be paid for, that does not tend to compete with every other effort which is to be paid for. Any man who heaves coal competes with every other man who heaves coal, and moreover he tends to lower the wages in coal-heaving, — so that coal-heavers will tend to leave that profession and compete in others.

These tendencies are not always realized in practice, because the individual effort is too small to overcome inertia and friction, or even to be measured by our currency and other instruments. But when such efforts "happen" to accumulate in any one direction, the effect of the aggregate is sometimes important.

As a rule, the only way to get rid of competition is, as already intimated, to get rid of work. Does not the most beneficent of inventions inevitably compete with all connected vested interests? Can the merchant who sells the best goods at the lowest prices, continue without competing with all others and getting the biggest business? Do not the men in the most unselfish pursuits inevitably compete for the best places in them? Does not the most self-sacrificing physician compete for the best practice? Does not even the most self-sacrificing clergyman compete for the best congregation? Neither may have the end in view, but if he puts forth the best in him, is not the end inevitably forced upon him?

So unescapable is competition, that we find it cropping up in spite of the best efforts to suppress it. For instance: the very able and philanthropic chairman of the United States Steel Corporation became impressed with the idea that steady prices would be a good thing; in this idea he was correct — as correct, for instance, as anybody who thinks that a clear complexion is a good thing. But circumstances are frequent where a clear complexion cannot be had, and where efforts to suppress eruption must end in disaster. So in the economic world, the unevenness in men's judgments — their making too much of one commodity and too little of another — renders steadiness of price impossible, even the fixing of a normal price impossible except through competition.

The only rational price (if the versed reader will be patient with a little A B C) is that where the demand will just absorb the supply; and this price will be found only by buyers competing for product when demand is good, and by sellers competing for custom when demand is slack. This of course makes high prices in good times, and low prices in bad times; the only way to get rid of high prices and low prices is to get rid of good times and bad times; the only way to get rid of good times and bad times is to get rid of crazes and panics; and the only way to get rid of crazes and panics is to get rid of intemperance in both hope and fear. But temperance is as remarkable by its absence from sundry schools of philanthropists as from the community in general; nothing is more characteristic of that virtue than the ability to wait, and nothing is more characteristic of the philanthropists than to try to go faster than natural law.

Last fall, when competition began bubbling to raise the safety-valve of prices, the benevolent Steel Corporation smilingly seated itself upon the valve, and the competition had to break out somewhere else. Among other evil consequences, the company got many more orders at the prevailing prices than it could fill. If they had raised prices, and so lowered the demand to equal the supply, the customers least in need, or least able profitably to use steel, would have dropped out, and the neediest and ablest would

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have been supplied; the most important demands would have been satisfied, and nobody would have felt a right to complain. Instead of this, each order was filled in part, the most important and necessary enterprises were left unfinished along with the least important and the mistaken ones; nobody was satisfied; complaints were loud; and some of the railroad companies met to devise their own rail-factories.

But in thus suppressing the natural and salutary effects of competition, the Steel Corporation itself entered into competition — and an injurious and unnatural competition, — with the weaker companies: for, as it would not raise prices, the weaker companies could not avail themselves of the good times to strengthen themselves against bad times, and against the natural tendency of any great competitor to gobble up little competitors in bad times. That such was the deliberate intention of the Steel Corporation, however, I do not believe: for I have faith in the philanthropic intentions of its chairman.

But the story is not ended: when the bad times came later last fall, in his desire to keep prices even, he exercised his wonderful powers of persuasion to prevent the other manufacturers from going into the natural competition of lowering prices, and so the steel industries were kept idle or partly idle for many months, until they could bear the strain no longer, and the steel company itself had to lower prices, right on top of a declaration, the last of many, that it was not going to.

This is the most recent, and perhaps the most remarkable, of the great illustrations of the utter impossibility, as men are now constituted and industries now organized, of avoiding competition.

It is plainly impossible that a feature so ingrained in nature and human nature should be wholly bad. Now, wherein is it good, and wherein is it bad? Like everything else — food, wine, money, even such ethereal things as literature, art, or love, or religion itself — it is good within bounds, and bad in excess.

Where are the bounds? As in everything else, at waste — waste of strength, character, time, or resources.

Of course the problem of what is waste and what reasonable expenditure, is a difficult one, but that does not cancel the duty of solving it.

Everybody who reads these words knows that, within bounds, competition tends (if union leaders, or "wealthy malefactors," or philanthropists, will let it) to keep prices reasonable — where, as already said, they preserve the equation of supply and demand; to keep quality good, and supply abundant and accessible; that in advertising, it spreads a good deal of useful intelligence, though mixed with a good deal that is superfluous and even false; and that in drumming, it is a great convenience and saving to dealers generally, and keeps the country hotels and railroad accommodations a great deal better than they otherwise would be.

A benefit not as obvious as those, is its elimination of the unfit from industry. There are always hanging on to the outskirts of business, a lot of incapable men who are pestering and impeding the rest of the world with poor goods, poor service, unfulfilled engagements, bankruptcies, and prices broken by forced sales. The elimination of such people, and confining business to the more capable, is a good service to the community. And it is even a good service to the eliminated men: for they are much better off under the guidance of the capable than in enduring the responsibilities, anxieties, and privations inseparable from depending on the discharge of duties beyond them. Competition, then, so far as it regulates prices, increases products and services, and eliminates inefficiency, is an unmixed good.

And here we approach the other side. The competition which drives out the incapable is a very different matter from the competition which drives out the capable. Effective competition of course

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destroys competition elsewhere, and so far as that is done by increasing goods and services, the good produced exceeds the good destroyed, and the world is still the gainer. But when the destruction through competition is an end in itself — when one man, without improving product or service, sacrifices values and efforts merely to destroy another man's competition, he wastes good for the sake of destroying still more good.

These facts are obscured because such competition may bring benefit — though probably only a specious benefit — to the aggressor; but it can at best bring the benefit only at the cost of his victims and the public, and at the sacrifice, in the aggressor himself, of that for which no money can compensate: for there is sure to be a moral waste. I know very directly of a capable and prosperous man in Pennsylvania who was driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, and touching whom one of the Oil magnates remarked, "Oh, he was easy game." And this case is said to be one of many. It is generally understood that probably the most effective literary onslaught ever made on the Standard Oil Company was by an author whose father was one of the victims.

To continue with the unfavorable side: ruinous competition in prices still exists, though hardly to the extreme of fifty or sixty years ago, when frequently opposing stage lines carried their passengers free, and steamboats sometimes not only carried them free, but even threw in meals. We do not often hear of anything like that now, though in my own trade I occasionally hear rumors of schoolbooks given away, and ruinous prices paid prominent authors; and perhaps any man in any trade may hear similar rumors in it. But whatever foundation there may be for such rumors, there seems to have developed a sense of shame regarding such proceedings that makes men slower than they were a generation or two ago to indulge in them openly.

On its unfavorable side, too, competition, instead of stopping at cheapening by simpler processes and legitimate accounts, tends to inferior materials and labor. Though in ordering large works or large supplies, the practice is universal of trying to get the benefits of reasonable competition by seeking bids, people have of late grown so afraid of excessive competition that the right to reject the lowest bids is reserved, though not always exercised. Moreover, competition tends frightfully to run to waste, and, later, paying for this waste tends to make prices high, quality inferior, and commodities scant and inaccessible.

One of the worst wastes is in advertising: everybody uses soap, and no amount of advertising can make people use materially more; and yet those who use the finer kinds probably pay more for having it dinned into them to use a certain brand, than they pay for the soap itself.

I want to use another illustration from my own trade. No apology should be needed for a writer thus illustrating from his own trade, if he happens to have one; and the more I see of the conditions, the more I incline to believe that he should have one, and that writing should not be a trade. If it ever ceases to be one, however, it will be when trades are less infested by foolish competition. But the interesting question of literature being a trade is "another story," and possibly may be the subject of another essay. But one would hardly be required to justify the writer who has a trade, in illustrating from it: for there he is surer than anywhere else of the first essential of good writing — knowing what he is writing about. The second illustration I want to make from my trade is in the fact that the country probably pays more for having its elementary schoolbooks argued and cajoled and bribed into use, than for the books themselves. Leaving the bribery out, the same is probably true of high-school books; and the increasing amount of interviewing, explanation, comparison, and argument regarding col-

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lege books, is rapidly making it true of them.

But excessive expenses in competition are worse than wasteful and demoralizing: they are aggressive, and provoke retaliations equally objectionable. The competition in economized production, faithful service, reasonable prices, and reasonable and truthful publicity, is simply incidental to each man's doing his best for himself; but beyond this point it begins to mean each man's doing his worst for his neighbor. Incidental competition contains what truth there is in the aphorism that competition is the life of trade; but aggressive competition means war, waste, and death.

Perhaps the most trying paradox in competition is that it forces the wise man to play the fool when his competitors do, or suffer for his wisdom. When he is thus between Scylla and Charybdis, what ought he to do? I knew a man who, in a peculiar condition of his business, when a collateral business was making inroads on it, was often met by the proposition from those whose custom he needed, "If you won't concede so and so, I know a man who will." His answer was, "That if I don't make a fool of myself, some competitor will, is not a convincing argument. I'll wait till he does, and the fools put themselves out of the race." And wait he did, and his example prevented many other men from making fools of *them*selves, and did much to relieve his trade from a peculiarly unfair and abnormal competition.

In competition, the call to do the brave thing arises because competition is war. But in war it is often braver not to fight than to fight, and the bravest fighting has not been in aggression, but in self-defense — little Holland against gigantic Spain. And where is the bully now? Though non-resistance is ideal ethics, it should be fundamentally understood that ideal ethics apply only to an ideal world, and that often the attempt to introduce them into a practical world is not only futile, but wasteful and destructive.

As already hinted, the point at which competition becomes abnormal, forced, and aggressive, is when it is wasteful — when the cost of feeding it reduces profits below the average rate. But it is superficial to estimate profits as money alone: social considerations and the gratification of personal predilection are all profits in the broad sense. For "profits" substitute *satisfactions*, and the general proposition holds.

This seems to hark forward to an ideal — that it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that all men's fortunes, estimated in satisfactions, should be equal; and perhaps the most pronounced individualist would not object to that *as an ideal*, but his contention would be that it is only by the freest opportunity for individual development that men's fortunes *can* become equal; and individual development is competition.

The wastes of exaggerated competition of course prompt the question whether men would not be better off if, instead of competing, they were coöperating — if instead of fighting each other, even incidentally, they were helping each other. As far as human nature has yet been evolved, the change is not possible to any great extent, and the question is too complicated to admit of an answer in the present state of human intelligence. Yet there are some little bits of experience in the coöperation of small groups, and also in occasional middle conditions where purposed competition has ceased, though coöperation has hardly begun. But they are conditions of unstable equilibrium which must soon disappear.

I would illustrate this point, too, from my own trade, despite my having done so already in the *Atlantic*.[1] Such a condition prevailed in the upper walks of the publishing business from about 1865 to 1875, and contained several features that may not be altogether uninteresting.

In the first place, it was a brief realization of the ideals of philosophical

[1] November, 1905, p. 589.

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anarchism — self-regulation without law. There was no international copyright to protect an American publisher's property in an English book; yet an intelligent self-interest, among a perhaps exceptional body of men, performed the functions of law. By mutual consent, when a publisher had a contract with an English author for a book, or even in the absence of a contract, when a publisher made the first announcement of an intention to print an English book, no other American publisher of standing would print it in opposition. This usage was called the courtesy of the trade, and for about ten years that courtesy was seldom violated. Moreover, the courtesy was extended to the relations of publishers with American authors. During that period, no publisher of standing would any more try to get away another's client than a lawyer of standing would try to get away another's client, or a physician another's patient. And under those conditions the trade prospered more, on the whole, than it has under contrary conditions.

If that absence of direct purposeful competition could have been maintained, the prosperity could have been maintained. But it depended, as I have intimated, upon the trade happening to be, at that time, in the hands of men of exceptional character; and the results of peaceful ways were, as has been the case in all history, tempting to the outside barbarian. If the Harpers were making money for the author and themselves out of a book by George Eliot, the Appletons or the Scribners would not print it; but soon an enterprising printer in the West awoke to the fact that there was no law to prevent *his* printing it in a cheaper edition, or to compel him to pay royalty to the author; and print he did, right and left. His example was soon followed by others, and the peaceful and profitable conditions of philosophical anarchism were once more demonstrated impossible of duration in the present state of human nature. As always when men have tried to get along without law, law had to be resorted to, and the International Copyright Law of 1891 was the result.

It is interesting further to note that the spirit of aggressive competition which grew up after the period of philosophical anarchy filled the business with waste in advertising, over-bidding for authors, and over-concession of discounts and credits to customers; until, a few years ago, the competition reached extremes which were at last realized to be wasteful and ruinous, and are gradually being curtailed. But the curtailments have made almost as great demands on courage, and on the capacity to see future advantages in present sacrifices, as were required to make possible the decade of philosophical anarchism; and the evolution of another period of non-competitive peace, economy, and mutual courtesy will probably be as slow as the evolution of human nature.

And yet during that Arcadian period, or rather at about its falling away, there were many to claim that the established publishers were in a combine or trust (though the actual word was not then current), and that the only way a man could enter the business was the predatory way. Yet in a libel suit instituted by one of the predatory people against the *Evening Post*, for calling him a pirate, I heard a successful publisher on the witness stand declare that he had entered the business about the beginning of the period referred to, had never reprinted another publisher's book, and had never been the object of aggression by another publisher, but on the contrary had always been treated by the others with courtesy, and often had the benefit of their experienced advice.

It should be further observed that during this absence of purposeful competition, incidental competition was inevitably going on all the while. At no time under my observation was there more emulation in economy of method and quality of product. During that period was established the great advance in the

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quality of bookmaking which distinguishes the American books of to-day from our crude products before the middle sixties.

So far, then, as inferences regarding the whole industrial field can be drawn from a brief and exceptional experience in a relatively insignificant portion of it, and that a portion with some strong characteristics outside of pure industrialism, it would be a fair inference to conjecture that all forms of industry will gain in peace and prosperity from such advances in human nature as will do away with purposeful and aggressive competition, and that the incidental competition of emulation in methods and product will still be great enough to develop the effort on which progress must depend.

These truths regarding the industrial world were long since realized by the superior minds in the professional world. The high-class medical practitioner does not try to get away his colleagues' patients; does not make his charges lower than those of other physicians; derives no profit from his discoveries, but throws them open to the world; does not tout for practice, and make his customers pay the expenses of the touting; never disregards the call of mercy; and tempers his fees to the shorn lamb, or rather lets the lamb go unshorn. High-class lawyers, too, have restricted their competition to rendering the best service they know how, and have refrained from direct efforts to get each others' clients, and even from advertising for clients. Now it could not have been merely what are usually termed moral considerations that long ago evolved these codes of professional ethics. These men have been intelligent enough to realize that undue competition must in the long run be no more productive than dog eating dog, and that peace and dignity are better worth having than superfluous money.

The commercial world may be slowly feeling its way toward such conditions, but even in the professional world they are as yet but conditions of unstable equilibrium; lately our terrible American commercialism, and love of ostentation and luxury and apparent equality, have been doing much to send professional ethics to the dogs. This, however, should not be laid entirely to the mere spirit of competition; it must be laid largely to the moral breakdown that has followed the weakening of the old religious sanctions, and that will last until we get some new sanctions from our increasing knowledge of nature.

But the professional world and the publishing world have not been alone in attempts to avoid the evils of competition. For some years past, people in trade after trade have found that they were competing until they were making no money. Everywhere excessive enterprise or excessive avarice, and excessive lack of foresight and character, were defeating themselves. At last, many of the leaders of the respective trades began to meet to agree upon prices, discounts, sometimes number of drummers, and, for all I know, amount of advertising. But there was too much "enterprise," or too little character, to make the agreements last: honest men held up prices while knaves undersold them.

It was at length realized that the only effective plan was to put a whole industry under a central control. Hence the trust. This tended not only to stop waste, but to economize management and office administration; and it was urged that part of these great economies could be given to the public through reductions in prices.

This was the view of people who had things for sale. But the vast majority who had nothing for sale, and the demagogues who sought the votes of this majority, called these agreements schemes to benefit each particular trade at the expense of the community — and said that, competition being destroyed, the public would be, in the matter of price, at the mercy of the combine. And, despite the wise and economical features of such arrangements, the Sherman law

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and its progeny have made them illegal. The crude new legislation has seldom attempted to attack the evils in such a way as to leave room for the possible benefits; and has been largely futile and destructive. As a sample, it is now promoting the destruction of the bookstores: I am just mourning the fall of one of the oldest and best, in my little university town in Vermont. The department stores are killing the booksellers by selling the most popular new books at cost, and less than cost, for the sake of attracting custom for other things. When the publishers got together and tried to stop this, their counsel told them that the Sherman law would not permit them to do it by limiting competition among themselves, but would permit them to try to limit it among others, by refusing to sell to dealers who cut prices. But the courts have recently decided that even this aid to the merchandizing of culture has been restricted by our sapient lawmakers to copyright books: Homer and Shakespeare are beyond the pale of their assistance.

The law of Illinois exempts day-laborers from the tutelage it imposes on the book-trade. In other words, it has exempted from its provisions the trust whose actions have been the most extreme, and have been most enforced by extreme methods — such as withholding the general supplies of food and fuel; obstructing transportation; and boycott, violence, and murder. Moreover, the demagogues are agitating for the labor trust's exemption from the United States Trust laws; and since the Supreme Court has pronounced against the boycott, the labor trusts are also agitating for legislation to make them superior to the effect of the decision, — superior to everybody else, — to permit them to restrict competition by unlimited coercion.

And for some of this legislation there is not the excuse of difficulty. The Illinois law is probably as bad a case of demagoguery and class legislation as was ever enacted.

My writing of that paragraph was interrupted by the sneezing of one of my boys who has hay fever. The growing paternalization of our government, as illustrated in some features of the pure food act, has prevented my obtaining for him the medicine which cured one of his parents and one of his grandparents.

Will people ever learn that legislation is the most difficult and dangerous of the arts, and that it is best, where not clearly impracticable, to leave the cure of social ills to the courts? There, not only is the experience of the race digested and applied by learning and training, but it is applied only to the case in hand, instead of (to give the metaphor a twist or two) being sent out crude and unbroken to run amuck.

There can be little doubt that men could make more by helping one another than by fighting one another; but, as already said, in any state of human nature that we can foresee, the application of non-competitive or coöperative policies to the commercial world cannot in strictness be a practical question. When we imagine Utopias, as always when we try to go very far beyond our experience, we land in paradoxes and contradictions; and when we try to realize Utopias in the present state of morality, we class ourselves with the ignorant or the purblind. Attempts to realize ideals that are merely imagined have probably been the most wasteful and destructive of all human efforts.

Yet often, as in mathematics, much is gained for practical questions by reasoning from impossible hypotheses, so long as we regard them as impossible. We can at least ask a more or less skeptical question or two regarding Utopia. For instance, if no time is to be wasted in competition, what are the advertisers, drummers, revenue officers excluding foreign products, and other people now performing waste labor, going to do for a living? It seems reasonable to assume

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that they will simply produce two-fold — four-fold — useful things that the world is now doing without. And perhaps something even wiser than that — there may not, after all, be produced so many more things: for in Utopia competition in *consuming* useless things will have disappeared. Nobody will have useless clothes, food, wines, jewels, equipages, servants, simply because his competitors have them — each man will be content with what he reasonably needs; and in a co-operative world, he will spend his then superfluous powers in coöperating with the efforts of his less able neighbors to get needed things.

Yet more — in Utopia men will have time to devote their efforts to the industry we now most conspicuously neglect — saving our souls: there will be time for geniuses to write their best, and restore literature, instead of hurrying and overworking for superfluous and even hurtful things; and time for ordinary men to read and think; to listen to music, and make it; to look at pictures, and do a little with cameras and water-colors on our own account; to enjoy architecture, and learn enough of it to have some intelligent say about making our own homes; time to potter over our gardens; time to travel; and even time to go fishing, at least with Isaak. A woman to whom I read this said, "And we'll have time to have time." It is needless to say that she lived in New York.

More important still, in the non-competitive Utopia, there will be time to keep well, time to die at a decent old age, and time to go decently to each other's funerals. But before that, and most important of all, there will be time to prevent our having to feel, when we do go to funerals, perhaps the bitterest regret of all: "If I only had had more of that friend while he was here!"

But all this is Utopia. Each man has his own way to Utopia, and wise men know that they will not in one lifetime get far on any way. But they also know, and know it better each day, that there *are* ways in that direction; and that, while the competition incidental to honest emulation tends to keep those ways open, the competition born of greed and envy tends to keep them closed.

THE NEW NATIONALIST MOVEMENT IN INDIA

BY JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND

The Nationalist Movement in India may well interest Americans. Lovers of progress and humanity cannot become acquainted with it without discovering that it has large significance, not only to India and Great Britain, but to the world. That the movement is attracting much attention in England (as well as awakening some anxiety there, because of England's connection with India) is well known to all who read the British periodical press, or follow the debates of Parliament, or note the public utterances from time to time of Mr. John Morley (now Lord Morley), the British Secretary of State for India.

What is this new Indian movement? What has brought it into existence? What is its justification, if it has a justification? What does it portend as to the future of India, and the future relations between India and Great Britain?

In order to find answers to these questions we must first of all get clearly in mind the fact that India is a subject land. She is a dependency of Great Britain, not a colony. Britain has both colonies and dependencies. Many persons suppose

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them to be identical; but they are not. Britain's free colonies, like Canada and Australia, though nominally governed by the mother country, are really self-ruling in everything except their relations to foreign powers. Not so with dependencies like India. These are granted no self-government, no representation; they are ruled absolutely by Great Britain, which is not their "mother" country, but their conqueror and master.

As the result of a pretty wide acquaintance in England, and a residence of some years in Canada, I am disposed to believe that nowhere in the world can be found governments that are more free, that better embody the intelligent will of their people, or that better serve their people's many-sided interests and wants, than those of the self-ruling colonies of Great Britain. I do not see but that these colonies are in every essential way as free as if they were full republics. Probably they are not any more free than the people of the United States, but it is no exaggeration to say that they are as free. Their connection with England, their mother country, is not one of coercion; it is one of choice; it is one of reverence and affection. That the British Government insures such liberty in its colonies, is a matter for congratulation and honorable pride. In this respect it stands on a moral elevation certainly equal to that of any government in the world.

Turn now from Britain's colonies to her dependencies. Here we find something for which there does not seem to be a natural place among British political institutions. Britons call their flag the flag of freedom. They speak of the British Constitution, largely unwritten though it is, as a constitution which guarantees freedom to every British subject in the world. Magna Charta meant self-government for the English people. Cromwell wrote on the statute books of the English Parliament, "All just powers under God are derived from the consent of the people." Since Cromwell's day this principle has been fundamental, central, undisputed, in British home politics. It took a little longer to get it recognized in colonial matters. The American Colonies in 1776 took their stand upon it. "Just government must be based on the consent of the governed." "There should be no taxation without representation." These were their affirmations. Burke and Pitt and Fox and the broader-minded leaders of public opinion in England were in sympathy with their American brethren. If Britain had been true to her principle of freedom and self-rule she would have kept her American colonies. But she was not true to it, and so she lost them. Later she came very near losing Canada in the same way. But her eyes were opened in time, and she gave Canada freedom and self-government. This prevented revolt, and fastened Canada to her with hooks of steel. Since this experience with Canada it has been a settled principle in connection with British colonial as well as home politics, that there is no just power except that which is based upon the consent of the governed.

But what are we to do with this principle when we come to dependencies? Is another and different principle to be adopted here? Are there peoples whom it is just to rule without their consent? Is justice one thing in England and Canada, and another in India? It was the belief that what is justice in England and Canada is justice everywhere that made Froude declare, "Free nations cannot govern subject provinces."

Why is England in India at all? Why did she go there at first, and why does she remain? If India had been a comparatively empty land, as America was when it was discovered, so that Englishmen had wanted to settle there and make homes, the reason would have been plain. But it was a full land; and, as a fact, no British emigrants have ever gone to India to settle and make homes. If the Indian people had been savages or barbarians, there might have seemed more reason for England's conquering and ruling them. But they were peoples with

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highly organized governments far older than that of Great Britain, and with a civilization that had risen to a splendid height before England's was born. Said Lord Curzon, the late Viceroy of India, in an address delivered at the great Delhi Durbar in 1901: "Powerful Empires existed and flourished here [in India] while Englishmen were still wandering painted in the woods, and while the British Colonies were a wilderness and a jungle. India has left a deeper mark upon the history, the philosophy, and the religion of mankind, than any other terrestrial unit in the universe." It is such a land that England has conquered and is holding as a dependency. It is such a people that she is ruling without giving them any voice whatever in the shaping of their own destiny. The honored Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, at the Colonial Conference held in London in connection with the coronation of King Edward, declared, "The Empire of Rome was composed of slave states; the British Empire is a galaxy of free nations." But is India a free nation? At that London Colonial Conference which was called together for consultation about the interests of the entire Empire, was any representative invited to be present from India? Not one. Yet Lord Curzon declared in his Durbar address in Delhi, that the "principal condition of the strength of the British throne is the possession of the Indian Empire, and the faithful attachment and service of the Indian people." British statesmen never tire of boasting of "our Indian Empire;" and of speaking of India as "the brightest jewel in the British crown." Do they reflect that it is virtually a slave empire of which they are so proud; and that this so-called brightest jewel reflects no light of political freedom?

Perhaps there is nothing so dangerous, or so evil in its effects, as irresponsible power. That is what Great Britain exercises in connection with India — absolute power, with no one to call her to account. I do not think any nation is able to endure such an ordeal better than Britain, but it is an ordeal to which neither rulers of nations nor private men should ever be subjected; the risks are too great. England avoids it in connection with her own rulers by making them strictly responsible to the English people. Canada avoids it in connection with hers by making them responsible to the Canadian people. Every free nation safeguards alike its people and its rulers by making its rulers in everything answerable to those whom they govern. Here is the anomaly of the British rule of India. Britain through her Indian government rules India, but she does not acknowledge responsibility in any degree whatever to the Indian people.

What is the result? Are the interests and the rights of India protected? Is it possible for the rights of any people to be protected without self-rule? I invite my readers to go with me to India and see. What we find will go far toward furnishing us a key to the meaning of the present Indian Nationalist Movement.

Crossing over from this side to London, we sail from there to India in a magnificent steamer. On board is a most interesting company of people, made up of merchants, travelers, and especially Englishmen who are either officials connected with the Indian Government or officers in the Indian army, who have been home on furlough with their families and are now returning. We land in Bombay, a city that reminds us of Paris or London or New York or Washington. Our hotel is conducted in English style. We go to the railway station, one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the world, to take the train for Calcutta, the capital, some fifteen hundred miles away. Arrived at Calcutta we hear it called the City of Palaces; nor do we wonder at the name. Who owns the steamship line by which we came to India? The British. Who built that splendid railway station in Bombay? The British. Who built the railway on which we rode to Calcutta? The British.

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To whom do these palatial buildings belong? Mostly to the British. We find that Calcutta and Bombay have a large commerce. To whom does it belong? Mainly to the British. We find that the Indian Government, that is, British rule in India, has directly or indirectly built in the land some 29,000 miles of railway; has created good postal and telegraph systems, reaching nearly everywhere; has established or assisted in establishing many schools, colleges, hospitals, and other institutions of public benefit; has promoted sanitation, founded law courts after the English pattern, and done much else to bring India into line with the civilization of Europe. It is not strange if we soon begin to exclaim, "How much are the British doing for India! How great a benefit to the Indian people is British rule!" And in an important degree we are right in what we say. British rule has done much for India, and much for which India itself is profoundly grateful.

But have we seen all? Is there no other side? Have we discovered the deepest and most important that exists? If there are signs of prosperity, is it the prosperity of the Indian people, or only of their English masters? If the English are living in ease and luxury, how are the people of the land living? If there are railways and splendid buildings, who pay for them? and who get profits out of them? Have we been away from the beaten tracks of travel? Have we been out among the Indian people themselves, in country as well as in city? Nearly nine-tenths of the people are ryots, or small farmers, who derive their sustenance directly from the land. Have we found out how they live? Do we know whether they are growing better off, or poorer? Especially have we looked into the causes of those famines, the most terrible known to the modern world, which have swept like a besom of death over the land year after year, and which drag after them another scourge scarcely less dreadful, the plague, their black shadow, their hideous child? Here is a side of India which we must acquaint ourselves with, as well as the other, if we would understand the real Indian situation.

The great, disturbing, portentous, all-overshadowing fact connected with the history of India in recent years is the succession of famines. What do these famines mean? Here is a picture from a recent book, written by a distinguished British civilian who has had long service in India and knows the Indian situation from the inside. Since he is an Englishman we may safely count upon his prejudices, if he has any, being not upon the side of the Indian people, but upon that of his own countrymen. Mr. W. S. Lilly, in his *India and Its Problems*, writes as follows: —

"During the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, 18,000,000 of people perished of famine. In one year alone — the year when her late Majesty assumed the title of Empress — 5,000,000 of the people in Southern India were starved to death. In the District of Bellary, with which I am personally acquainted, — a region twice the size of Wales, — one-fourth of the population perished in the famine of 1876–77. I shall never forget my own famine experiences: how, as I rode out on horseback, morning after morning, I passed crowds of wandering skeletons, and saw human corpses by the roadside, unburied, uncared for, and half devoured by dogs and vultures; how, sadder sight still, children, 'the joy of the world,' as the old Greeks deemed, had become its ineffable sorrow, and were forsaken by the very women who had borne them, wolfish hunger killing even the maternal instinct. Those children, their bright eyes shining from hollow sockets, their flesh utterly wasted away, and only gristle and sinew and cold shivering skin remaining, their heads mere skulls, their puny frames full of loathsome diseases, engendered by the starvation in which they had been conceived and born and nurtured — they haunt me still." Every one who has gone much about India in

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famine times knows how true to life is this picture.

Mr. Lilly estimates the number of deaths in the first eight decades of the last century at 18,000,000. This is nothing less than appalling, — within a little more than two generations as many persons perishing by starvation in a single country as the whole population of Canada, New England, and the city and state of New York, or nearly half as many as the total population of France! But the most startling aspect of the case appears in the fact that the famines increased in number and severity as the century went on. Suppose we divide the past century into quarters, or periods of twenty-five years each. In the first quarter there were five famines, with an estimated loss of life of 1,000,000. During the second quarter of the century there were two famines, with an estimated mortality of 500,000. During the third quarter there were six famines, with a recorded loss of life of 5,000,000. During the last quarter of the century, what? Eighteen famines, with an estimated mortality reaching the awful totals of from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000. And this does not include the many more millions (over 6,000,000 in a single year) barely kept alive by government doles.

What is the cause of these famines, and this appalling increase in their number and destructiveness? The common answer is, the failure of the rains. But there seems to be no evidence that the rains fail worse now than they did a hundred years ago. Moreover, why should failure of rains bring famine? The rains have never failed over areas so extensive as to prevent the raising of enough food in the land to supply the needs of the entire population. Why then have people starved? Not because there was lack of food. Not because there was lack of food in the famine areas, brought by railways or otherwise within easy reach of all. There has always been plenty of food, even in the worst famine years, for those who have had money to buy it with, and generally food at moderate prices. Why, then, have all these millions of people perished? Because they were so indescribably poor. All candid and thorough investigation into the causes of the famines of India has shown that the chief and fundamental cause has been and is the poverty of the people, — a poverty so severe and terrible that it keeps the majority of the entire population on the very verge of starvation even in years of greatest plenty, prevents them from laying up anything against times of extremity, and hence leaves them, when their crops fail, absolutely undone — with nothing between them and death, unless some form of charity comes to their aid. Says Sir Charles Elliott, long the Chief Commissioner of Assam, "Half the agricultural population do not know from one half-year's end to another what it is to have a full meal." Says the Honorable G. K. Gokhale, of the Viceroy's Council, "From 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of the people of India do not know what it is to have their hunger satisfied even once in a year."

And the people are growing poorer and poorer. The late Mr. William Digby, of London, long an Indian resident, in his recent book entitled "*Prosperous*" *India*, shows from official estimates and Parliamentary and Indian Blue Books, that, whereas the average daily income of the people of India in the year 1850 was estimated as four cents per person (a pittance on which one wonders that any human being can live), in 1882 it had fallen to three cents per person, and in 1900 actually to less than two cents per person. Is it any wonder that people reduced to such extremities as this can lay up nothing? Is it any wonder that when the rains do not come, and the crops of a single season fail, they are lost? And where is this to end? If the impoverishment of the people is to go on, what is there before them but growing hardship, multiplying famines, and increasing loss of life?

Here we get a glimpse of the real India.

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It is not the India which the traveler sees, following the usual routes of travel, stopping at the leading hotels conducted after the manner of London or Paris, and mingling with the English lords of the country. It is not the India which the British "point to with pride," and tell us about in their books of description and their official reports. This is India from the inside, the India of the people, of the men, women, and children, who were born there and die there, who bear the burdens and pay the taxes, and support the costly government carried on by foreigners, and do the starving when the famines come.

What causes this awful and growing impoverishment of the Indian people? Said John Bright, "If a country be found possessing a most fertile soil, and capable of bearing every variety of production, and, notwithstanding, the people are in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, the chances are there is some fundamental error in the government of that country."

One cause of India's impoverishment is heavy taxation. Taxation in England and Scotland is high, so high that Englishmen and Scotchmen complain bitterly. But the people of India are taxed more than twice as heavily as the people of England and three times as heavily as those of Scotland. According to the latest statistics at hand, those of 1905, the annual average income per person in India is about $6.00, and the annual tax per person about $2.00. Think of taxing the American people to the extent of one-third their total income! Yet such taxation here, unbearable as it would be, would not create a tithe of the suffering that it does in India, because incomes here are so immensely larger than there. Here it would cause great hardship, there it creates starvation.

Notice the single item of salt-taxation. Salt is an absolute necessity to the people, to the very poorest; they must have it or die. But the tax upon it which for many years they have been compelled to pay has been much greater than the cost value of the salt. Under this taxation the quantity of salt consumed has been reduced actually to one-half the quantity declared by medical authorities to be absolutely necessary for health. The mere suggestion in England of a tax on wheat sufficient to raise the price of bread by even a half-penny on the loaf, creates such a protest as to threaten the overthrow of ministries. Lately the salt-tax in India has been reduced, but it still remains well-nigh prohibitive to the poorer classes. With such facts as these before us, we do not wonder at Herbert Spencer's indignant protest against the "grievous salt-monopoly" of the Indian Government, and "the pitiless taxation which wrings from poor ryots nearly half the products of the soil."

Another cause of India's impoverishment is the destruction of her manufactures, as the result of British rule. When the British first appeared on the scene, India was one of the richest countries of the world; indeed it was her great riches that attracted the British to her shores. The source of her wealth was largely her splendid manufactures. Her cotton goods, silk goods, shawls, muslins of Dacca, brocades of Ahmedabad, rugs, pottery of Scind, jewelry, metal work, lapidary work, were famed not only all over Asia but in all the leading markets of Northern Africa and of Europe. What has become of those manufactures? For the most part they are gone, destroyed. Hundreds of villages and towns of India in which they were carried on are now largely or wholly depopulated, and millions of the people who were supported by them have been scattered and driven back on the land, to share the already too scanty living of the poor ryot. What is the explanation? Great Britain wanted India's markets. She could not find entrance for British manufactures so long as India was supplied with manufactures of her own. So those of India must be sacrificed. England had all power in her hands, and so she proceeded to pass tariff

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and excise laws that ruined the manufactures of India and secured the market for her own goods. India would have protected herself if she had been able, by enacting tariff laws favorable to Indian interests, but she had no power, she was at the mercy of her conqueror.

A third cause of India's impoverishment is the enormous and wholly unnecessary cost of her government. Writers in discussing the financial situation in India have often pointed out the fact that her government is the most expensive in the world. Of course the reason why is plain: it is because it is a government carried on not by the people of the soil, but by men from a distant country. These foreigners, having all power in their own hands, including power to create such offices as they choose and to attach to them such salaries and pensions as they see fit, naturally do not err on the side of making the offices too few or the salaries and pensions too small. Nearly all the higher officials throughout India are British. To be sure, the Civil Service is nominally open to Indians. But it is hedged about with so many restrictions (among others, Indian young men being required to make the journey of seven thousand miles from India to London to take their examinations) that they are able for the most part to secure only the lowest and poorest places. The amount of money which the Indian people are required to pay as salaries to this great army of foreign civil servants and appointed higher officials, and then, later, as pensions for the same, after they have served a given number of years in India, is very large. That in three-fourths if not nine-tenths of the positions quite as good service could be obtained for the government at a fraction of the present cost, by employing educated and competent Indians, who much better understand the wants of the country, is quite true. But that would not serve the purpose of England, who wants these lucrative offices for her sons. Hence poor Indian ryots must sweat and go hungry, and if need be starve, that an ever-growing army of foreign officials may have large salaries and fat pensions. And of course much of the money paid for these salaries, and practically all paid for the pensions, goes permanently out of India.

Another burden upon the people of India which they ought not to be compelled to bear, and which does much to increase their poverty, is the enormously heavy military expenses of the government. I am not complaining of the maintenance of such an army as may be necessary for the defense of the country. But the Indian army is kept at a strength much beyond what the defense of the country requires. India is made a sort of general rendezvous and training camp for the Empire, from which soldiers may at any time be drawn for service in distant lands. If such an imperial training-camp and rendezvous is needed, a part at least of the heavy expense of it ought to come out of the Imperial Treasury. But no, India is helpless, she can be compelled to pay it, she is compelled to pay it. Many English statesmen recognize this as wrong, and condemn it; yet it goes right on. Said the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman: "Justice demands that England should pay a portion of the cost of the great Indian army maintained in India for Imperial rather than Indian purposes. This has not yet been done, and famine-stricken India is being bled for the maintenance of England's world-wide empire." But there is still worse than this. Numerous wars and campaigns are carried on outside of India, the expenses of which, wholly or in part, India is compelled to bear. For such foreign wars and campaigns — campaigns and wars in which the Indian people had no concern, and for which they received no benefit, the aim of which was solely conquest and the extension of British power — India was required to pay during the last century the enormous total of more than $450,000,000. How many such burdens as these can the millions of India, who live on the

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average income of $6 a year, bear without being crushed?

Perhaps the greatest of all the causes of the impoverishment of the Indian people is the steady and enormous drain of wealth from India to England, which has been going on ever since the East India Company first set foot in the land, three hundred years ago, and is going on still with steadily increasing volume. England claims that India pays her no "tribute." Technically, this is true; but, really, it is very far from true. In the form of salaries spent in England, pensions sent to England, interest drawn in England on investments made in India, business profits made in India and sent to England, and various kinds of exploitation carried on in India for England's benefit, a vast stream of wealth ("tribute" in effect) is constantly pouring into England from India. Says Mr. R. C. Dutt, author of the *Economic History of India* (and there is no higher authority), "A sum reckoned at twenty millions of English money, or a hundred millions of American money [some other authorities put it much higher], which it should be borne in mind is equal to half the net revenues of India, is remitted annually from this country [India] to England, without a direct equivalent. Think of it! One-half of what we [in India] pay as taxes goes out of the country, and does not come back to the people. No other country on earth suffers like this at the present day; and no country on earth could bear such an annual drain without increasing impoverishment and repeated famines. We denounce ancient Rome for impoverishing Gaul and Egypt, Sicily and Palestine, to enrich herself. We denounce Spain for robbing the New World and the Netherlands to amass wealth. England is following exactly the same practice in India. Is it strange that she is converting India into a land of poverty and famine?"

But it is only a part of the wrong done to India that she is impoverished. Quite as great an injustice is her loss of liberty, — the fact that she is allowed no part in shaping her own political destiny. As we have seen, Canada and Australia are free and self-governing. India is kept in absolute subjection. Yet her people are largely of Aryan blood, the finest race in Asia. There are not wanting men among them, men in numbers, who are the equals of their British masters, in knowledge, in ability, in trustworthiness, in every high quality. It is not strange that many Englishmen are waking up to the fact that such treatment of such a people, of any people, is tyranny: it is a violation of those ideals of freedom and justice which have been England's greatest glory. It is also short-sighted as regards Britain's own interests. It is the kind of policy which cost her her American Colonies, and later came near costing her Canada. If persisted in, it may cost her India.

What is the remedy for the evils and burdens under which the Indian people are suffering? How may the people be relieved from their abject and growing poverty? How can they be given prosperity, happiness, and content?

Many answers are suggested. One is, make the taxes lighter. This is doubtless important. But how can it be effected so long as the people have no voice in their own government? Another is, enact such legislation and set on foot such measures as may be found necessary to restore as far as possible the native industries which have been destroyed. This is good; but will an alien government, and one which has itself destroyed these industries for its own advantage, ever do this? Another is, reduce the unnecessary and illegitimate military expenses. This is easy to say, and it is most reasonable. But how can it be brought about, so long as the government favors such expenses, and the people have no power? Another thing urged is, stop the drain of wealth to England. But what steps can be taken looking in this direction so long as India has no power to protect herself? It all comes back to this: the

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fundamental difficulty, the fundamental evil, the fundamental wrong, lies in the fact that the Indian people are permitted to have no voice in their own government. Thus they are unable to guard their own interests, unable to protect themselves against unjust laws, unable to inaugurate those measures for their own advancement which must always come from those immediately concerned.

It is hard to conceive of a government farther removed from the people in spirit or sympathy than is that of India. There has been a marked change for the worse in this respect within the past twenty-five years, since the vice-regal term of Lord Ripon. The whole spirit of the government has become reactionary, increasingly so, reaching its culmination in the recent administration of Lord Curzon. The present Indian Secretary, Lord Morley, has promised improvement; but, so far, the promise has had no realization. Instead of improvement, the situation has been made in important respects worse. There have been tyrannies within the past two years, within the past three months, which even Lord Curzon would have shrunk from. There is no space here to enumerate them.

Fifty years ago the people were consulted and conciliated in ways that would not now be thought of. Then the government did not hesitate to hold before the people the ideal of increasing political privileges, responsibilities, and advantages. It was freely given out that the purpose of the government was to prepare the people for self-rule. Now no promise or intimation of anything of the kind is ever heard from any one in authority. Everywhere in India one finds Englishmen — officials and others — with few exceptions — regarding this kind of talk as little better than treason. The Civil Service of India is reasonably efficient, and to a gratifying degree free from peculation and corruption. But the government is as complete a bureaucracy as that of Russia. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that, as a bureaucracy, it is as autocratic, as arbitrary in its methods, as reactionary in its spirit, as far removed from sympathy with the people, as determined to keep all power in its own hands, as unwilling to consult the popular wishes, or to listen to the voice of the most enlightened portion of the nation, even when expressed through the great and widely representative Indian National Congress, as is the Russian bureaucracy. Proof of this can be furnished to any amount.

It is said that India is incapable of ruling herself. If so, what an indictment is this against England! She was not incapable of ruling herself before England came. Have one hundred and fifty years of English tutelage produced in her such deterioration? As we have seen, she was possessed of a high civilization and of developed governments long before England or any part of Europe had emerged from barbarism. For three thousand years before England's arrival, Indian kingdoms and empires had held leading places in Asia. Some of the ablest rulers, statesmen, and financiers of the world have been of India's production. How is it, then, that she loses her ability to govern herself as soon as England appears upon the scene? To be sure, at that time she was in a peculiarly disorganized and unsettled state; for it should be remembered that the Mogul Empire was just breaking up, and new political adjustments were everywhere just being made, — a fact which accounts for England's being able to gain a political foothold in India. But everything indicates that if India had not been interfered with by European powers, she would soon have been under competent governments of her own again.

A further answer to the assertion that India cannot govern herself — and surely one that should be conclusive — is the fact that, in parts, she is governing herself now, and governing herself well. It is notorious that the very best government in India to-day is not that carried on by the British, but that of several of

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the native states, notably Baroda and Mysore. In these states, particularly Baroda, the people are more free, more prosperous, more contented, and are making more progress, than in any other part of India. Note the superiority of both these states in the important matter of popular education. Mysore is spending on education more than three times as much per capita as is British India, while Baroda has made her education free and compulsory. Both of these states, but especially Baroda, which has thus placed herself in line with the leading nations of Europe and America by making provision for the education of all her children, may well be contrasted with British India, which provides education, even of the poorest kind, for only one boy in ten and one girl in one hundred and forty-four.

The truth is, not one single fact can be cited that goes to show that India cannot govern herself, — reasonably well at first, excellently well later, — if only given a chance. It would not be difficult to form an Indian Parliament to-day, composed of men as able and of as high character as those that constitute the fine Parliament of Japan, or as those that will be certain to constitute the not less able national Parliament of China when the new constitutional government of that nation comes into operation. This is only another way of saying that among the leaders in the various states and provinces of India there is abundance of material to form an Indian National Parliament not inferior in intellectual ability or in moral worth to the parliaments of the Western world.

We have now before us the data for understanding, at least in a measure, the meaning of the "New National Movement in India." It is the awakening and the protest of a subject people. It is the effort of a nation, once illustrious, and still conscious of its inherent superiority, to rise from the dust, to stand once more on its feet, to shake off fetters which have become unendurable. It is the effort of the Indian people to get for themselves again a country which shall be in some true sense their own, instead of remaining, as for a century and a half it has been, a mere preserve of a foreign power, — in John Stuart Mill's words, England's "cattle farm." The people of India want the freedom which is their right, — freedom to shape their own institutions, their own industries, their own national life. This does not necessarily mean separation from Great Britain; but it does mean, if retaining a connection with the British Empire, becoming *citizens*, and not remaining forever *helpless subjects* in the hands of irresponsible masters. It does mean a demand that India shall be given a place in the Empire *essentially like that of Canada or Australia*, with such autonomy and home rule as are enjoyed by these free, self-governing colonies. Is not this demand just? Not only the people of India, but many of the best Englishmen, answer unequivocally, Yes! In the arduous struggle upon which India has entered to attain this end (arduous indeed her struggle must be, for holders of autocratic and irresponsible power seldom in this world surrender their power without being compelled) surely she should have the sympathy of the enlightened and liberty-loving men and women of all nations.

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THE CLOSED DOOR

BY MARY BURT MESSER

How you have known her and not known her: in the midst of love unutterably
sweet, how you have believed her yours.
She is yours, so much — no more!
Have you never seen that look of hers as she stood poised for a moment, — rapt,
inscrutable, saying to love — love even — whither I go you cannot come?
— Unfathomable human soul,
Yielding its tenderness, its pity,
Its perfect and exquisite companionship,
Yielding to the dear ties of earth —
But now as you turn to her,
Touching her brown familiar hair,
Far off — so far that the sound is almost inaudible —
A door is faintly closed.

THE HEART OF A BLUE STOCKING

BY LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY

Of all the pleasures, I do not know a sweeter than the sense that comes to me so poignantly a few times in the year, of the charm of my own way of life. On such occasions the round of Every Day takes to itself all the airs of romance, and the sun sets above my little quiet world with dramatic importance.

My round is an academic one. College bells ring me up in the morning in my room, tiny as a nun's cell; the first sight out of my windows is of gray halls and towers; my dress is the black stuff gown that students have worn beyond memory, and for *insignia* I put on their tri-cornered hood; my way lies all day long through lecture-rooms and cloisters; my occupation is with ink and pens and books and papers. The evening overtakes me in my study, and on many a night I have burned the oil low in my lamp as I read a folio or quarto to its end. For I have no pleasure in your modern ways and little books. I would read in the great tradition — by candles — if I could, and I think a huge tome none too big an armful for a student. Yellowed pages, oddities in spelling, bindings embrowned by time and lettered crookedly in a gilt somewhat bedimmed and rubbed out at the corners, all weave for me illusions of scholarship.

I am so old-fashioned, perhaps, because I am a woman, permitted very late in the ages to partake of "the sweet food of academic tuition." It has for me, I daresay, a flavor not sensible to manly palates. They have tasted too often and too greedily of the figurative apple, any longer to be very conscious of its deliciousness.

Not that I am uninformed, deprecat-

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ory Reader, — if such you be, — of the very antique origin of Blue Stockings. The little girl in the old library is of course legendary, bending over mouldering books and teaching herself difficult alphabets with a sweet ardor for learning. So, too, is the Queen who loved a Greek tragedy well enough to rise in an early Tudor dawn to read; the Great Lady of an hundred or two years later who prized a Latin history as a first gift from a lover of pedantic humor; and yet the third, who understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy — "judging very well of the defects of the latter" — and was thoroughly versed in the Seven Errors of Hobbes.

I feel all the sentiment in the world (let me parenthesize) for Stella's philosophy; indeed, I impugn the learning of no lady; but for nicety of argument I must pronounce these great examples of bookishness, one and all, "Reading Ladies," and not, in the honorable old phrase, "Ladies Collegiate." The distinction I know to be essential. The Reading Lady loves a book; the Lady Collegiate loves a university. A strange passion for a lady! To forswear gardens and parlors for mere grassy quads and academic porticoes; to exchange silks for the never-changing fashion of a scholar's rusty serge, and trinkets for goose-quills and inkpots; to prefer the bookish scent of libraries to roses, perhaps; to devote her days to learned discourse, and her evenings to the solitary meditation recommended the student; this, in a word, is the discipline to which the Lady Collegiate vows herself. Its harshnesses Reading Ladies have not the heart for; I have met gentlewomen fleeing in dismay beyond academic bounds, and have come upon piles of their abandoned books. These, I take it, are the due prize of a militant Blue Stocking.

For I know her well, gentle Reader. I have stood her friend. As you have already guessed, I am of her race and sympathies. In fact, from the tender age when first I crept to school, carrying my satchel of books like my brother, my destiny has been written with hers in some not-too-learned configuration; and I have often reflected that, in happy metaphor, I should be said to have lived my life in the schoolroom. By an easy logic, then, I am no friend to those who mark a mere dozen years or so spent there with glances at clock and calendar, and mockery of Dry-as-Dust and Sums and Grammar. For my part, I like the swing of a fine old conjugation — it often echoes me as far as Alexandria; and though I am not by temperament mathematically inclined, I have lived my time under the ferule and ciphered a blackboard full of figures — and the like fantastics — with pleasurable self-respect.

If, however, I have an academic vanity, it is to see the whole world hang round me day after day on parti-colored maps, and on important occasion to turn about a globe of the heavens, following with my finger the celestial paths of suns and planets. I love, too, the proud talk of the schoolroom. Nowhere else does the converse fall so frequently on heroes, gods, and emperors. Nowhere else, moreover, are their renowned tasks and wearinesses so much one's own. Memorable to me at least is the labor I endured as a slim schoolgirl in the building of Cæsar's bridge; the fatigue of Cyrus's forced marches; the temptation, not yielded to in the heroic season of youth, to march down comfortably and gorgeously to the sea with the hosts of Xerxes.

But the school — the college — that raised my imagination to these great ideas, did not, to my mind and according to popular fallacy, prepare me for "life in the world." On the contrary! They taught me to live with the great and to enjoy an adventure every day. After my taste to bite the dust in Homeric warfare, practice a mediæval courtesy, or live hours long enlightened in "The Age of Reason." Through the schoolroom, in a word, history and mythology parade;

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on its tables the whole feast of experience is spread. There you are offered no single portion of homely fare; there no shallow goblet; but you drink, like an old-world god, from inexhaustible cups.

There is a dignity, I think, in thus imbibing knowledge; and pedantry itself is but the sweet intoxication of the student's mind. I would not, if I could, unlearn the name of Anchises' nurse, or of Archemon's stepmother, or forget how long Acestes lived, or how much wine he gave the Phrygians. In all of which, it seems, the greatest spirits have been at one with me, and kings themselves, when they could no longer be scholars, have wished to turn schoolmasters: Alexander the Great, and James of both Scotland and England, and, I daresay, many another, had he but taken occasion to confess his royal will.

So it is that I choose to linger my life away — in fancy or reality — in a dozen universities. (For from old habit and with no more than the *principia* — the rudiments — of philosophy, I can hale myself from the wide campus of a western world to an Athenian garden, or take my place on the bench of an old English classroom.) I have too long inhaled learning to breathe, though myself not learned, in unscholarly atmosphere. I could not find it in my heart to jostle strangers in the street when I might walk out with important professor or gay student; nor, after all the years, humble my mind to dwell in a house instead of a hall. Custom has bred me to pace daily corridors bordered by effigies of the Cæsars, and to hear my hours rung out by bells swung in a high gray tower. With changing mood I drink in the peace of a cloister garden, or affect the bustle and flurry of examinations. Academic platitudes are become familiar and comfortable to me; academic wit is more elegant to my taste than is worldly. I love a *mot* with a pedantic point to it, a humor not unburdened by the weight of authority. Even a university bulletin-board has for me the official charm of a great tradition, and names lightly subscribed to notices fluttering there often, as on the crabbed paper before me, live to become immortal.

"The following students have registered for a course in practical philosophy and ethics to be given in the winter semester of this year.

"I. KANT.

"Koenigsberg, Oct. 3, 1773."

I should add that I never see a student sitting at a window without remembering how Erasmus would bend over his book in the old quad at Queen's; nor ever mount the platform of my lecture-room without an emotion, because of Galileo's that I know to be rotting away in Padua.

Sometimes, I confess, the walls of my college seem to be narrowing round me. My affections would stretch beyond, would sun themselves a little in the warmth outside. Of a night I have been haunted by a student's terrors: I have dreamed that scholars were jugglers playing a game with ideas instead of balls; or have figured, with all the lively horror of a vision, as the absurd Latin-prating pedant in an old comedy I was reading when I fell asleep. So on waking I have imaged myself — not without awkwardness — on an adventure unacademic.

> O 't is not fit
> That all the sweetness of the world in one,
> The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers
> And wilder people that have known no manners,
> Should live thus cloistered up.

I have felt, too, the wish for a world that is not forever fleeting — vanishing from me through a Gothic archway to let in a troop of strange young smiling creatures. For they, I know, in their turn, will pass through the same cycle, and in their turn will leave me to shiver a little in my cloister under a cold moon.

Not that I would follow the endless

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procession out through the gate! I have ventured abroad in my time, only to make haste back under collegiate shelter. While the old strongholds of the World of Ideas, the "Homes of Wisdom," are to be maintained against the assaults of the World of Affairs, it is not for a militant Blue Stocking, faint though her strength may be, to surrender an antique loyalty.

THE PROGRESS OF EGYPT

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

"EGYPT contains more marvelous things than any other country, things too strange for words." This statement of Herodotus is as true in some respects to-day as when he made it, more than two thousand years ago. Compare the present condition of the land with that which existed in 1876. Then Ismail Pasha, a pinchbeck Pharaoh, as he has been aptly termed, was the ruler. The main characteristic of his reign and the cause of his deposition, namely, his extravagant expenditure, was due, strange though the statement may seem, to our Civil War. When he ascended the throne in 1863, the value of the annual crop of Egyptian cotton, of which the greater part was the Khedive's personal property, had suddenly increased fivefold; that is, was worth, instead of twenty-five million, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. It should be added that it fell back within two years to the old value as suddenly as it rose.

There can be little doubt that this extraordinary increase of Ismail's riches turned his head and occasioned his financial crimes and follies. The fact is, that the debt of Egypt, which in 1863 was in round numbers fifteen million dollars, in 1876 was five hundred million. For all practical purposes, with the exception of eighty millions spent on the Suez Canal, this vast sum was squandered. Ismail's private funds and the resources of his subjects being alike exhausted, Egypt was declared bankrupt, and the dual control of France and England began.

What was the condition of his people at that time? It is probably true that, as regards natural conditions, there is no people in the world more favorably situated than the Egyptian peasants or fellaheen. They live in an equable climate, and have a soil of inexhaustible fertility, which is tilled with extraordinary ease. Yet to secure a harvest requires, at certain seasons of the year, such constant labor and watchfulness that the fellah, with this healthy spur to active exertion, has never sunk to the condition of the tropical savage, from whom all anxiety for food is taken by a too-indulgent Nature. The desert which hems in his fields is his safeguard and protection. Without hostile neighbors or foreign foes, therefore, he is peaceful, and free from restless ambitions for conquest. A still more important factor of his happiness is the fact that the vast majority of the fellaheen are of one race and religion. He does not suffer from those ceaseless disturbances arising from the mutual hatred of people of different nationality and belief, such as have made the villages of Macedonia and Armenia the scenes of fratricidal strife for centuries. His wants are few and simple, and do not extend beyond what his fields and flocks, and above all his bounteous river, can give him in abundance. The purely natural conditions, then, are more nearly perfect than

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can be found in any other part of the world. Given a wise, just, and humane government, and there is no peasant's lot so enviable as that of the Egyptian fellah.

How then was he affected in the matter of taxation by his Khedive's extravagant expenditures and ever-pressing need of money? In addition to the land-tax, the fellah himself was taxed, his wife and children, his crop and cattle in the field and again at the market, his license as tradesman or workman, and the product of his work, his cart, his boat, — even the loan which he had contracted to pay his taxes, was taxed. When Lord Cromer,[1] then Sir Evelyn Baring, came to Egypt in 1877 as English Commissioner of the Debt, he made a list of thirty-seven such petty taxes of the most harassing nature, and doubted if the list was complete. This would not be unendurable provided a certain fixed sum had to be paid. But when the claims of the treasury, the governor of the province, the head of the village, and the tax-collector, had been satisfied, the unfortunate fellah had paid perhaps three times as much as could be rightly demanded of him. The fiscal history of Ismail's reign is simply a record of increased taxation, forced loans, and arbitrary requisitions. Shortly after his accession, twenty-five per cent was added to the land-tax; and four times at least in the next twelve years this tax was raised by amounts varying from ten to fifty per cent.

Nor was this increase of the regular taxes all. "Every day some new tax," writes Lady Duff-Gordon in 1868. A decree is issued, for instance, that every artisan shall immediately pay twenty-five piastres for the privilege of continuing his work at his trade. As there was no fixed amount, so there was no regular time for collecting the taxes. The collector might appear during the harvest when the cultivator presumably had money, or at any other time of the year. If in the summer, the growing corn was sold at perhaps half its value, and there were recorded cases of corn sold for fifty piastres an ardeb (five and a half bushels) "which was delivered in a month's time, when it was worth one hundred and twenty piastres an ardeb." If the tax collector appeared in the winter or spring, the peasant was obliged to have recourse to the village money-lender, from whom he borrowed, often at the rate of sixty per cent per annum.

Toward the close of these dark days, as the needs of the Khedive became more pressing, all pretense of lawful methods of raising money was cast aside. "The taxes are now being collected in advance," writes a resident. "The people are being terribly beaten to get next year's taxes out of them," writes another. For the ordinary methods of extorting payment under these circumstances were imprisonment, — that is, being chained neck, hands, and feet with a string of malefactors; or being beaten with a rhinoceros-hide whip, the courbash, on the soles of the feet, until the money was produced. It was the common boast of the fellah that he received so many lashes before he paid.

There was still more that Ismail could take from the poor taxpayer when his last piastre had gone — his labor. The corvée, or system of forced labor at the demand of the government, in itself is neither new, nor confined to Egypt, nor necessarily unjust. In its simplest form it is represented by the New England farmer working on the highways. This work corresponds in Egypt to the strengthening of the embankments, the cleaning of canals and digging of ditches to secure the proper flooding of the fields during the high Nile, and their drainage when the river falls. From time immemorial the rural population has been called out to do this work, which is absolutely essential to the existence of the country. As late as 1885, two hundred and thirty-four thousand men were called out

[1] *Modern Egypt.* By the Earl of Cromer [Sir Evelyn Baring]. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

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to work for one hundred days in the year.

But, in addition to the corvée for labor upon the irrigation works, there were innumerable requisitions for labor for other things. Unlimited numbers of the fellaheen might be dragged away from their villages at any time for any purpose, public or private, legitimate or illegitimate, upon which the Khedive chose to employ them. His private estates, representing about one-fifth of the arable land, were cultivated to a great extent by forced labor. "At one time there were one hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children driven forth with whips from their villages to perform wageless work on the Khedive's roads through his property to the cotton-fields and sugar plantations." In one of her "Letters from Egypt," Lady Duff-Gordon writes, "All this week the people have been working night and day cutting their *unripe* corn, because three hundred and ten men (a third of the male population) are to go to-morrow to work on the railway below Siout. This green corn, of course, is valueless to sell and unwholesome to eat. So the magnificent harvest of this year is turned to bitterness at the last moment. From the whole province twenty-five thousand men were taken on this occasion to work for sixty days without food or pay."

But the poor fellaheen dreaded the conscription far more than the corvée. The conscript was led away in chains under the blows of the courbash, and amid precisely the same violent expressions of grief on the part of his relatives as usually attend a funeral. If he ever returned to his home (which was doubtful in any case, for there were no laws regulating military service, and impossible if he was sent to the Sudan, which was equivalent to perpetual exile), he was generally mutilated or smitten with some fatal disease. No wonder, then, that, even in childhood, multitudes of the people maimed or blinded themselves that they might escape the conscription.

Justice, as we understand the word, was absolutely unknown to the Egyptian peasant in those dark days. In the time of the flood, the canals were first tapped for the estates of the Khedive, then for the pashas and village sheikhs, and last of all for the peasants. Times innumerable did they return to their villages from their month-long labor on the corvée, to find that their fields had been neglected and their hopes of a harvest ruined. Bribery was universal. Each grade in the public service gave "bakhshish" to the one above, and recouped itself with interest from the one below. The miserable fellah, being at the bottom of the scale, had in the end, therefore, to bear the whole burden.

At the close of Ismail's reign, two-thirds of the cultivated land had passed out of the possession of the peasant proprietor. The Khedive had acquired, in great part by arbitrary seizure, one million acres. Most of the remainder, through forced sales and expropriations, had become the property of the foreign usurers. Stripped of his possessions, then, subject to be chained, whipped, and sent far away from his home to dig canals and build roads, or to serve in the army at the pleasure of the Khedive, such was the condition of the fellah under Ismail. And though of all peasants, probably, he is the most attached to his home, yet to escape his cruel oppressor he did not hesitate to abandon his hut on the river-bank and to take refuge in the neighboring Sahara. "Whole villages are deserted," writes Lady Duff-Gordon, "and thousands have run away into the desert between this and Assouan. The hands of the government are awfully heavy on them."

I might multiply indefinitely these instances of the wretchedness and misery of this people, suffering not from war, famine, or pestilence, or the deserved penalty for rebellion, but simply from evil rulers. One more will be sufficient; and is the condition of a people better indicated than in the songs of the child-

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ren? Listen then to the Egyptian boys and girls of thirty years ago, at work in the fields and singing in responsive chorus: —

Boys — They starve us, they starve us.
Girls — They beat us, they beat us.
Boys — But there 's Some One above.
Girls — Who will punish them well.

The Egypt of to-day, what is its condition? As regards its financial situation, its public debt remains about the same in amount, but with a much smaller interest charge. The annual deficit lasted till 1888; but from that time the revenue has exceeded the expenditure, and in 1906 the aggregate surplus amounted to one hundred and thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars, although eighty million dollars had been spent on railways, irrigation, and public buildings. A general reserve fund of over fifty-five million dollars has been created. All this has been accomplished, and at the same time the direct taxation has been decreased by a little less than ten million dollars a year. The nation which was bankrupt in 1876 has now a financial standing in the world "only second to that of France and England." The cultivated area has nearly doubled in extent, while the value of the irrigation works is shown by the fact that the introduction of perennial irrigation into a tract of four hundred thousand acres in Middle Egypt, by means of the Assouan Dam, has increased its selling value one hundred and fifty million dollars. More than a million peasants own farms of less than five acres, and to maintain them in their holdings, as well as to enable them to purchase seed and manure, an Agricultural Bank has been established which has loaned forty-five million dollars in small sums to the fellaheen. To spread a knowledge of scientific cultivation, agricultural and horticultural societies have been formed.

We have seen that the amount of the fellah's taxes has been decreased. But this is not all. "The poorest peasant in the country," says Lord Milner, "is now annually furnished with a tax-paper, which shows him exactly what he has to pay to the government, and at what seasons the installments are due. The dates of these installments, moreover, which vary in different provinces, have been arranged so as to correspond as nearly as possible with the seasons when the cultivator realizes his produce, and is therefore in the best position to discharge his debt to the State."

But a better and more concise description of the changed condition of the Egyptian cannot be found than that given by the one who of all men knows him best, Lord Cromer. "A new spirit has been instilled into the population of Egypt. Even the peasant has learned to scan his rights. Even the Pasha has learned that others beside himself have rights which must be respected. The courbash may hang on the walls of the Moudirieh, but the Moudir no longer dares to employ it on the backs of the fellaheen. For all practical purposes, it may be said that the hateful corvée system has disappeared. Slavery has virtually ceased to exist. The halcyon days of the adventurer and the usurer are past. Fiscal burthens have been greatly relieved. Everywhere law reigns supreme. Justice is no longer bought and sold. Nature, instead of being spurned and neglected, has been wooed to bestow her gifts on mankind. She has responded to the appeal. The waters of the Nile are now utilized in an intelligent manner. Means of locomotion have been improved and extended. The soldier has acquired some pride in the uniform which he wears. He has fought as he never fought before. The sick man can be nursed in a well-managed hospital. The lunatic is no longer treated like a wild beast. The punishment awarded to the worst criminal is no longer barbarous. Lastly, the schoolmaster is abroad, with results which are as yet uncertain, but which cannot fail to be important."

This transformation of the bankrupt,

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impoverished Egypt, with a rapidity without a parallel in history, into one of the most prosperous regions of the world, and of the wretched fellah into a man, — to quote the testimony of Mustapha Fehmy Pasha, the Egyptian premier, given at the great farewell demonstration to Lord Cromer in Cairo, — " who enjoys happy days owing to the improvement in his moral and material condition," to what is it due? Again, history will be searched in vain for anything similar to the way in which the country has been governed for the past twenty-five years. The dual control of the finances by France and England, necessitated by Ismail's suspension of payments of treasury bills, lasted till the Arabi Pasha rebellion, which England alone crushed, France refusing to take any part in the military operations. Since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, England has exercised sovereign power. But it is not a sovereignty like that over India. It is rather a " power behind the throne." The Khedive, with a native ministry and legislative council, still rules; and the Sultan is his supreme lord, to whom he pays annual tribute. The one new and significant thing is the presence of English troops. But they number only four thousand six hundred and sixty, while the well-equipped and efficient native army, a product of the British rule, is twenty thousand strong. The situation is due to the fact that the Great Powers consented to the British occupation only on the understanding that it was temporary, and that there should be no organic changes in the government. Hence the British were forced to adopt their Indian policy of ruling through the existing institutions and forms of administration. The way in which this sovereignty was to be exercised is definitely stated by Lord Granville, in a memorable dispatch addressed to the Great Powers on January 3, 1883: —

" Although, for the present, a British force remains in Egypt for the preservation of public tranquillity, her Majesty's Government are desirous of withdrawing it as soon as the state of the country, and the organization of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority, will admit of it. In the mean time, the position in which her Majesty's Government is placed towards his Highness, imposes upon them the duty of giving advice with the object of securing that the order of things to be established shall be of a satisfactory character, and shall possess the elements of stability and progress."

It is true of course that it was distinctly understood that on important matters the advice given must be followed, and the presence of the English troops is intended to ensure this. But the unprecedented fact remains that, from the beginning, the English exercised their sovereignty by advice-giving or, as Lord Milner puts it, through influence.

It is certainly very remarkable that the man on whom the chief burden of giving advice lay for nearly twenty-four years, and to whom belongs the chief credit for what has been accomplished, has been able to tell the story of the regeneration of the country. Lord Cromer's *Modern Egypt* not only is one of the most noteworthy books of the time from a literary and historical point of view, but it is a contribution of inestimable value to the science of statesmanship. In this " accurate narrative of some of the principal events which have occurred in Egypt and in the Soudan since the year 1876," he shows in a most graphic manner the difficulties with which he and the British " advisers " attached to the different departments of the government had to contend. These difficulties fall into two classes, of which the first arose from the fact that " one alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. To these latter, both the paramount races are to a certain extent unsympathetic." These difficulties, however, are not peculiar to Egypt, as

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are those of the other class, which arise from the diplomatic obligations under which the country is governed. These obligations are founded upon treaties, known as the "Capitulations," the earliest of which dates back to the sixteenth century. They were primarily intended to make it possible for Christians to reside and trade in the territories of the Porte, by protecting them against the ill-usage to which, as defenseless strangers of an alien faith, they would otherwise have been exposed. They are of such a comprehensive nature, and are so far-reaching in their application in Egypt, that "all its most important laws are passed, not by any of its inhabitants or by any institutions existing within its own confines, but by the governments and legislative institutions of sixteen foreign Powers. It has also to be borne in mind that unanimity amongst all the foreign Powers is necessary before any law can come into force." It is impossible to describe in a few words the obstacle to reform and progress created by this fact. "Hampered at every turn by the privileges" are Lord Cromer's words describing the situation, and they must suffice. Nor can I do better than let him describe the various duties and responsibilities which fell to his lot:—

"I never received any general instructions for my guidance during the time I held the post of British Consul-General in Egypt, and I never asked for any such instructions, for I knew that it was useless for me to do so. My course of action was decided according to the merits of each case with which I had to deal. Sometimes I spurred the unwilling Egyptian along the path of reform. At other times, I curbed the impatience of the British reformer. Sometimes I had to explain to the old-world Mohammedan the elementary differences between the principles of government in vogue in the seventh and in the nineteenth centuries. At other times, I had to explain to the young Gallicised Egyptian that the principles of an ultra-Republican Government were not applicable in their entirety to the existing phase of Egyptian society, and that, when we speak of the rights of man, some distinction has necessarily to be made in practice between a European spouting nonsense through the medium of a fifth-rate newspaper in his own country, and man in the person of a ragged fellah, possessed of a sole garment, and who is unable to read a newspaper in any language whatsoever. I had to support the reformer sufficiently to prevent him from being discouraged, and sufficiently also to enable him to carry into execution all that was essential in his reforming policy. I had to check the reformer when he wished to push his reforms so far as to shake the whole political fabric in his endeavor to overcome the tiresome and, to his eyes, often trumpery obstacles in his path. I had to support the supremacy of the Sultan and, at the same time, to oppose any practical Turkish interference in the administration, which necessarily connoted a relapse into barbarism. I had at times to retire into my diplomatic shell, and to pose as one amongst many representatives of foreign Powers. At other times, I had to step forward as the representative of the Sovereign whose soldiers held Egypt in their grip. I had to maintain British authority and, at the same time, to hide as much as possible the fact that I was maintaining it. I had to avoid any step which might involve the creation of European difficulties by reason of local troubles. I had to keep the Egyptian question simmering, and to avoid any action which might tend to force on its premature consideration, and I had to do this at one time when all, and at another time when some, of the most important Powers were more or less opposed to the British policy. . . . To sum up the situation in a few words, I had not, indeed, to govern Egypt, but to assist in the government of the country without the appearance of doing so and without any legitimate authority over the agents with whom I had to deal."

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His success was, of course, largely due to his diplomatic tact and great ability. But there were two other things of greater importance which contributed to it. One of these was his making the welfare of Egypt the one absorbing aim of his official life. The significance of this was far greater to the Egyptian than to the European, for it was almost impossible for the Egyptian to conceive "that any foreigner would do otherwise than push the presumed interests of his own countrymen." So when Lord Cromer at the outset of his career showed that he sought not English, but Egyptian, interests, a confidence was inspired in him which was never shaken. The other secret of his success was that which has contributed most to his countrymen's success in the East, character. Here again it will be better to let him state the fact in a passage which deserves immortality: —

"It always appeared to me that the first and most important duty of the British representative in Egypt was, by example and precept, to set up a high standard of morality, both in his public and private life, and thus endeavor to raise the standard of those around him. If I have in any way succeeded in this endeavor; if I have helped to purge Egyptian administration of corruption; if it is gradually dawning on the Egyptian mind that honesty is not only the most honorable but also the most paying policy, and that lying and intrigue curse the liar and intriguer as well as his victim, — I owe the success, in so far as public matters are concerned, to the coöperation of a body of high-minded British officials, who have persistently held up to all with whom they have been brought in contact a standard of probity heretofore unknown in Egypt; and, in so far as social life is concerned, I owed it, until cruel death intervened to sever the tie which bound us together, mainly to the gentle yet commanding influence of her who first instigated me to write this book."

A most important thing which the recent history of Egypt teaches is that the establishment of a high standard of morality among the rulers of the non-Christian peoples is one of the surest guarantees of prosperity and peace. The dishonesty of Ismail ruined his people and brought Europe to the verge of war. With an honest government came prosperity and the universal peace-making, an *entente cordiale* between France and England. The Christian and the non-Christian nations are now drawing so close to one another, and such intimate commercial and diplomatic relations are being cemented between them, that it is evident there must be one common moral standard. Surely it is the grandest privilege as well as the highest duty of the Christian nations to bring this about by example and influence. This is what England's representative in Egypt strove to do. In his farewell speech — which was translated into Arabic, and sold by thousands in the streets of Cairo the day it was delivered, making a profound impression on the people — he emphasized this fact. "My policy," he said, "may be summed up in very few words. It has been to tell the truth."

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THE OLD RÉGIME

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

It was the opening day of the Millerstown school, already two weeks after the usual time. The Virginia creeper along the pike was scarlet, the tall corn in the Weygandt fields — tree-high, it seemed to the youngest children — rustled in the cool September wind, and above, the blue sky arched, immeasurably distant. It seemed good to be getting back to winter tasks. The fields and hills were not quite so friendly as they had been a week before.

For generations there had been a wild scramble for seats on the first day of school. The earliest comers had first choice, and the triumph of having secured a " back seat " was not entirely shattered by the later and punitive shifting which befell them.

No one but the teacher could unlock the front door. There was another way to get in, however, through the dark cellar, where at recess Oliver Kuhns played " Bosco, the Wild Man, Eats 'em Alive," as his father had done before him, then up through a trap-door to the schoolroom. Lithe, swarthy Oliver was usually first, then the two Fackenthals and Billy Knerr and Jimmie Weygandt and Coonie Schnable. Coonie might be found bartering his seat to a later comer on as good terms as he could make.

This morning, as usual, it was the rear seats which were at a premium. Ollie Kuhns flung himself into one, and the next three boys followed. Then there were no more " back seats." A wail arose. Coonie Schnable, the stingy, offered five cents and was jeered at; Jimmie Weygandt offered five cents and a new knife and was more courteously denied.

" *You* don't need a back seat," Oliver assured Jimmie. " But if Coonie sits where Teacher can see him, he gets licked like sixty."

Coonie grew pale under his summer's tan.

" He don't like my Pop, nor none of my family," he said.

" My Pop says he used to lick them till they could n't stand," offered Ollie cheerfully. " But he learned them. My Pop would 'a' had him back this long time if the others would."

The older of the Fackenthals took from his pocket a short tin tube. Plastered on it was a ball of putty.

Little Ollie laughed. He threw himself back in his seat, his feet on the desk. It was only seven o'clock and the teacher would not be there till eight.

" You just try once a putty-blower! " he warned. " You will easy see what you will get! "

Twenty years before, the children's fathers and mothers had gone to " pay-school." It was before the establishment of the public-school system, and the pay-school was kept by Jonathan Appleton, of New England origin and Harvard training. Why he had come to Millerstown no one knew. It never occurred to Millerstown that he might have displayed his learning to better advantage in a larger and more cultivated town. They regarded the thirty dollars a month which he was able to earn, as a princely salary for a man who spent his summers in idleness and knew nothing about farming. Jonathan seemed to like Millerstown, — at least he stayed for twenty years, and married a Millerstown girl, little Annie Weiser, who adored him.

" You might 'a' had Weygandt," her mother mourned. " For what do you take up with a *school-teacher* ? "

Little Annie only smiled rapturously.

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To her Jonathan was almost divine, and her marriage a beatitude. Like most perfect things, it was also short-lived. Two years after they were married, Annie died.

In another year, Jonathan lost his position. By that time the Millerstown school was free, and to the minds of many Millerstonians there was good reason for changing.

"Here is Jonas Moser," said William Knerr. "He is a Millerstown boy. He has gone for three years already to the Normal. He has all the new ways. They have there such a model school, where they learn them all kinds of teaching. The Normal gets money from the state. We pay our taxes. I think we should have some good of this tax-paying. We did n't pay nothing for Teacher's schooling. And he is pretty near a outlander."

"Boston is n't outland!" said Oliver Kuhns. "And Teacher" (Appleton was to retain the title, if not the position, till the day of his death) "Teacher is a good teacher. He learned all of us."

"He whips too much."

Oliver laughed. "I bet he whipped me more than all the rest put together, and it never did me no harm. I am for having an English teacher like him. Jonas Moser don't talk right yet, if he is a Normal. I don't want my children taught Dutch in the school."

Appleton laughed when he heard they were talking of electing Jonas Moser.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Why, Jonas Moser can't teach. His idioms are as German as when he left, his constructions abominable, his accent execrable."

"But they say he has methods," said Oliver uneasily. "They taught him in such a model school."

"Methods!" mocked Appleton. "A true teacher needs no methods."

"Yes, but — but —" Oliver stammered. Jonas Moser was leaving no stone unturned to win votes. It was as though he had learned electioneering also at the Normal. "But could n't you say you had anyhow *one* method? He has books about it. He brought them to the school-board."

"Nonsense!" said Appleton.

When he found that they had elected Moser, he was at first incredulous, then scornful. He said that he was going away. But he did not go. Perhaps he was too old or too tired to find another position. It might have been Annie's grave which kept him there.

When, at the end of the year, Jonas Moser resigned, half of Millerstown wanted Appleton back. But there was another Millerstown boy ready to graduate at the normal school, who claimed his turn and got it. He resigned at the end of a month, giving his health as an excuse. It was true that he looked white and worn. Unfortunately for the children's disciplining, he did not tell what anarchy had reigned. It might have been, however, that the school-board suspected it.

"We will now try a Normal from away," said William Knerr. "These children know those what we have had too well."

Presently Appleton's scorn was succeeded by humility. He applied for his old position and was refused. It would have been an acknowledgment of defeat to take him back. He grew excited, finally almost vituperative.

"Your school is a pandemonium," he shouted, his black eyes gleaming above his long, white beard. "The children are utterly undisciplined. They learn nothing. They are allowed to speak your bastard German in the schoolroom. They have no manners. You have tried seven teachers. Each one has been worse than the last."

"Well, anyhow, the children ain't beaten black and blue," said William Knerr sullenly.

"Beaten black and blue!" repeated the old man. "Oliver Kuhns, did I ever beat you black and blue?"

"No, sir," answered Oliver heartily.

"Or you, James Fackenthal?"

"No, sir." James Fackenthal was

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burgess and he sometimes consulted with Appleton about the interpretation of the borough ordinances.

"Or you, Caleb?"

"No, sir."

Then he whirled round upon Knerr.

"And you I never whipped half enough."

It was, to say the least, not conciliatory. The eighth "Normal" was elected.

After the ninth had come and gone, they engaged a tenth, who was to come in September. On the opening day, he did not appear. Instead came a letter. He had decided to give up teaching and go into the life-insurance business. Oliver Kuhns pointed out the fact that the letter was dated from the town whither the last teacher had gone.

"I guess he could n't recommend Millerstown," Oliver said.

"I know another one," said William Knerr. "He lives at Kutztown. I am going to-morrow to see whether I can get him."

Oliver Kuhns rose to his feet.

"I make a move that we have Teacher come back to open the school, and stay anyhow till the Normal comes," he said.

Ten minutes later, he was rapping at Appleton's door.

Appleton had been reading by candle-light and his eyes blinked dully.

"The school board wants you to come back," said Oliver tremulously. "You shall open school in the morning. We are tired of the Normals. We want you shall learn our children again."

The old man took off his spectacles with a wide sweep of his arm. Oliver seemed to see the ferrule in his hand.

"I shall be there. But I do not *learn* the children, Oliver, I *teach* them. Write it on your slate, Oliver, twenty times."

Oliver went off, grinning. The old man could joke. He had expected him to cry.

The teacher was up as early as the children the next morning. He dressed with care, looking carefully at one shirt after the other. Finally he chose one whose rents would be hidden by his coat and waistcoat. Then he donned his high hat.

All Millerstown saw him go, his coat-tails flying in the breeze, his hat lifted whenever he caught the eye of curious watcher behind house-corner or syringa-bush.

"Good-morning, Miss Kuhns! — How do you do, Miss Kurtz? — Not coming to school, Miss Neuweiler?" Such ridiculous affectation had always been his. He had called the girls "Miss" before they were out of short dresses.

The children, too, saw him coming; not Oliver and the Fackenthals or Billy Knerr, because they did not dare to leave the seats they had chosen, but the rest of the boys and all the girls.

"His coat-tails go flipperty-flop in the wind," giggled little Katy Gaumer. "We never had no teacher with a beard before."

"He looks like a Belsenickle," laughed Louisa Kuhns. "I ain't going to learn nothing from such a teacher."

Thus had they been accustomed to discuss the various "Normals."

Ollie bade Louisa sharply to be still.

"You ain't going to behave that way for this teacher," he said. Then he swung his feet down to the floor, describing a wide arc through the air. The other three boys did the same, and there ensued a wild scramble from window to seat.

"This is my seat!"

"No, my things are already on it."

"My books are in that there desk."

"It don't belong to neither of you."

"Give me my pencil-box."

"This is my slate!"

The roar of sound had not lessened when the door opened behind them. They did not hear him come in, they would probably not have heeded if they had. Then, suddenly, Coonie Schnable, quarreling with a little girl over a pencil-box, was bumped firmly into a seat, and Daniel Wenner into another. By that time, after a moment of wild rushing

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about, peace reigned. Each seat was occupied by a child, every voice was silent, every eye fixed upon the front of the room.

This was a new way of opening school! Usually the Normals had said gently, "Now, children, come to order." They had never begun by seizing pupils by the collar!

Teacher walked to the front of the room, and laid his hat on his desk. He was smiling pleasantly, and though he trembled a little, the light of battle was in his eye.

"Good-morning, children."

With one accord, they responded politely. None of them had been taught the manners which he had "learned" their parents, but perhaps they had inherited them.

Teacher did not allow a minute for the respectful silence to be broken.

"We will have the opening exercises. We shall sing, —

"Oh, the joys of childhood, roaming through the wildwood,
Running o'er the meadows, happy and free.

"And remember to say *joys*, *j-o-y-s*, not '*choys*.' Who starts the tune?"

"We did n't sing last year because the boys always yelled so," volunteered Louisa Kuhns, anxious to be even with Oliver.

"To the corner, Louisa," said Teacher grimly. "Next time you want to speak, raise your hand."

It was a long time since a pupil had obeyed such an order as that. Nevertheless, Louisa found her way without difficulty.

"Now, who can start this tune?"

A hand went up timidly.

"I guess I can, Teacher."

"Very well, then, Katy. Ready."

Teacher stood and watched them while they sang. Then he read a chapter from the Bible. His predecessors, having respect for Holy Writ, had long since omitted that part of the opening exercises. There was not a sound till he had finished.

"Oliver Kuhns, are you in the first class?"

Ollie raised a respectful hand.

"Please, Teacher, my Pop is Oliver. I am Ollie. Yes, I am in the first class."

"In what reader are you?"

"We are nearly through the Sixth Reader."

"We will go back to the beginning. Second class, where are you?"

Katy Gaumer lifted her hand.

"We are in the middle of the Fourth."

"You also will go back to the beginning. Third class, come up to the recitation benches and take a spelling lesson."

Teacher opened the third-class spelling book at random.

"Elephant," he began. "Tiger." He laid the book down. "Why don't you write?"

The class sat as though paralyzed.

"We are n't that far," ventured Katy.

"It is the second lesson in the book," said the teacher. "Go to your seats and prepare it."

It was a sad morning for the Millerstown school. In the bottoms of their haughty hearts the children still cherished a faint desire to do well. Appleton's angry amazement at their ignorance mortified them. They felt dimly, also, that he was grieved, not, like the Normalites, because he had to teach such unruly children, but for the sake of the children themselves. There was not a sound in the room, except the impatient movement of a foot when the correct answer would not come.

After recess Katy Gaumer raised her ever-ready hand.

"Please, Teacher, I think we know our lessont."

"Lesson, Katy. You may come out."

A diligent scratching responded to "elephant" and "tiger."

"Jagu — " began the teacher, then suddenly paused, his face pale. At the door stood a strange young man. Behind him came William Knerr and Oliver Kuhns. William advanced bravely into the room, Oliver remained miserably at

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the door. If he had only told Teacher that he was only engaged temporarily! But he had not dreamed that William Knerr would find a teacher so soon.

Appleton saw that resistance was useless. At William Knerr's first word, he passed the spelling-book politely to the young man, and walked toward the door.

"I could n't help it, Teacher," said Oliver, as he and William Knerr went out.

Teacher turned to look back. He seemed to take the measure of the Normal with a glance of his keen black eyes.

"May I stay and visit your school?" he asked humbly.

"Certainly," said the young man, jauntily. What an unprogressive school-board this must be, who would tolerate such a teacher, even as a substitute! "Do you teach Phonetic Spelling?"

"No," answered Teacher, as he sat down. "Just plain spelling."

"Oh!" said the young man. He saw also that the copy had been put on the board in a fine Spencerian hand. That would have to be corrected. His Model School taught the vertical system.

"Elephant," he began.

"We have already spelled elephant," said Katy Gaumer saucily. "And tiger."

The Normal smiled at Katy. He had determined to make the children love him.

"Jagu —" he began. But it seemed that jaguar was not to be pronounced. A ball of something soft and wet sailed past the Normal's head. He pretended not to see. Inwardly he was debating whether the moral suasion recommended by his text-book was the proper method to apply. He decided to ignore this manifestation.

"Jagu —" There was a wild clatter from the corner of the room. A pencil-box had fallen to the floor.

"Jagu —" began the Normal again.

There was another crash. The Normal saw with mingled relief and regret that the old white-bearded man had slipped out.

"Boys!" he cried nervously.

"Boys!" mocked some one in the room.

The Normal started down the aisle, realizing, not without some fright, that the time for moral suasion was past. He thought it was Oliver Kuhns who had dropped one of the pencil-boxes.

"Go home," he commanded sternly.

The children were startled into absolute silence. Hitherto, even the Normals had tried to keep their inability to control the school from the knowledge of Millerstown. This one would send them out to publish his shame. Billy Knerr laughed.

"Go home with him," commanded the teacher.

There was a wild roar of sound. Every child was shouting, the little girls and all. Oliver and Billy sat firmly in their seats. They did not propose to be cheated of any sport.

"Boys!" began the Normal. Then he became desperate, incoherent. "If you don't go out, I'll get somebody in here who will go out."

There was another shout, and the boys sat still.

"Well, stay where you are, then," the Normal commanded. "But you must obey me."

He wished that the old man would come back. There was something about the stern glitter in his eye which made it seem impossible that he could ever have tolerated such wild uproar as this. He did not guess that the old man was still within call. If he had walked to the window, he might have seen him, sitting on a low limb of the apple-tree, grimly waiting.

It is not necessary, and it would be painful, to describe the last half-hour of the morning session of the Millerstown school. Those who have plied putty-blowers and thrown paper wads and dropped pencil-boxes and given cat-calls will be able to picture the scene for them-

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selves. Others will not credit the most accurate description. When the Normal went down the path at noon, he was consulting a time-table. Unfortunately for any plans of escape, William Knerr met him, and instead of going to the station, he went over to the hotel for his dinner.

"He is coming back," said Ollie Kuhns.

As Ollie prophesied, the Normal did come back. But he did not come alone. William Knerr was with him, and the burgess and Danny Koser and Caleb Stemmel, all members of the school board, and, all but William, bachelors, ignorant of the ways of children.

The Millerstown school was not to be thus overawed. Billy Knerr behaved well enough, for his father's eye was upon him; but a frenzy seemed to possess the others. What did Oliver Kuhns care for the burgess and Danny Koser? They were neither his mother nor his father. What did Katy Gaumer care for Caleb Stemmel? There was a chuckle from the back of the room, and a quick turning of Directors' heads. Every eye was upon a book. Perhaps, thought the Directors, they had imagined the chuckle.

The Normal announced that they would continue the lesson of the morning.

"Elephunt," he began, forgetting his normal-school training.

"It is el-e-*phant*," corrected Katy Gaumer.

"*Tiger*," said the Normal in a terrible voice. There came a howl from the back of the room. It sounded as though the beast himself had broken loose.

The Normal laid down the book.

"Learn your own children," he said hotly. "I resign."

He walked down the aisle and out the door.

The laughing children looked at one another.

"He walked in one piece away," squealed Katy Gaumer, in delightful Pennsylvania German idiom, so long unforbidden in the Millerstown school. Then Katy looked up at the Directors, who gaped at one another. Perhaps she wanted to show how quickly feminine decision can cut the knot of a masculine tangle, or perhaps, woman-like, she welcomed a firm hand after months of liberty.

"Teacher 's setting in the apple-tree," she said. "I can see his coat-tails go flipperty-flop."

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THE BEATITUDES OF A SUBURBANITE

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE

To begin with, I *am* a Suburbanite. "A Commuter" is the idiom in New York. How and why I became such does not matter. Let it suffice to say that my home is ten miles from the city, a two-and-a-half-story house on eleven thousand feet of land, which includes a duodecimo edition of a garden. And to Madame I said one day, —

"I mean to keep bees."

Now, be it known that I never had been intimately acquainted with a beehive in my life. "Hives" of another sort I had known, and disapproved of, in toto. But a beehive from earliest youth had been associated with an idea of opulence: its product a luxury not unattainable, but an extravagance; its ways a mystery. In the little mountain village of my early days, no friend kept bees. There was a hive or two: square-looking white monuments rising marmot-like above a sea of orchard grass, which helped to keep intact the orchard fruits. "Beware the Bee" was written largely there, and to this day I know not whether the apples in those particular orchards were sweet or sour.

At certain times, farmers from beyond the circling hills drove sedately into town and sold honey to the village folk: large, rounded, pale-looking slabs of comb, deliciously sweet, with now and then a cell filled with pungent pollen that stung the tongue. Occasionally, too, a dead bee, like a fly in amber. And the rareness of their coming placed their ware at once a degree above the ordinary, and thus began the creation of the sentiment of the unattainable that in later years hung around it still. So, after I had added to my small estate raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, cherries, imperial gages, grafted pears, and had gathered a couple of bushels of Niagara grapes, I looked about me for other worlds to conquer; and thus began the obsession of the bee. That would be the crowning luxury of all.

For a year or two I thought of it, but silently. No — once each year I did express the wish that it might be done, then relapsed into silence. Eleven thousand feet of land with a house on it and no fence or hedge to divide it from neighbors was not best suited to the plan. Also, the village was a veritable nursery of children: the house with only one was rare; twenty rods away was one with nine. So, after I made that definite statement to Madame it developed that she did not regard it seriously. But that came later. Meanwhile, I had been reading up: namely, John Burroughs, Root's A B C of Bee-Keeping, *et cetera*, but skipping Maeterlinck. That, I inferred, meant the poetry of the thing. and just now I wanted a shorthand version of prose; and thus equipped, I hied me to a bee-man.

Where? Why, right in the busiest heart of the city! Two stories up, with a swarm of carpenter-shops, blacksmith-shops, and other mechanics round about, there was a line of hives on a ledge outside the open windows, from which a steady stream of bees poured across the housetops toward the distant country; while the shop itself was piled ceiling-high with hives, finished and unfinished, and a couple of them full of bees ready for shipment, bumbling behind a wire net. Here and there, aimlessly, a bee of golden hue wandered about the room above the heads of workmen, salesmen, customers, and no one gave him thought. To a beginner that was distinctly encouraging. It had such a friendly, comradeship aspect, in that busy hive of

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workers, to see the harmony between them. So I explained my plans, received approval, and bought a swarm of Italians with a wing-clipped queen. Also a "smoker," and some other things. Then I went home gleefully and told the household — and Madame was struck dumb! However, 't was an accomplished fact.

In due time, the hive appeared, by express, and was carried up into the front attic. The expressman seemed unusually glad to make delivery. He had no faith. I had, in abundance; and with a bit and brace I bored a line of holes through the house-wall, level with the floor of the hive when on the attic floor. My thought was, to fit in a short wooden tunnel from holes to hive-entrance, shove the hive up to it, rip off the wire net that was nailed over the front of the hive, and with another shove make swift connection.

This tunnel was indeed an important feature of the scheme. Being in an attic, the housewall had no inner line of boarding, and of course the bare joists jutted out in rows from the outer wall for their whole width. The space between them was too narrow to permit the hive to be shoved clear in against the wall, and it would be a convenience often to have some free space all around the hive in any case. The alternative was a covered way, leading from the entrance holes in the wall back to the front door of my hive. Now, that front door, as is the case in modern hives, was as wide as the hive itself, and perhaps three-fourths of an inch high. I never accurately measured the latter dimension. If I found a stranger thus measuring my front door unauthorized I should be apt to make pointed inquiries, and I respected the dignity of my bees. Thus, by guess-work I had built a wooden box as wide as the hive-front, several inches high, and tapering some inches, enough to pass in between the joists to the wall, and thereby establish communication between the hive and the outer air. The bees could pass freely in and out at their honey-gathering, and — theoretically — could not get out into the attic where I was. But even an electric wire sometimes fails of insulation, much to the shocking of the unwary.

All went well with the installation up to a certain stage. Then — the wire net refused to rip. I had taken the precaution to don a home-made veil of mosquito-netting, and with wire-cutter and nippers I worked at that net till at last I got it slashed across and at least partly crumpled up. Then that hive just boiled over! Out of the gash in the net, which also in its obstinacy prevented close connection, a thousand bees poured in a yellow stream. Some made toward the light of the window, others made toward me; and as I was then gloveless, 't was a difficult moment. Hundreds of young bees were running over the front of the hive, and congesting against the wall of the house along the rough studding, and what could be done must be done quickly. With swift hands I clutched that wire net and crushed it down, and at last got the hive close enough to the tunnel to stop the overflow. Then I rested a minute, and took thought. Those in the hive still had found their way to outer air, and so knew the way back to hive. The rest would be taught by them.

The older bees in plenty were about the window, and were getting out properly via the little "bee-escape" which I had inserted in the netting of the screen. The younger ones were huddling together on the wall; they must be saved. So, still in faith of booklore, I went for them barehanded, armed with a pasteboard scoop hastily made from a box, and with that I shoveled them up by scores, carried them to the window, and shook them off, to find their way with the rest. It was now sundown, and I had fully twenty thousand bees, perhaps a quarter of which had thus been handled by me barehanded, and at last I received my first sting. One of my ears impinged against my head-net for a minute. An old bee impinged right there at the psychological moment. Possibly my ears are perceptibly longer than my

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estimate of them. The result was painful. I concluded to call the job done, for the day.

On the whole, the hive settled down quietly to work. But there was a leak in the fitting, somewhere. At intervals, a bee would appear, dazed from wandering under the floor of the room, would rise through a crack and make for the window. It was disconcerting, especially if one was feminine. There was no telling which particular crack or part of a crack in the flooring might not at any moment erupt a bee. So the room became unpopular save to the enthusiast responsible. That tunnel was to blame, and back of that, the crumpled net of the original bee-man, which evidently had caused an undiscovered aperture somewhere below. Eventually I ripped out the whole tunnel and built it over again. Then things were on a peace footing for a while.

They swarmed, one day, — an abortive swarm. I discovered them high up in the lofty maple in front of the house, just as I was starting off in the dusk of early morn, on my bicycle, for a fishing trip. Confident in the fact that the queen was wing-clipped and so not present, I kept on. The cluster of bees was still there early the next morning, but much smaller; and presently it melted away as they gave it up and returned to the hive. It was a warning, however, of what might be, so once more I donned my armor of head-net, sweater, rubber gloves; and with a little preliminary smoking and waiting, à la book, I lifted off the upper part of the hive — where the comb honey is made, (technically called the "super") — and proceeded to lift out the brood-combs, one by one, while the bees hummed angrily around my head, thousands remaining, however, clinging fast to the combs. Then, with scissors, I cut out the queen-cells, and thus nipped in the bud any real swarming for some time to come, and restored the hive to its usual condition. The bees in the room, of course, found their way back to hive via the bee-escape in the window, as before. Three of them first found the way to my left ear.

This was on Saturday. On Sunday friends came up from another city in their auto, for a visit. As we sat on the piazza that ear of mine was a local attraction, a landmark. To the hand, it felt as big as a dinner-plate, and an inch thick. Covered with wet plaster, it was a whited sepulchre giving no indication of the burning wrath within. Then down from the hive above came one of those elder bees and drove straight at my head. I dodged, and smote him, and he curled up on the floor. But soon came another, and another, till I found it expedient to put on my head-net; for those bees were the honey-gatherers, and not to be regarded lightly. And there I sat for an hour or more, with from two to a dozen angry bees poised on a level with my eyes, now and then making a dash and buzzing away in futile rage; while, back on the piazza, my friends sat and laughed and laughed. The bees never went near them! I was the centre of their enmity; though they did take time to attack our little girl once or twice, driving her into the house. They kept up their feud with me for several weeks, till I lost all patience, armed myself with a narrow shingle, and swatted the next bee that came within reach. In a day or two I thus ended the careers of a dozen or more. and with them the feud ended.

Winter came, and with a hint from the paper wasp I cased the hive in newspapers, an inch thick, leaving the entrance open to the outer air. What honey they had made was in the main hive, although a comb or two had been started in the super. So they thus wintered, a long, cold winter, often zero in that room. It still was doubtful whether my fad was not a failure, and Madame was still disapproving. Then summer came.

With the first flowers the bees became in evidence. To forestall matters a little, never before did we have such a splendid crop of plums and crab-apples as we had that summer; due, I became convinced,

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to the fertilizing visits of those bees from flower to flower; and I failed not to remind Madame of that as she gazed contentedly at her hundreds of jars of preserves and apple-jelly, in the fall. But she still was scornful of bees and all their ways.

In June, in fact, they swarmed in earnest. In a stream they poured out and massed on a limb fifty feet up from the ground, a swarm as large as a bushel measure I was ill that day, and in any case thought I had no use for another swarm (I'm wiser now!), so sent a message to a neighbor that he might have it if he could get it. Madame, meanwhile, was utterly scandalized at such immoral conduct. She regarded it, through some oblique train of reasoning, as a family disgrace to have bees that would swarm in the front yard, above the public street. It was unheard of in her annals. It would make our name a byword and reproach! And she refused to be comforted.

The man came, by proxy, his chauffeur whizzing up in a hurry in an auto, and for the next hour or two we had as interesting a view from our screened piazza as one might care to see. The chauffeur was more eager than wise. Instead of clipping the limb and lowering the mass with a cord he shook the bees off, and down they came slithering through the twigs, thus breaking the formation, and back they all went to the limb again. Twenty times at least he did this, descending each time clear to the ground to learn results — that witless wight! till at last a lucky shake sent down the queen, and that was the beginning of the end. A hive was set over her, and most of the bees in due time went in to her and were carried away. Then the rest settled down to work; but first, I went through the hive again for queen-cells. One swarm they must have. After that, it was my turn.

Under the wire-net cap of the hive I could see the bees were busy in the super. Vague reports of possible honey in the fall judiciously were allowed to filter out. "Speech sweeter than honey in the comb" became a figure of speech in daily rhetoric. Finally I brought home another super and slipped it on under the first one. The bees still went up to the top one, and had not finished work there in the fall. Long since I had slid in a sheet of zinc, full of holes too small for drone or queen to pass through, thus letting into the comb-boxes only workers. Now I slipped in between the supers a board with a bee-escape in it, and next day there was not a bee left in the upper super. Then I opened the hive.

With an air of unconcern, as of everyday affairs, I came downstairs and placed on the dining-table a pound of honey, filled to the very edge, not one empty cell therein. The finished result!

There was admiration, of course. Due praise was becomingly received; but it was veiled with a certain household air of reserve, as of suspended judgment. The very air conveyed the subtle suggestion —"one pound of honey is all very well; but was it worth while?" Next week I produced another. Like wax before the fire, the reserve began to melt. We have now finished the sixteenth pound; and many weeks ago all hints that we would better give away that hive came to a sudden end. It is now March, and I lately opened the top of the hive to see how matters were therein. A bee promptly came up to look into the matter from her point of view. Her attitude was energetic, and she wore an aspect of being hasty-minded. I made a snap-judgment that all was well, and closed the hive without delay — and carried down the seventeenth box for the Sunday's dinner.

So much for bees in an attic.

And as a curious commentary on the absorption of humanity in its own affairs, I will add that not six families in the town are even now aware that I am keeping bees at all.

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IN ENGLAND'S PENNSYLVANIA

BY ARTHUR GRANT

"Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle." — *Evangeline.*

I

PENN VILLAGE, STOKE POGIS, AND CHALFONT

WHEN Charles the Second insisted on William Penn's new territory of Sylvania on the virgin shores of America being called Pennsylvania, he coined one of the sweetest place-names in colonial history. Unlike Boston and Plymouth, and many other historic names common to both countries, the name of Pennsylvania may not be found on the map of England; but I love to think of the little tableland of beechen woods in South Buckinghamshire, extending, say, from Penn Village to Jordans and the Chalfonts and from Amersham to Stoke Pogis, as the Pennsylvania of England. It is a stretch of thickly wooded country, dear to every lover of English history and literature, associated with Milton, Hampden, Gray, Waller, Burke, Isaac Disraeli, and, in our own time, Lord Beaconsfield. Above all, this particular district is revered by every American as the ancestral home of the Penns, and as containing the sacred soil in which the great Founder of Pennsylvania was laid to rest after his labors.

From the windows of my home in Scotland I daily look across the Water of Leith to the Pentland Hills, while "the river at my garden's end" flows on past Scotia's capital, only to rest when it reaches the waters of the misty Forth. But

> There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,

to the south as well as to the north, and thus it was during a glorious September holiday that I feasted my eyes every morning on the sunlit Chiltern Hills of Buckinghamshire beyond the tiny Thame that flowed so gently on to meet the greater river of a still greater capital. From an old seventeenth-century farmhouse, around which the golden grain had been garnered, I rambled into a land of beech-crowned hills, storied churches, and ancient Elizabethan manor-houses. Just over yon sleepy down-like hills to the southeast, where at nightfall one can sometimes see the gleam of distant lamp-lit London, lies the Penn-land of England. To me it had all the charm of an undiscovered country over the hills and far away. For my Penn-land rambles I always started from Amersham, sometimes over the hills to Penn itself, now by way of Beaconsfield to Stoke Pogis, or at another time by Chalfont St. Giles to Jordans. Amersham, I may add, was practically more distant to me at my remote farmhouse among the hills than it is to the literary pilgrim who starts from London.

I have frequently praised the lanes of Hertfordshire, but they do not surpass those of South Buckinghamshire. The road from Amersham to Penn winds through beech woods, within which there are signs of violets and wood-sorrel, reminiscent of spring. The dog-rose, the bracken, and the gorse are always present, and here and there clumps of pines add strength to the character of the landscape. On the border of a wood I passed the church of the village of Penn Street, a modern church with a steeple, unusual in a locality where square embattled towers are the rule. It is a picturesque village with its little alehouse, "The Squirrel," suggestive of beechnuts, and another that bears the suggestive name of the "Hit or Miss." My path leads me past Penn

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House, a red brick mansion-house, all ivy-clad gables and chimneys, one gable bearing the date 1536. One of the delights connected with rambles in England is that in the most out-of-the-way places you stumble across manor-houses that, in themselves or on account of the families with which they are associated, have become famous in England's history. So it is with this old manor-house. The Penns became extinct in the elder branch by the death of Roger Penn in 1735, when the estate passed by the marriage of his sister and heir to Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Baronet. Later still, a Curzon married the daughter of Admiral Howe, and to this circumstance the present family owes its triple name, representing the Penns, Curzons, and Howes. With the Penns we are more immediately interested. The Howes not only link Penn House with the admiral, but also with General Howe, who was with Wolfe at Quebec, and who is still better known in connection with the War of Independence. In our own time the alliance of a daughter of America with the brilliant cadet of the Curzon family, who became vice-roy and his wife vice-reine of India, occurs to one's mind as with reverent foot we tread this interesting corner of England's Pennsylvania.

From Penn Bottom the path ascends to the weather-beaten village of Penn itself, on the top of the hill. Penn Church is a plain old structure of rubble and flint, originally early English in style and dating from 1213. The chancel added in 1736 contains the only stained-glass window, filled in during the following year. This parish church, however, is interesting in other memorials of the dead, mural monuments by Chantoy, old hatchments, and ancient brasses. The pilgrim who has no access to family archives can here muse over the historic names of Penn, Howe, and Curzon. It should be stated that William Penn's father, Admiral Penn, belonged to a branch of the Penn family which removed to Wiltshire. They had hived off from the old stock. Admiral Penn himself was buried at St. Mary Redclyffe, Bristol. But the old district had a magnetic attraction for his family, and thus it happens that some of the grandchildren of William Penn are buried here, while his son, Thomas Penn of Stoke Pogis, and his descendants are buried in the church of the famous Elegy. In the south chancel chapel at Penn still remain splendid brasses fixed on blue stone. One is a finely cut brass to the memory of John Pen of Pen who died in 1597, aged 63. He and his lady are dressed in Elizabethan court dress. Other brasses are dedicated to the memory of a later John Pen, his wife Sarah, five sons and five daughters, dating from 1641, and to a William Pen and Martha his wife, a son, and two daughters, also of the seventeenth century.

From Penn to Stoke Pogis is only some seven or eight miles, — nine, perhaps, if you follow the windings of the highways and byways of this sylvan country. The church and churchyard of Stoke Pogis can never be described too often. Throughout the length and breadth of England there are many more beautiful shrines. One thinks, for example, of the noble chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare lies: the great and beautiful church of St. Mary Redclyffe, in which Admiral Penn was interred; and the parish church of Berkhampstead just across the border into Hertfordshire, where the poet Cowper's father was rector, and in the pastoral house of which the gentle bard was born. But Gray has thrown around this old parish church a spell that is all its own. Stoke Pogis has no long-drawn isles, nor fretted vaults, where pealing anthems swell the note of praise. Rather has it old-fashioned pews in which the Sir Roger de Coverleys of the eighteenth century might gently slumber while the eighteenth-century divines, as Gray puts it, were "chopping logic." Such a delightful nook is Gray's own pew in the southwest corner of the church. Such, too, is the great pew of the Penn family,

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with its rows of Queen Anne chairs — the Penn chairs they are called — and its modern Gothic corridor leading to Stoke Park. It was while I was seated in Gray's pew that I observed a slab recording the fact that in a vault in this church are deposited the remains of Thomas Penn of Stoke Park, son of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. Thomas Penn, it appeared, had returned to the bosom of the Church of England. He visited Pennsylvania in 1732, and was presented with an address by the Assembly. In 1760 he purchased Stoke Park. The classic modern mansion was built by John Penn, grandson of the great governor, and it was he also who erected the monument to Gray in the meadow beyond the churchyard. The last of the Penns of Stoke was buried at Stoke Pogis in 1869. It is pleasing to think that Thomas Penn spent his declining years only some six miles distant from the sacred spot where rests his illustrious father, beside the old Quaker meeting-house among the beechen woods of Jordans.

Situated as I was in North Buckinghamshire, I preferred to visit Jordans, not from Stoke Pogis, but by way of Chalfont St. Giles, so that I might pass Milton's cottage; for was not John Milton one of the links in the chain that bound William Penn to this corner of Buckinghamshire? My practice in making these literary pilgrimages is to find out "the foot-path way," and stick to it. In Scotland these paths are practically non-existent, and so I appreciate the more the luxury of wandering from village to village through the fields. From Amersham to Chalfont the foot-path is parallel to the King's highway, following the course of a lowland stream, a gently-flowing, clear-bottomed chalk-stream, called the Misbourne, lined with water-cress and sedge. Near Stratton Chase I passed a mill whose millstream was alive with white ducks, and from there I obtained my first glimpse of the square embattled church tower of Chalfont St. Giles. The village consists of a single street of old-timbered, green-lichened cottages, old-fashioned alehouses and signposts, with the inevitable duck-pond. A great elm halfway down the village street looked as if it had been an ancient tree even in Milton's time. At the church I was so shadowed by an old verger that I have but a dim impression of its features, dim as the faded frescoes on its walls. In visiting such churches the indefinable charm, the holy calm, the awe-inspiring beauty vanish entirely when an officious official turns the building into a mediæval museum; but when the door of the porch is open, or when I have only to lift the latch of the wire screen intended to keep the birds from entering and building their nests in the sanctuaries of the Lord, when I may step silently and alone to the altar-rails, then I bless the vicar of the parish for this sweet solitude, this haven of rest, this "haunt of ancient peace." Yet Charles Lamb, in that most sympathetic essay on the Quakers, would have it that theirs was the greater peace, the silence of communion, spirit with spirit, seated together at their meeting-house. "To pace alone," he says, "to pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken . . . is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude." I shall return to this charming paper when I come to record my visit to Jordans.

Leaving the churchyard on his way to Jordans, the pilgrim must needs pass Milton's cottage on his left at the south end of the village of Chalfont St. Giles. One room only is open to the public, but in that room I could sit undisturbed and think of him who was the great Puritan poet of England, and at the same time the poet, next to Shakespeare and Spenser, whose works glow with all the richness of the Elizabethans, fifty years after their time. There is little to distinguish Milton's cottage from many another in the district, but it must have been a delightful retreat from the plague-haunted metropolis. Milton knew the lanes of Buck-

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inghamshire. They had already inspired his verse when, as a young man at Horton some thirteen miles distant, he wrote his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" and so when Ellwood the Quaker took the "pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont," Milton was doubtless revisiting familiar ground in the best of company, familiar, and yet with this terrible difference, that to him, like his own Samson, the sun was now "dark and silent as the Moon when she deserts the night." The faithful Ellwood lived close at hand, the Penningtons occupied Chalfont Grange, and with them dwelt the beautiful Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, whose widow had married Isaac Pennington. It was this charming circle that young William Penn entered and there met his future wife. Hepworth Dixon in his picturesque way has happily described the scene in his biography of Penn.

"Guli was fond of music. Music was Milton's second passion. In the cottage of the poet, in the Grange of the philosopher, how one can fancy the hours flying past, between psalms of love, high converse from the lips of the inspired bard, old stories of the Revolution in which the elder people had each had a prominent share, and probably the recitation of favorite passages from that stupendous work which was to crown the blind and aged poet, and become one of the grandest heirlooms of mankind! It was to these favored friends that Milton first made known that he had been engaged in writing 'Paradise Lost;' and it was also in their society that Ellwood suggested to him the theme of his 'Paradise Regained.' Immortal Chalfont!"

As you enter the low-roofed room with its great cross-beam, you wonder how much of the old atmosphere is left, the atmosphere of the dainty Priscilla, for Guli belonged to the same charming sisterhood as Longfellow's ancestress. The porch has gone, but you can look out from Milton's latticed window into the little garden beyond. At the back of the iron grate in the great open fireplace, a Scottish thistle, oddly enough, is the chief ornament. A few Chippendale chairs, small oak stools, a table and bookcase containing various editions of Milton's works, and other Miltoniana, constitute the furnishings of the Poet's Room at the present day. A small book-closet off this room, with its tiny window and shelves contemporary with the age of the cottage, seems somehow to suggest more of the poet than the well-kept little museum. What books were stored on those shelves would be an interesting speculation. How eagerly we would scan their titles if we could, just as in a later age the literary pilgrim to Abbotsford, in passing through the library and study, loves to run his or her eyes along the screened bookshelves and to identify here and there the old "classics" from which in his "Notes" the good Sir Walter used to quote so copiously. But to return. One loves to think that Guli (or should we not say "Miss Springett"?) sometimes sat in this room, waiting perhaps until young William Penn called to escort her back to the Grange. All this is so delightfully English that we would fain forget the other side of the story, the cruel persecutions that were helping to drain Old England of its best blood and to build up a New England across the Atlantic. Leaving the cottage, I lingered for a moment in the little garden in which grapes and tomatoes ripened in the warm September sunshine, amid the resplendent autumnal glories of sunflowers, asters, and dahlias.

II

JORDANS AND WILLIAM PENN: AN APPRECIATION

To the memories of Penn, Stoke Pogis, and Chalfont, I was now to add that of Jordans, the innermost sanctuary, shall I say, of England's Pennsylvania. The earlier Penns are sleeping beneath their Elizabethan memorials in old Penn Church; the later Penns, Squires of Stoke

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Park, built themselves a lordly manor-house and sought to share with the poet Gray the immortality of Stoke Pogis; but Jordans differs from either. As a shrine, it is unique in its simplicity, this little meeting-house and burying-ground with its plain headstones. Yet here rests William Penn, "the apostle," as Longfellow lovingly calls him; here too rest Guli Penn, the gentle Ellwood to whom the Friends owe this burying-ground, the persecuted Penningtons, and all that goodly company of heroes and heroines, martyrs in the cause of truth and peace.

Leaving Chalfont St. Giles, the road winds past old farm-houses whose roofs, in relief against the sky, curve like switchbacks. These wonderful lanes with their high hedges are still my companions. Here is one of holly, gay with clusters of berries, reminding one in these late autumn days that Christmastide is not so very far off; and now the road widens out into sun-bathed grassy open spaces decked with bracken and with the last of the trailing bridal-like garlands of wild clematis, so happily named "traveler's joy." Beyond the hedgerows, as usual in this pleasant land, the landscape is bounded by the glorious vista of woods.

Suddenly, on my left, as I descended into a cuplike hollow in this tableland, I came upon the historic meeting-house. There was no mistaking it, a plain old-fashioned building embosomed in beech woods, lonely save for Jordans farm-house, which I had just passed. Owing to the fall in the ground, there was ample stabling accommodation underneath the meeting-house for the Friends, who, in those seventeenth and eighteenth-century days, must perforce ride many a long mile before they could reach this secluded spot. It was not so long since there was not a single headstone in this primitive burying-ground. From 1671 the Quakers slept in nameless graves. Penn's biographer, Dixon, says that when he visited Jordans in 1851 with Granville Penn, the great grandson of the state-founder, they had some difficulty in identifying the particular spot "where heaves the turf" over his sacred remains. Mr. Dixon adds that Granville Penn "is disposed to mark the spot by some simple but durable record, — a plain stone or block of granite; and if this be not done, the neglect will only hasten the day on which his ancestor's remains will be carried off to America — their proper and inevitable home!" Twelve years later, at the heads of such graves as had been identified were placed the simple memorial stones, with name and date of burial only, that we see to-day. Penn still rests at Jordans. Made welcome by the kindly caretaker, I lingered long in the old meeting-room, poring over the old-world names recorded on its walls. These names included a list of some 385 burials between 1671 and 1845. The first entry I looked for read as follows: —

"Penn, William, Esquire, 1718, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, died at his residence at Ruscombe, near Twyford, Berks, 4th day [Wednesday] 30th of 5th mo. [July] 1718 aged 74, buried at Jordans, 3rd day [Tuesday] 5th of 6th mo. [August] 1718 when some 30 Quaker ministers attended the funeral including Thomas Story and a vast concourse of Friends and others."

Story was the faithful friend of his later years. Gulielma's name was recorded under date 1693. Our gentle Guli had died at the age of 50, "one of ten thousand," broken in spirit. Weary and heavy-laden, the sorrows of her husband, which she insisted in sharing, had brought her to a premature grave. At least two other Gulielmas are inscribed on this roll, one a daughter who died in 1689, and the other a Gulielma Pitt who died in 1746. The names of the Penningtons and the Ellwoods complete the revered circle that sat around John Milton in the old Chalfont days. Less-known names are the Zacharys and the Lovelaces, surely more Cavalier than Quaker; and as illustrating the seventeenth and eighteenth-century fashion of adopting the old Hebrew nomenclature, I could not refrain

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from noting the record of the burials of the Sutterfield family, of Abraham and Rebecca Sutterfield, whose children had been named respectively Josuah, Luke, Abiah, Kezia, Jacob, and Luke (the second of the name). Rebecca Sutterfield! How Hawthorne could have woven a Puritan romance around such a name!

"Every Quakeress," says Charles Lamb, "is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the Metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones." So thought our most beloved of English essayists as he met them amid the bustle of London; but Jordans, though so near the metropolis, reckoned by miles, — some twenty or thereabout, — is yet "far from the madding crowd," and, as you rest on one of the homely benches of the meeting-house, you cannot but feel how charmingly Lamb interpreted the undefinable glamourie of this place. "You go away with a sermon not made with hands . . . you have bathed with stillness. O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!" Reader, if thou wouldst experience this peace, a peace that truly and literally passeth understanding, make a pilgrimage to Jordans.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the career of William Penn and this his last resting-place. The story of his life is, to a great extent, the history of the later Stuart period. It was full of contrasts. Penn played many parts. He combined the man of thought, the idealist, the poet, with the man of action. The son of one of England's greatest admirals (for Sir William Penn's services to his country have never had full justice done to them), the founder of a great colony, the patrician, courtier, personal friend of King James the Second, William Penn was yet withal a man who, through all his long career as leader and protector of the Quakers, never ceased to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, a man who often had no certain dwelling-place save the prison-house. How very human were the relations between father and son. Admiral Sir William Penn (we cannot call him the old admiral, for he died after a full and strenuous life at the age of forty-nine) had built up hopes of a brilliant future for his son. William, however, was a serious-minded youth, somewhat of a visionary. At fifteen, he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford; but the spell fell upon him early in life, and when Charles the Second in 1660 ordered that surplices should once more be worn at divine service, young Penn, joined by some kindred spirits, attacked the surpliced students, and tore the prelatic vestments over their heads. Oxford, however, was not Edinburgh, nor Penn a Jenny Geddes, and so, instead of another revolution, all that happened was that the admiral's young hopeful was expelled from college. A mere matter of temperament, some will say, but it hurt Sir William to the quick. Contrast the feeling of Sir Thomas Browne, for example, who rejoiced "to see the return of the comely Anglican order in old Episcopal Norwich."

Sir William next sent his son to France. He returned, 't is true, with the polished manners of a gentleman, but his mind was made up, and, to his father's great grief, it was not long before young Penn decided to throw preferment to the winds and to link his fortunes with that humble sect, the Quakers. Notwithstanding his ultra-Puritanism, he retained the distinguished manners of a cavalier, or of what was then called "a gentleman of quality." Samuel Pepys thus notes his return from France: "Mr. Pen, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modish person grown, she says, a fine gentleman." Pepys, who missed nothing, noticed that there was something wrong between the

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admiral and his son. "All things, I fear, do not go well with them. They look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them." Later, he understood that these were religious differences "which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hookes." At last the secret is out. Writing in his diary under date December 29, 1667, Pepys says, "At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any, which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long." It was said that the admiral was to have been raised to the peerage, and well he deserved the honor, but William was his heir, and the Quaker would have no such "worldly title or patent."

We are glad to know that father and son were reconciled before Sir William's death, and that, knowing the perils with which young Penn would be beset in an age that could not tolerate dissent, the admiral on his deathbed asked the Duke of York to protect his son so far as he consistently could. The duke, it will be remembered, was Lord High Admiral, while Sir William was Vice-Admiral of England; hence the bond of friendship between these two men, that never was broken. How faithfully James carried out the dying man's request is now a matter of history. Indeed, the intimacy between Charles II, James II, and the Penns, father and son, is one of the most pleasing episodes in their annals. No one can say that William Penn had not the courage of his convictions. What he said, he said; and to know that the last of the Stuart kings were faithful friends of Penn the Quaker reveals a trait of character in these two men that should not be forgotten. But while Penn's access to the royal presence enabled him to do much towards softening the sufferings of the persecuted Quakers, it was the cause of his own later troubles, when over and over again the cry arose that Penn was a Papist and Jesuit.

I have already referred to the naming of Pennsylvania by Charles II, after the admiral. More interesting, too, than any romance is the history of that settlement. Well might Penn exclaim, as he does, in one of his letters, "Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woeful Europe!" Sweet indeed! to be away from the bigotry of the old world, a world that could not distinguish between Quakers and Papists, a world that could accuse the man who tore the surplices at Oxford of being a Jesuit! Nothing illustrates more strikingly Penn's extraordinary versatility and manifold gifts, than his wonderful letter to the Free Society of Traders of Pennsylvania, dated August 16, 1683, in which he describes the fertility of his province, the serenity of its climate, its natural resources, its fauna, and the nobility of its aboriginal inhabitants. When he leaves again for England in 1684, it is thus he apostrophizes Philadelphia: —

"And thou Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail, has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee!

"Oh, that thou mayest be kept from the evil that would overwhelm thee; that faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness thou mayest be preserved to the end! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power. My love to thee has been great, and the remembrance of thee affects my heart and mine eye. — The God of eternal strength keep and preserve thee to His glory and peace."

How we seem to see in these lines the workings of Penn's mind. In seeking to give written expression to his feelings towards Philadelphia, Penn models his

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apostrophe on the words of the Master Himself. Knowing the character of the man, there can be no doubt as to his sincerity.

Over and over again the great colonist longed to return to his retreat at Pennsbury, Pennsylvania, and was as often prevented by arrestments on the old charges, and so it was not until 1699 that he made his second voyage. He returned to England in 1701, in connection with proposed changes in the government of North America. Penn never saw his colony again. Troubles at home, that told on his health, showered fast upon him. In 1712 he was seized with apoplectic fits, and on July 30, 1718, he died, as the memorial on the wall there shows, and left behind him an imperishable name.

But I have lingered all too long at Jordans, too long at least for a September day, if I wish to be home before nightfall. In the gloaming, as I pass through Amersham once more, a single bell is tolling for evensong, and very impressive the parish church looks with its chancel only alight. I cannot remain to the service, for I have still to retrace my steps to the distant farmhouse among the hills. It was a peaceful impression that I carried away with me. The song of the aged Simeon, so appropriately incorporated in the Order for Evening Prayer in that time-hallowed liturgy, seemed somehow to become associated in my mind with the passing of William Penn. During his lifetime the Quakers had experienced their *de profundis*. They had sounded the depths. They had passed through the valley. They were now climbing the sunny side of the hill, on whose slopes Charles Lamb saw "the Shining Ones;" and so in 1718 their apostle also might now depart in peace, for his eyes had seen their salvation "prepared before the face of all people."

Since these thoughts and memories prompted this paper, I have returned to my home in Scotland; but sometimes, when the half-moon dimly lights the southern horizon and brings out in relief a row of beeches whose tapering branches point towards the sky; sometimes, at such an hour, I fancy that these Pentland Hills of mine are the distant Chilterns, and that my beeches are akin to those that shelter the graves of the Penns and Penningtons, the beeches that Thomas Gray loved so well, "dreaming out their old stories to the winds."

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EVENING IN LOUDOUN

BY JAMES BRANNIN

THE day is late:
One bird is on the tree.
The breezes wait,
And then, half-silently,
Make tremble the young leaves; can you still see
Some fading gold about the western gate?

Outside is dark,
A foul and wasted world.
The last pale spark
Of beauty dead; the curled
Black flag of greed, and all those banners furled
Men died for otherwhiles! — Hush! — hush — and hark!

Our little soul
Of vernal music sings!
Where is the goal
Whither so soon he wings?
Let him go bathing in his happy springs;
There in the east is Dian's aureole!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE UNACTED DRAMA

AN article by an eminent scholar in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, in which the closet-drama is assailed with a vigor characteristic of the writer and a severity peculiar to the times, moves me to say a word in defense of that most hapless and friendless of discredited types.

If we define a drama as a composition intended for performance at a theatre, it is easy to draw the inference that a composition not so designed is no genuine drama; but the chain of reasoning does nothing more than lead us, through a narrow and vicious circle, to a conclusion as worthless as it is incontestable. The propriety of the dialogue-form— by which I mean the virtual restriction of the text to a succession of speeches with the speakers' names prefixed — in non-theatrical and non-dramatic literature is established by the *Gorgias*, the *De Senectute*, the *Imaginary Conversations*, and the *Ethics of the Dust;* no one could think of withholding from the closet-drama a privilege which is conceded without question to things so infinitely farther removed from the stage as philosophy, criticism,

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politics, and science. The right to divide a closet-drama into sections and subsections can hardly be impugned, when the same right is granted to the novel and the history; and the right to call these divisions acts and scenes, though perhaps a little less evident, is a matter of verbal propriety rather than of literary conduct, and is strongly countenanced, moreover, by the analogy of words like lyric, canto, tragedy, comedy, in which musical terms are confidently applied to poems whose connection with music is obsolete or nominal.

When we have put on one side what is unimportant or indisputable, the real question may be stated thus: Is the summary and vital portrayal of action and passion, familiar to all upon the stage, legitimate and proper in a work designed merely for the study? Or, in other words, Is it proper for a work to possess the psychological quality and the literary technique of a stage-play without possessing also its theatrical technique? The presumption is clearly in favor of the affirmative decision. Morality apart, the right of literature to adopt any form or material which it can render interesting to its readers is incontestable. In writing for the closet, moreover, the dramatist is appealing to no sequestered or specialized audience; he addresses the common, the conceded, the universal audience, the audience that is open to everything and everybody, the audience sought by historians and journalists and novelists and philosophers. Why should one man forfeit his normal and inherent right of writing for the study only, because another man chooses to write for the stage instead of the study, and a third man chooses to write for the stage and the study alike? Why assert that a thing is unauthorized to perform one function because it is incompetent to perform another? Why claim that a work is unlawful in the closet because it is useless on the stage? What really invites question, though I myself do not question it, is the propriety of adapting a literary work, not to the established literary audience and literary practice, but to a medley of men two-thirds of whom stand outside of the proper constituency of literature, and to a form of presentation under which the materials are certain to be narrowed and liable to be depraved.

A dramatic performance, like the cuts in a book, is nothing more than a means of interpreting and illustrating a written composition; and it is just as illogical to limit the portrayal of action and passion in literature to those forms which are susceptible of reproduction on the stage as it would be to limit its portrayal of landscape to those forms which are capable of reproduction by drawing. Shall we affirm that nothing is right in one art which is incapable of effective translation into another? Because all poetry was originally sung, and because "Sweet and Low" and "Crossing the Bar" have been felicitously set to music, shall we declare that no poetry shall be written which is insusceptible of conversion into song? As well say that no English shall be written which is incapable of adequate translation into French.

I have defined the essence of dramatic work to consist in the summary and vital portrayal of action and passion. One is prompted to ask if there is anything in these qualities of compression and vigor, or anything in the choice of action and passion as materials, which is inconsistent with the ends or spirit of pure or "mere" literature, anything which pure or "mere" literature, in other forms of work than the drama, has not often sought to its credit, and found to its advantage. I do not hesitate to record my belief that if by some unkindness of destiny — say, for instance, the inability of the human voice to be heard farther than a dozen feet — the theatre had become impossible, the pressure of human nature and the evolution of literature along its own lines, would have developed a form corresponding in essentials to the existent literary drama. Would any one have questioned

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the propriety of a form so developed? Would any one have contended that the transformation of narrative into literary drama was the result of anything more, or anything worse, than the lawful exercise of that faculty of exclusion and selection which is the condition and foundation of literature? There remains only the plain question, Does the existence of the stage render unlawful a form which, in the absence of the stage, would be legitimate?

If any one supposes that the literary technique of the drama is of no value aside from its theatrical technique, — in other words, if he fancies that the dramatist who does not write for the stage might as well write novels, — I have only to ask him to make a simple experiment: let him imagine the shudder with which he would recoil from the proposition to transform into novels the great plays which he has never seen, never expects to see, and perhaps does not even want to see, represented behind footlights.

The opponents of the closet-drama would probably contend that the reader is as much interested as the spectator in the suppression of the obnoxious form; in other words, that adaptation to the stage is the condition of adaptation to the study. How far is such a contention valid? The stage excludes what is dull and flat; and if it excluded only what was dull and flat, the obligation to conform to its will might be a wholesome, though I should still hold that it was an arrogant and arbitrary, restraint on the liberty of authorship. But the stage is not satisfied with rejecting the tedious and the pointless. It must shut out everything, interesting or dull, powerful or weak, which cannot be instantly comprehended by a person of average or less than average intelligence; it must shut out everything, interesting or dull, powerful or weak, which cannot be expressed in words or action; and it must shut out everything, of any grade of force or interest, which runs counter to the prejudices of an unreasoning audience. Standards of this kind necessitate the rejection of matter that is interesting and powerful; and the extinction of this interest and power is the consequence and the penalty of the dictum that nothing is fit for the library which is not also fit for the theatre. If the standards of dramative effectiveness for the study and the stage are diverse, if each has its peculiar power and beauty, why should not each have its own plays, its own public, and its own writers? From this point of view, the closet-drama becomes no longer a licensed bystander or tolerated supernumerary, but an active and needful coadjutor in the rounding out of a complete psychology and literature, a necessary supplement and counterpoise to the rigid and remorseless exclusiveness of an institution as hostile to some forms of stimulus and power as to every form of feebleness and torpor.

There are persons, no doubt, who will refuse to believe that a play unfit for the stage can possess any real dramatic virtue. It may be good narrative, good poetry, good pleasantry, good philosophy; but it cannot be a drama if it will not act. Let us look at one or two instances. *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* — I am indebted for this illustration to the learned article which inspired this protest — failed in England and America; *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Silent Woman* are no longer successful upon the English stage. No one, I imagine, would deny the dramatic quality to any one of these eminent productions; they were all successful in the right environment. The source of the failures has been in the first case a local, in the second and third a temporal, disability; that is, a want of adaptation to place or time. Now if a *local* or *temporal* disability may prevent the success, in certain quarters or periods, of a genuine and powerful drama, why may not a *technical* disability operate to the same effect, without restriction of time or place, on a drama equally genuine and powerful?

The stage asks for so much besides dramatic power that the absence of dramatic power cannot reasonably be inferred from the failure of a work to suit the

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stage. The theatre demands that a work shall occupy so many hours, that it shall contain so many acts, that it shall be adapted to a stage of given size and shape, that its action shall be straitened to fit the poverty, or stretched to meet the affluence, of the costumer's or scene-painter's resources, that comic relief shall be provided, that a dozen or score of requirements shall be met which have no connection with the real dramatic virtue of the work. Does the possession of the faculty of dramatic insight, or the gift of racy dialogue, presuppose a willingness to comply with these requirements? May there not exist a class of authors endowed with the dramatic faculty, by which I mean the instinct which seizes and records the stronger emotions evoked by the interaction of human beings, to whom the overcoming of such technical disabilities may seem an office at once too laborious and too trifling to attract or to requite the bestowal of their power? Do such men cease to be dramatists in refusing to become playwrights?

I have left myself no space for the discussion with which a treatment of the subject should properly close, — a review of the actual value and achievement of the closet-drama. There is only room to remark that, drawing examples from English literature alone, a list of plays beginning with *Comus* and ending with *Atalanta in Calydon* would afford some employment to the objector.

LO! THE POOR ADJECTIVE

In the old happy days of barbarism, when the rude pioneers of American literature, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and the others of that unrestrained, inartistic generation, were turning out their rough-hewn tales and essays, we used to be taught that the parts of speech were nine in number, and that they all had their part to play in language. It is different now. To be sure the parts of speech, though somewhat changed in definition and arrangement, are still with us, but the old equality is gone. One class of words the subtle rhetoricians of our day have exalted with rapturous adulation, another they have made a by-word and a reproach.

What have the poor adjectives done, I wonder, that our sophisticated literati should shudder at their mention, and speak of them with stinging words like these: —

"The worst feature of all inexperienced writers is their abominable adjectivity." "Use the adjective sparingly if at all. It is not the 'Word of Power.' A thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by the attribution to it of qualities. Speak in verbs, that is, rather than in adjectives. Examine the works of the writers who move you. You will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs."

This is the spirit of the time: on all sides, in the school composition and rhetoric, as well as in the authoritative journal of criticism, this reiterated exhortation is being dinned into the ears of the growing generation of authors. "Use the adjective sparingly *if at all*. Speak in verbs!" and the typical magazine hack-writer, trying desperately to break into the man-of-letters class, exterminates as vermin the chance attributive that strays into his first rough draft. But was it always so? Has the adjective always been too soft in temper for the master's fine, sure hand, — the tool of none but bungling 'prentices? I remember some lines by a poet of considerable importance in his day: —

> Him the almighty power
> Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
> With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> In adamantine chains and penal fire.

Here there are one or two adjectives used not without effect. Or again (I quote from an even better-known poet), —

> Ere the bat hath flown
> His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
> The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

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Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

It seems almost as if the poets had rather a fancy for the adjective, as if they believed that its careful but liberal use brought to their verse an added fullness of sound, a richness of association. But this is hardly fair. Classics though they are, Milton and Shakespeare are not the models to be copied by a pupil in the art of writing, for the phrases that swell in harmony with the majesty of a great argument, in lesser hands, when the surge of genius is lacking, ring false and hollow.

Let us turn then to the modern masters of style, whom the half-scoffing poet has characterized as men, "who, having nothing much to say, said it supremely well." The description is inadequate, for some of them rub elbows with the immortals, but it is not unsuggestive, for however much we may marvel at the beauty and finish of their work, we never doubt that they like us are men, — men whom we may try to equal, not without hope of success. They are our true models in technique; let us see how they have treated the adjective.

Foreigner though he was, De Maupassant may justly be called the literary father of many of our cleverest workmen. Note his "scanty use of the adjective" in this description: —

"Les crapauds à tout instant jetaient par l'espace leur note courte et métallique, et des rossignols lointains mêlaient leur musique égrenée qui fait rêver sans faire penser, leur musique légère et vibrante, faite pour les baisers, à la séduction du clair de lune."

No one can call the prose of Mr. Henry James slipshod or Corinthian. Here is a characteristic passage from *The Ambassadors*: —

"The place itself was a great impression — a small pavilion, clear-faced and sequestered, an effect of polished parquet, of fine white panel and spare sallow gilt, of decoration delicate and rare, in the heart of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and on the edge of a cluster of gardens attached to old noble houses."

Mr. James could not possibly have overlooked all those adjectives in the proofs. No more could Mr. Walter Pater when he revised this sentence: —

"In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light; all the solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, next, as a goodly river, below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda to the seashore of Saint Anne — that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair."

No! Those adjectives cannot have been left there by mistake, and I fancy that each author, as he read his passage over, allowed himself the vanity of thinking it not so bad. Perhaps he had never been taught the necessity of using adjectives "sparingly if at all." Perhaps in his own blundering way, ignorant of our worthy professors of rhetoric, he studied the problem of diction in experiment after experiment, and came to the conclusion that all parts of speech become abominable in incompetent hands, yet each has its peculiar excellence and all are essential to balanced prose.

Surely the truth of the matter is not that the adjective is in itself a thing of evil, but that it has come into discredit through the fascination it exercises over the beginner. He has but one resource whenever he thinks it necessary to color

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the tedious flatness of his style: he slaps in an adjective; and it is the reaction from his reckless misuse that lies behind the general suspicion of this class of words. It is well to advise the schoolboy to use fewer adjectives (for he generally dumps them on his page by the barrow-load); it is well to tell him to use more verbs (for that is where he is sure to be weak). But such advice is too sweeping for even the least experienced of mature writers, and even the schoolboy should be told that adjectives have their virtues, and verbs themselves have drawbacks. The schoolgirl composition, sodden with "verys," "sweets," and "nices," is a terrible thing, but is it any worse than the New Narrative, monotonous for all its sound and fury, which runs from beginning to end at about this level. —

"Beverly raged into the café and flung himself into the seat opposite Mme. Blanc. He glimpsed the menu, then flashed a glance around the room. A waiter rushed forward. 'Coffee and rolls!' he bellowed. The waiter cowered against a side table, shattering the glassware. Beverly guffawed, then, shooting a look at his vis-à-vis, 'Madame,' he insinuated. She brightened. 'Garçon!' She hesitated. 'Garçon! — bring me,' — she took the plunge, — 'bring me also coffee and rolls!'"

MONEY AND THE MAN

THE following is the result of an investigation undertaken in consequence of a conversation between the writer and the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* some five years ago. It was on the perennial question of the relative compensation of college professors and other people. The irreducible element in many such comparisons is the personal equation — the kind of men who take up the different callings. This can be brought to a minimum if you can compare men who have been classified together as of the same intellectual ability, by some severe and extended test.

The writer has had exceptional opportunities to get the facts concerning the ten per cent who stood highest at graduation of a large class at one of our largest universities. The surviving members of this contingent can be grouped, at approximately twenty years after graduation, into three classes, which, after eliminating one or two exceptional cases, are exactly equal in number. The first group have taught continuously since graduation, except for some time spent in post-graduate study. The second group never taught, except temporarily as a pot-boiler in a few cases, but studied and began the practice of some other activity which they have followed ever since.[1] The third group all began teaching, but changed to some other occupation. It also happens that exactly the same number of men in the class (none of whom were in the first tenth in scholarship) studied for the ministry and followed that profession to the time in question. The writer was well enough acquainted with all of these men to ask them in confidence, with the understanding that nothing should be published which could disclose anything concerning any individual, the exact figures regarding their income. The teachers and clergymen were asked (*a*) the amount of salaries, including estimated rental of residence which formed part of the compensation in some cases; (*b*) the amount earned by outside teaching, writing, wedding-fees, and the like. The others were asked for the net income, reduced as far as possible to the same basis as that of the salaried men.

All answered cheerfully except three. One of these, a clergyman, died just at the time, but his salary was published in the obituary. The others are in well-known positions of which the salary is a matter of common report, so that the possibility of error will not affect the averages as they are given below in round hundreds.

All of group 1, consisting of those who

[1] One journalist, one manufacturer, the rest physicians and lawyers.

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have taught all their lives, are, or were at the time, college professors. All held what are considered first-class positions — some full professors at small colleges, some assistant professors at universities, and one even holds one of those $5000 positions which the Philistine mind associates with college professors in general, but of which there are really perhaps fifty in the United States. All are well-known men in their lines, who have done sound and successful work. All have their names in *Who's Who*, except one who happens never to have published a book.

Including our $5000 man (whose ability might be bringing him several times that in some other line), the average salary is $2700. The average for the others is $2300. An interesting fact which appears from the reports is that all but one of these (who was appointed just before a cut in salary at his institution which would have brought him to the same figure) had for some years, just at the time they were "raising" their families, if they had any, exactly the same sum — $2000. This would thus appear to be the normal for a first-class man (without any "lime-light" qualities) through the years of his best work.

The average earned outside of this salary by all but one man — who in a special way, which may be regarded as exceptional, has earned more than all of the others together — is $200; in the majority of cases obtained by marketing at reduced rates more or less of the time of that much-envied summer vacation.

The average for group 2, consisting mainly of doctors and lawyers, is almost exactly $6000. The variations are not excessive in either direction; no one reporting more than $10,000, or less than $3500.

The third group is necessarily somewhat miscellaneous, and there are some cases made abnormal by such things as ill-health and school-board politics, and two of them are teaching again now; but those who made a square "about-face," and stuck to it, averaged $2100 before the change, and at the time of reporting were not far behind group 2; the average was $5300. The clergymen show the greatest variations (details of which could not be given without revealing the individuals), but the average for salaries (including rent of parsonages) was $3300, and of outside earnings $300. This may help to correct the popular impression that educators are better paid than clergymen. Let any one compare in any community, from New York City to the country village, the annual income of the best-paid clergyman with that of the best-paid educator, or those of the best-paid two or three, or half-dozen, of each class.

During the long incubation of this matter, the writer has discussed it with a large number of men, from many of whom he has had confidential statements of their income, and he is convinced that the figures shown are fairly representative. He has plenty of theories as to why things are as they are, but these have no place in an article which is necessarily anonymous. The results are given for what they are worth, and the reader can draw his own conclusions.

A SPEED LIMIT FOR LOVE

I OFTEN wonder what the loving parents of our land would do in the way of lamentation if facts could be adduced in their own families to prove the reasonableness of fiction. In modern magazine literature the short-story form, which was never intended to trace the rough and tortuous course of love, is consecrated wholly to that difficult service. The result is — if I may refer without malice to the plots of a few late stories — that all our love-making arises suddenly out of nowhere, and runs to its consummation at marvelous speed. A lady of family, and presumably of sense, is stranded in mid-desert by her extinct automobile. Whereupon (the author allows himself one brave touch of naturalism) she sits down to weep. The form of a solitary

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man appears out of the waste. They walk together toward the settlements for the matter of two days, saying little, but thinking much, — though we are not let into the matter of their thought, — as subsequent events go to prove. Arrived within sight of habitation, the rescuer submits to the fate reserved for all heroes in fiction, and makes the inevitable proposal. She accedes with an alacrity that would be expressed outside a sentimental piece only by the boys' exclamation, "You bet!"

The movement of the story ends here, and with it our intoxication. Reason begins to clamor. And so we are told in a final sentence that the man is not a tramp of the desert, but, like the woman he has won, the flower of fashion, and the pole of an enormous system of wealth.

In short, fiction would have us believe not only that love springs into full bloom at first sight, but that marriage usually follows before dew-fall. And since our heroes and heroines are always men and women of quality, — wealthy, cultured, self-possessed, — the dangerous and unseemly haste represented by their actions must be the prevalent style of courtship in the very best circles of our society. How then, oh how, must it be with the chambermaid and the serving-man? Biddy, the cook, is precipitately wooed, won, and married, all in the course of a minute! Were I a father, and thought such things could be, and if my children had only a modest endowment of discretion, I know I should keep them under surveillance day and night; and like Tristram Shandy's father, pass my natural lifetime composing a system of education for them.

The trouble begins, as I said, with the misuse of the short-story form. It reminds me of the mediæval painting, which knew not the use of perspective, and so represented a scene that in nature would occupy three dimensions, by images which, frown and squint as you will, can be seen only as in two. Now love, as I understand it (though I confess it is one poor weak intelligence against the many), is a thing of three dimensions, and a fourth, and many others subtly felt, and needing to be subtly indicated by the artist. Instead of being rendered flat, in a panel, it should be let loose in space and be bathed round with air, — to use the painter's terms, — or, in terms of narrative, be subject to the free circulation of time. The art does, indeed, provide a simple medium for this in the introductory paragraph, which aims to include what is there at the beginning of the story. But readers are impatient of these delays and require that they be held down to a minimum. In consequence, the product is an enormity from the standpoint of truth, but a grand success judged from its result, — excitement. Like mediæval saints, we gaze and adore, our imagination supplying all that lacks. And so we shall, I suppose, until the coming of the new renaissance, when old things shall pass away, and the short story shall be reformed.

It occurs to me that life must be a sad and dismal discipline alike for the writers who create this kind of love-affair, and for the folk who take their ideas of the tender passion from such masters. I myself confess to a feeling of tedium in the perusal of a three-volume novel. But I would willingly resort to one for the treat of a good old-fashioned courtship as they are said actually to have occurred when our grandmothers were of marriageable age; and as they did — if personal bias must come out at last — when I went a-sparkin'. Then John would "drop in" from the neighboring farm and sit with the family on the front porch, talking of crops and markets, births, deaths, and marriages, until a late bedtime; although the new polish on his boots made all disguise of no avail, and proclaimed that he had come for a very different purpose.

At last all would retire but Katie. And then John's boots, that had erst been tucked somewhat awkwardly beneath his chair, would produce themselves, dramatically, and begin to flash in the moon-

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light. They two would then withdraw to the front gate, so convenient to lean upon, or to the kitchen: and what they said only the moon heard, or the cat, yawning beneath the stove.

Perhaps they were so dull in the business that what they said was not worth hearing, — nothing at all to the point. Indeed it would seem so, for the same performance, so far as we can follow it (to the *coup d'amour*, when the boots began to flash, and they sauntered toward the gate), was repeated night after night for a year; until, sometimes, only the advances of a rival would occasion a perceptible change in their relations, and bring behind it the long-expected announcement. Be it so. They had the ampler opportunity to think. At all events, we may be sure they did nothing hasty and rash. And if the modern lover who, according to the stories, finishes the whole experience in a day, is still unable to see the advantage of this protraction, let him recall the thoughts of his one day, and reflect how it would be to enjoy such thoughts for a year!

I think I should protest with the loudest against old-fogyism. But if our short-story literature of love is a true transcription of the love of real life, then I am happy to be ranked among the ancients, knowing that my superannuation insures me against this dreadful kind of mortality, — the crowding of years into a day, and of all the joys we have worth remembering into an hour.

THE SPIRIT OF LEISURE

THE interpretation of leisure, it may be submitted, is very particularly an individual affair, and the capacity to create and enjoy it must exist, like a sense of humor, in one's self.

But humor can be taken on the fly; and leisure, that state of arrested energy, seems a province set aside from the dusty highways — a castle in Spain far above the plains and foothills, where we hope some day to sit at ease like the high gods and look back at the paths our tired feet found so hard to climb. We mean to conquer — finally to reach it, and oh, the preparation we spend ourselves in making! We travel heavily, breathlessly; for there is nothing more strenuous than the pursuit of the thing which pursuit kills. It is like a bird whose incomparable voice, faintly heard, lures one on, whose wings flash an invitation from a sweeping flight, and which, after the long chase, snared and netted, finally lies in one's hand, a little pulseless bunch of feathers, forever mute.

The bird, you see, is singing in your own heart, and if you wish a willing captive whose wings will never beat about the bars, it is crumbs you must give it and — with all tenderness and sympathy — companionship.

But it is hard to do this, hard to take the time! It means losing some of the "march movement," some of the eventful rush; falling out of the procession and burning one's candle in the search for a primrose, say, when orchids flutter their amazing beauty for the allure and effort of the pilgrim.

For orchids spell so much that the primrose does n't to other people, if not to one's self; and we can always go back to the primroses another day. We really think we will! It is the promise we give ourselves as we go "roundabout" to our goal.

It may be advanced that the age we live in is n't a contemplative one. One need not fight, perhaps, for the spoils of war, but one *must* go with the throng — caught in as an atom, if that pleases better, rather than as a struggling unit. If one stands aside for a moment or two, the threads are lost and the task of picking them up again becomes almost impossible. And we want — the most of us — to understand the web of the day's weaving; to be, if we can, one of those who bring their gifts to make the pattern. It is born in us, this desire to be one's self; but so is the impulse to travel on the "thousand lines," sharing the common-

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places, the ambitions, the experiences, which are the common heritage, and from which no absolute divorce is possible.

And why should we wish it? The complexity of life could offer, if one chose, the surest refuge for one's self, the most epicurean distillation of fragrances and singing, rising, if we listen with a finer ear, from the dust and perplexity of daily life. Perhaps only the hundredth person feels and hears it. For we are very apt, in communing with our beloved ego, to celebrate ourselves as Maurice Barrès did, leaning from a tower to overlook "swarming barbarians" happy in their turbulence and mediocrity. "I will dream no more of you," says Barrès, "and you shall haunt me no longer. I mean to live with the part of myself that is untainted by ignoble occupations. . . . Delicious to comprehend, to develop one's self, to vibrate, to create a harmony between the ego and the world, to fill one's self with images vague and profound."

"To create a harmony between the ego and the world" — it is the riddle of the Sphinx, the keystone of the arch; and this task of delicate adjustment, of subtle resolvement, is what makes "no day . . . uneventful save in ourselves alone." If we stop at home, in the house that is not rented, but is ours alone, the moment of insight comes and stills the voice that has so insistently whispered, "Roundabout!"

Wordsworth, of all the poets, has most, as Watson has said in one of his exquisite quatrains, —

> — for weary feet the gift of rest.

Does n't it come to you when you read his sonnets, like the unhurrying ripple of water flowing smoothly to the sea? You catch the note that you long to echo for yourself.

And it is not for sadness that the contemplative spirit makes. It is rather for a refinement of ego — a spiritualizing touch that, in the quiet moment, lifts one to some individual peak of Darien and gives the fleeting view of life and thought as through a spectrum, transfused and transfigured.

Very few of us "possess our soul;" but to invite it, is a different matter, and there are so many ways! Not always — or, rather, not to all temperaments — rest is the requirement, the other name for leisure. One can find, and envy, the repose, the real leisure, of an invited soul more frequently in people performing some task with the fingers that leaves the mind free, than in that *dolce far niente* state of indolence that spells leisure to the uninitiated. A woman in a low chair by a window opening on garden greenness, sewing a long seam with steady stitches of her needle in and out, can seem to one's fancy as measuring a rhythm of her own thoughts — the inner music of a leisure to which her occupation attunes her. And in the same way a gardener among his flowers, digging the soil, planting the seed, is often, one can imagine, pervaded in spirit by the very essence of the thing that the idle man, watching him, never attains.

One may say that all this is a matter of temperament. Leisure may come, also, by way of quiescence. Amiel's words, "Reverie is the Sunday of thought," indicate such a process — the sublimation of unregarded hours for this rare moment of fruition. It comes and it goes, and we long to recreate it, just as we long for spring; for, like spring, it vivifies and vitalizes impulses and desires, and gives courage to the long *Wanderjahre* of life.

> A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
> Shy to illumine —

There are those who do not seek it — painfully many! People in the grip of great wealth, or greater poverty; in the equally strong and demanding grasp of a dominating genius.

"Why don't you rest sometimes?" a friend said to the French philosopher Arnauld. "Rest," said the tireless Frenchman, "why should I rest here? Have n't I an eternity to rest in?"

With so stern a creed few of us would

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agree, for to most of us — even if we deny ourselves the moment of leisure, fragmentary and snatched from busy hours — there exists a hope as we build our tower, "of some eventual rest a-top of it."

It is the lure that makes us keep on building, though each tale of bricks we cement into place dwarfs and starves a little longer the soul we are willing — later — to give its chance. It is the tragedy of our country and its people that the chance the builder works for never comes, and the tower becomes too often one of silence; an immolation of spirit and body hideously complete.

All of us know the cry, — it is sordid and sad; sadder than the tears they have n't shed: "I wanted to make good, to finish my work and then enjoy life; to be at leisure to be happy; but the time has never come!"

"The slumber of the body," says Sir Thomas Browne, "seems to be but the waking of the soul," and no student of psychology can controvert the possibility. There are moments when one may indeed become aware of "the voice below the voice," articulate and entreating for its own. And so, a study now and then of one's self, of one's starving overman — or underman! — is not to be counted as selfish. Does it not tend rather, in the last analysis, to make us understand with more charity the vagaries of others? does it not reveal abysses of weakness in ourselves, and perhaps point the steadfast shining of some great star by which we may steer our way?

And in this leisure what a vista of treasure silence offers — as subtly communicable in its profound and voiceless medium as speech. It is a cathedral stillness of the soul, and has its own anthem of harmony.

Such fleeting moments, pauses in the rush of life, crystallize to those who experience them, far more than the sequence of crowded days. They are the green spots of the desert where one may have

> — a momentary taste
> Of Being from the well amid the Waste.

All who have experienced it know the feeling, intangible, elusive, like the presence of a rare guest whose spell lingers on the "inner eye" and whose voice echoes, —

> I, too, once lived in Arcady!

THE NEW ART HEROINE

WHO that walks abroad does not know her, the not always beautiful but altogether fascinating young person to whom this epithet applies? None but the blind escape the fair! She smiles at you alike from posters in the streets, and from the walls of this season's Academy; she beckons you with alluring grace toward the newest vaudeville, and with more modest garb, and demure and downcast face, plays the saint in stone over a church door. Her sinuous arms hold out your electric-light bulb, and hold up your new art mantelpiece; she languishes upon the covers of your magazines, and curls with the nonchalance of petted indulgence about your cold-cream jar or your inkwell or your soup-tureen. *Humani nihil a se alienum!* Indeed, you cannot avoid her, except in a desert, for though you take the wings of the morning, and flee to the uttermost parts, where you think the new art is not known, even there Anglo-Saxon enterprise will be before you, — and the New Art Heroine, its priestess and avatar, will offer you a box of Quattro-Cento Breakfast Food, or tell you that she uses only the Rossetti Hair Restorer.

What a disproportionate, radiantly impossible creature she is! An exotic, an anachronism, she is as far removed from the actual modern girl we know, of level gaze, healthy bloom, and merry heart, as she is from the classic ideal of perfect proportions and high serenity, — which is very far indeed. She is wholly inconsistent, all contradiction, belonging to no country, but drawing upon all ages and all climes for her charms. English Burne-

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Jones gave her her slender height, Italian Botticelli her dreamy sensuous face, German Overbeck clad her forever in mediæval costume. She has Titian hair, a Leonardo smile, and the gray-green eyes that Rossetti loved. In disposition, too, she seems to have something of French subtlety and of English bluntness, of the languorous warmth of the South countries and the cold fierceness of the North, — a combination that gives her, to say the least, the charm of the unexpected.

In my youth I adored the New Art Heroine, partly because of these incongruous attractions, and partly because of the air of mystery and unsatisfied longing that hung about her. At that fast-becoming-remote period, too, she was not often to be met with, and then only in the most exclusive society, so that my vanity was flattered by the acquaintance. Never to be found, in those days, in anything so open to the vulgar admiration as the magazines, she lurked evasively in poetry and unpopular paintings and unsuccessful novels. Occasionally my worshipful eyes chanced upon her in a picture-gallery or a stray print; and the hope of meeting with her inspired excursions into all sorts of poetry-books and romances. Her story was never a happy, and often not a creditable one; but what more glorious destiny for a heroine than to be endowed with lofty lineage, strange beauty, and a scornful disposition, to be wildly beloved and loving, and doomed to suffer!

A hint of her charms was sufficient reward for hours of arid reading, and placed the author at once on my index of immortals. It was really on her account that I first read Tennyson; for she was Guinevere and Enid and Elaine the fair, and no less the wily lissome Vivien, and Iseult of the fair hands; Mariana, the Lady of Shalott, Maud — ah, but all of Tennyson! His landscapes are settings for her, — his groves of straight-stemmed trees, his castles and pleasaunces, the isle of the lotos-eaters, the little walled gardens, all suggest her presence, whether she is actually there or not. And I became for a while a devotee of William Morris, because he was hers. He made her his Guinevere and his Brunhilde; for her he dyed wool into strange tints, and wrought strange tapestries and built strange furniture. It was not his fault, — poor idealizing artist! — if the people who bought his stuffs and sat in his chairs were plump and smug Philistines. The "inexpressive She" was their mistress in the spirit.

Somehow, I preferred adoration from a distance to a closer intimacy, and I perversely refused allegiance to the especial divinity of Rossetti and his brethren. It was their exaggeration of the distinguishing traits of the type that cooled me from rhapsody to analysis. A freakish whisper of common sense checks me on the verge of enthusiasm, and I see in the Pre-Raphaelite girl

> "A creature quite too fair and good
> For human nature's daily food."

She is something too long and limber, a hint too full-lipped and honey-feminine, to be companionable in one's hours of ease. One might be expected to live up to her attitudes; and at best she makes a wearisome demand upon one's admiration. Can you imagine a lover to match with her? Certainly no earth-born man with a business; and I confess, the Pre-Raphaelite man is beyond my flights! Rossetti's is a manless world. I have my private doubts, too, as to the goodness of the Blessed Damosel. Her divine melancholy looks not a little like the sulks, and the unsympathetic might pronounce her devout abstraction to be laziness.

From the obscure but fervent worship of the few to the easy admiration of the many, is not a far cry, provided the few have lusty lungs. With Maeterlinck and Maurice Hewlett to lead the literary cheering, she has reached the top of the vogue. Curious, that the heroine of subtle delights should have become the art-fashion of this materialistic age! Yet is it not characteristic of our seething, cross-current, much-alive time? We are cosmopolitan; the type of our cosmopolitan-

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ism is this polyglot creature, at home everywhere and calling no place home. We have conquered the material world; she stands as our confession of the inadequacy of material well-being, yearning for the unattainable, and restless under the goad of "almost." The modern imagination, weary with the succession of normal experiences rich enough in themselves, craves the union of them all in one maddening whirl of sensation. The fastidious and pampered modern taste scorns healthy moderation and demands a flavor of olives in everything. Like the Roman emperor who demanded hot ice, it strives to bring extremes together in embrace, — to create a novel and undreamed-of loveliness by touching beauty with a suggestion of blight. Sweet and tender piety is infected and made irrational by a morbid, though picturesque, introspection. Having achieved all things in the range of sublunar ambition, we revert to our childish grievance, and cry for the moon. Yet in glorifying this same type we pass judgment on ourselves; for the level eyes and lurking smile must be read as disillusionment and self-distaste.

When a fashion is artistic, there's beauty in civilization; but when art is the fashion, I tremble for both! The slang of trade and the jargon of art become confused and indistinguishable, — and signs are not lacking that art and trade are, by the same token, mixed. A dry-goods clerk not long ago urged, almost commanded, me to buy buttons of a particular pattern, because "they're exactly what you want, madam. That's the Last Novoo design, the very latest!" And I have heard more than one craftsman express his pride in his work with the phrase, "Now I call that a stylish thing. New arty, don't you know!"

But for the present at least, the New Art Heroine is having it all her own way, *from pictures to door-knobs*. The New Art of design looks to her for inspiration and method as well; its key is the dainty parallelism of her slender form, curve answering to long curve. She is its type and symbol, and the ideal for whom all deeds are done. "Art is long," — and our wall-papers grow flowers seven feet tall. If you are led by the truly informed, you will build a new art house and lay out a new art garden, regardless of your age or sex, height or weight, or previous condition of culture. You will sit at a new art table and dine off new art china; read the newest ideas in interior decoration from the new art magazines, and at last, reposing under eiderdown puffs of new art design, close your weary eyes upon the new art appointments of your room.

Some of us, I fancy, would cut a sorry picture if our staid and respectable personalities should be set in the midst of new art surroundings. Or, and it is within the possibilities, the surroundings might perhaps look a trifle affected and prettyfied. Certain it is that the new art house is not homelike. In their efforts to escape conventionality, some have fallen into the grasp of a conventionality that is yet worse, for it is both unnatural and uncomfortable. Is there not a little smack of Philistinism in such hatred of it, such eagerness to avoid it? It is rather cheering, in this tyranny of the artisan-craftsman, to reflect that there is a minority of good souls still living, who with perfect amiability cling to the cozy, unaspiring ugliness of their early days.

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